THE

SOUTHERN COUNTIES CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

ESTABLISHED 1832.

37 and 39, LONDON ST., READING.

CATALOGUES and TERMS SENT ON APPLICATION.

Subscriptions from Half-a-Guinea.

LOVEJOY'S LIBRARY,

(Proprietress—MISS LANGLEY),

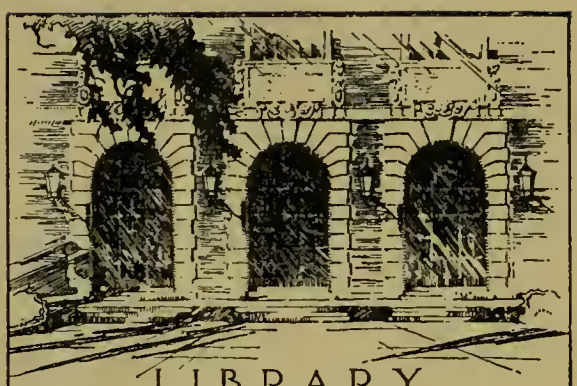
LONDON STREET, READING.

Title

Folio

3-70

Supplements to the General Catalogue are issued periodically and can be had on application.



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
G764w
v. 2

THE

WHITE COCKADE;

OR,

FAITH AND FORTITUDE.

BY

JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF

"THE YELLOW FRIGATE," "SECOND TO NONE,"
"THE KING'S OWN BORDERERS," "THE ROMANCE OF WAR,"
ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
NEW YORK: 129, GRAND STREET.
1867.

823
G764w
v.2

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE BLACK LUGGER	1
II.	THE RAVINE	13
III.	THE VAULT OF TANTALLAN	25
IV.	THE PRISONS OF THE BASS	40
V.	FIRST DAY OF CAPTIVITY	48
VI.	BRYDE'S SORROW AGAIN	61
VII.	SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE	69
VIII.	GLOOM	78
IX.	HOPE DEFERRED	88
X.	A PLOT LAID	106
XI.	HOW BRYDE'S GUINEAS WERE SPENT	116
XII.	THE WHITE ROSE IN BLOOM	127
XIII.	HOPE DAWNS ANEW	145
XIV.	THE ATTEMPT	156
XV.	THE WARRANT	164

CHAPTER		PAGE
XVI.	ON LUFFNESS MUIR	174
XVII.	CARLISLE	187
XVIII.	THE CAVERN OF THE BASS	201
XIX.	DALQUHARN IN EDINBURGH	211
XX.	GENERAL PRESTON	230
XXI.	THE PROVOST'S SUPPER	247
XXII.	THE CABINET	263
XXIII.	THE PRINCE'S COURT	272
XXIV.	CHAGRIN	282
XXV.	THE RAID OF DALQUHARN	294

THE WHITE COCKADE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK LUGGER.

"When paltry rogues by stealth, deceit or force,
Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse;
For these the hangman wreathes his trusty gin,
And lets the gallows expiate their sin:
But lo a ruffian whose portentous crimes
Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times
Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
For hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee!"

Verses, 1759.

A SHORT time before Bryde returned with the captured papers, Dalquharn, as already stated, had taken his sword and pistols (the same from which he had effaced his crest and coronet, the better to conceal his name and rank) and gone forth with Mr. John Gage. That official had come in search of Sir Baldred, who had ridden that day to Haddington to attend a county meeting, summoned by the Earl of that name, in consequence of a communication received from the Marquis of Tweedale "anent the dark and nefarious designs of the Popish Pretender," though

the Earl knew well the secret hopes of the old Laird of Auldhame, and the latter had no faith in the Earl, who, having recently married a beautiful English girl, a daughter of Rowland Holt of Redgrave Hall, he deemed lost for ever to his country.

Gage now confided his troubles and doubts to Dalquharn, who now never passed the boundary walls of Auldhame, without his arms loaded, as he knew not what a day, even an hour, might bring forth.

"I am sorry, Captain Douglas, that I have missed Sir Baldred," said Gage, "more especially as Captain Wyvil's party have marched; I thought the good baronet, who hath a brave name in these parts, might assist me."

"In what way?" asked Dalquharn, who, in accompanying Gage, walked with him, insensibly towards the coast.

"By getting a few armed men to help me in the King's name, though the peasantry hereabout, are not much to be trusted, when a poor devil of an English exciseman is in a strait. You must know, sir, that a red lantern, the signal when a run is to be made in these parts, was seen on Scougal Point for a few minutes last night. I can have no aid from the 'Fox,' as she is still under repair at St. Margaret's Hope, well nigh thirty miles up the river, and if old 'Puerto-de-la-Plata' shews fight—"

"If, say you? the old desperado is as certain to shew fight, as an English bull-dog. How many men have you under your orders?"

"That I can depend upon?"

"Yes—of course."

"Tidesmen and boat's crew—fourteen in all."

"Fifteen—counting *me*."

"You, sir?"

"Yes—I'll go with you," said Dalquharn, who was longing for some active work, and who was not without hope of discovering somewhat of the antecedents of Bailie Balcraftie or Father Testimony.

"I am glad your honour don't think the worse of me for that night's work, when I arrested you and your friend—I was only doing my duty."

Mr. Gage pronounced the last word "dooty," and touched the forecock of his hat.

"You introduced us to a precious scoundrel, from whose face I hope to tear the mark."

"Bailie Balcraftie—you mean?"

"Right—the same."

"Well he *is* a bit of a canter and psalmsinger; but in these parts, they all take to religion, as they take their grog—"

"How is that?"

"Uncommon strong—but I beg pardon, sir—I forgot your honour was a Scotsman."

"Yes, a Scotsman, but neither a prickeared hypocrite, or a truculent whig, ready to sell my

birthright, as Esau sold his, for a mess of pottage."

"Well, sir, these smugglers have some powerful friends along shore here, for many a valuable run is made between St. Abb's Head and North Berwick, in defiance of all our care and watching. If we had only six of Captain Wyvil's grenadiers here, they would alter our chances, for we'll have a brush to-night sure as my name's Jack Gage, I have laid my plans so well; but I am short-handed enough to face such a murdering gang."

"We shall be almost man to man."

"True, sir—but then we don't fight with halters round our necks; while they do," replied Gage as he swept the horizon to seaward with a telescope which he carried in a case slung over his shoulder: "but if it is the black lugger, as that ere signal was hung out for—though the waves are beginning to break and shew white in the offing—'tain't much as her skipper or crew care for a breeze. She sails like some of those old Scotch witches, as used to go a voyaging hereabouts, in sieves and eggshells, and don't care a dump for wind or weather."

"But where, and how, do you expect this run to be made?"

"Why you must know, sir, that last voyage when outward bound for Dunkirk, old Scupper-plug and his Dutch mate quarrelled with one of their men, and after a sound ropes-ending they

threw him overboard in the night, just as if they were a cruising off the Spanish Main, and not off the coast of Fife."

"Was the man drowned?" asked Dalquharn, who now began to have a personal interest in the matter.

"No, for he was a strong swimmer and struck out bravely towards a vessel that was in sight, about a quarter of a mile off, as he could judge by the light in the poop lantern; but she had too much way on her, or her watch were careless, for instead of heaving to, or cutting away the life buoy, they hove him an old hencoop, on which he contrived to ride out the night, and he was picked up by my boat's crew, who were pretending to be fishing below the May, though keeping a bright look out for strange craft all the while."

"Well, and this fellow?"—

"Peached on the whole lot of 'em—'fore George he did, sir!"

"What?" asked Dalquharn to whom some portions of Gage's phraseology proved unintelligible.

"Split on 'em in revenge, and he says as there is one Father Testimony in the secret, to whom the runs are generally consigned. He is to be with us to-night."

"Who—Testimony?"

"No—the rescued smuggler, and he asserts on his solemn 'davy, that the next run was to be

made in a little bay to the west'ard of Tantallan, where a long, narrow ravine leads right up to a vault in the old ruins, known now only to this Father Testimony the consignee; so sir, I never had a better chance since I've been in Scotland, of cutting a dash before the commissioners of the customs, if I can but capture the lugger and her gang to boot!"

After a pause, during which he had been looking anxiously seaward, from the high ground near the ruins of St. Baldred's chapel—

"See!" exclaimed Gage, "see, sir! I was rightly informed; 'fore George, yonder is the lugger in the offing about nine miles off, just clearing the south end of the Isle of May—her starboard tacks well aft, her yards mast-headed and her lug sails spread to catch all the wind she can get, for it is falling light now, or comes only in angry puffs that give hints of a squally night. But we must not be seen here, for we can't say whose eyes may be watching us even now, from the ruins of Tantallan, from under those bushes or holes in the rocks. I have known of more than one look-out man being shot down like old junk, by a pistol-ball that came from what seemed but a rabbit hole in the earthen bank."

They drew near the ruined chapel wall, where the buttresses and a mass of fallen masonry concealed them. There, adjusting the telescope,

Dalquharn could distinctly see the 'Etoile de la Mer,' whose black hull and raking masts he remembered so well, standing slowly and cautiously, as on that eventful evening, up the estuary of the Forth; and again in fancy he seemed to see the squat, but powerful forms, and hideously scarred visages, of the skipper and his Dutch mate.

The river's broad expanse was all empurpled now by the splendour of the setting sun, which was sinking amid bright clouds of crimson and amber; though dun and dark masses were hanking up to windward, and the waves were beginning to curl their whitening crests beneath a breeze, which, though faintly felt as yet on the headland, was freshening fast in the offing, and rolling the German Sea in foam against the precipitous cliffs of the May.

They—Dalquharn and Gage—knew that, as on the previous occasion, Captain Scupperplug would allow the evening to be far advanced before he came within pistol-shot of Scougal Point; and Gage had arranged, that while he and four of his men, with their new ally, all well armed each with sword or cutlass, and a brace of double-barrelled pistols, made a dash at the smugglers, when the cargo was half landed, the remaining ten, all equally well armed, were to creep in the boat, with muffled oars, alongside the lugger, and capture her, sword in hand, guided by the seaman whom the smugglers had so barbarously tossed overboard.

It was rightly conceived that the confusion, consequent to the double attack, would insure success.

As most of the crew would be on shore, the boarding of the lugger was deemed the least desperate, though the most important feature in the affair, which Dalquharn now began to perceive, might prove fraught with more danger to himself than even the discovery of Balcraftie's complicity with these outlaws would reward; but he had given his promise to Gage, and could not recede.

"Here she comes on the larboard tack now, bringing the gathering scud and the squally night with her," said Gage, rubbing his hands, while his ruddy cheek glowed, and his clear blue eyes sparkled, with excitement and anticipated triumph; for he was a bold and fearless fellow—"the darker the better for his operations, and for ours too. Gadso! I hope to pick up summut in this scrimmage for my little missus at home."

"I seek but to unmask Father Testimony," said Dalquharn, looking to the flints in his pistols.

"Them religious codgers are often the deepest knaves, after all," said Gage. "When I was a tidesman at Dover, some twelve years by past, there came one day a long, lean parson wearing an apron and shovel hat. He had a hearse and four men in sad-coloured cloaks, with mourning bands and black gumphions rigged aloft on poles, and stated that he had come, by order of the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, to receive the body of a lady of high rank who had died at Boulogne. It was to be landed by the 'Queen Anne' packet, which was just entering the harbour. I wasn't frightened by hearing of the Archbishop—Lord love you, sir, not I; though he of the shovel hat and square toes mentioned him a score of times. I had my suspicions about that ere coffin, I had, and insisted on having it opened, just to see what the body was like. Our parson stormed—gad, that he did; threatened me with prosecution for desecration, felony, and so forth; but jumped into his hearse and beat a speedy retreat, when the coffin was opened, and found to be choke full of the finest French and Flanders lace. My little woman and I were just about to be spliced then; so out of that ere coffin I got her on the sly, a dress that would have graced the Duchess of Devonshire. But, undeterred by this, what think you, sir, happened in the very next year?—'twas '32, the same year when the Act was passed to prevent the exportation of beaver hats from North America—when the body of the loyal and brave old Bishop Atterbury came from Calais to England for interment, the High Bailiff of Westminster crammed into the coffin seven thousand pounds worth of contraband goods,* which I had the good luck to seize at Dover; for I suspected the poor bishop's

* Facts.

corpse to be a swindle like 'tother. So I was rewarded by being promoted and sent north here —a change which my poor little wife, who thinks this a main, wild, and mountainous country, thought very ungrateful on the part of the Customs; though they said handsomely enough that Scotland was just the place for so enterprising an officer."

"Why do you not obtain the assistance of a party from the garrison on the Bass? Livingstone of Saltcoates, and young Congalton of that ilk, are in command there."

"Too late, sir—too late!" said Gage, shaking his head.

"Why too late?"

"Because no doubt the garrison on the Bass is preciously well watched by them night-hawks 'long shore, even now; and if a boat-load of the Guards were to come off, by some well-known signal, the run would be made elsewhere, and we should be bilked."

While they were speaking, a painful but plaintive bleating was heard close by; and among the furze bushes they perceived a young lamb, on which a huge and ravenous hoodiecrow had pounced, and was deliberately tearing out its eyes. Gage whooped aloud, and threw his hat at the foul bird, which instantly soared into the air; but, quick as thought, Dalquharn unhooked one of the pistols from his girdle—fired, and the sable ma-

rauder came toppling down, with wings outspread, and a bullet in its body.

"That was rash, sir," said Gage, looking hastily round.

"Rash! How?" asked Dalquharn.

"Because we don't know where scouts may be hidden; and I am so well known in these parts; but it was 'nation fine practice anyhow."

"I hope it is an omen of how we shall punish another black crow we wot of."

"Talking of that, captain, 'fore George, you'll find some practice for your trigger finger after dark, or my name ain't Jack Gage."

When the evening closed fairly in, the latter was joined by his four men, well armed, who announced that their boat, with its armed crew, and the swivel gun loaded with musket-shot, had gone ostensibly up the river, to deceive the people of North Berwick; but that, according to Gage's orders, they would drop quietly down with the ebb-tide in the twilight, and be off the cove, with muffled oars, when the lugger crept in with her sweeps.

"The townspeople," added one who spoke for the rest, "have enough to occupy and lament about without minding our affairs; for news came this afternoon that one of the largest craft belonging to them had been taken in the gut of Gibraltar by a rascally Sallee rover, and that all her crew had been carried into slavery."

The tidesman muttered some heavy maledictions as he said this; for they were all seafaring men—"a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind"—and those Algerine rovers were, until recently, the scourge of European commerce.

CHAPTER II.

THE RAVINE.

"'Away, my men!' the captain cried,
'Tis just the time to board;'
Upon her decks we jumped amain
With tomahawk and sword.
The conflict now was sharp and fierce,
For clemency had fled,
And streams of blood marked every blow,
The dying and the dead."

Ballad.

Darkness set in unusually fast for a summer evening; the masses of dun-coloured vapour that came from the seaward soon mingled with the bright clouds that had enveloped the setting sun, changing their hue to dull and sombre grey. The wind was blowing now in whistling gusts, and a few warm rain-drops plashed heavily on the grass, as Gage and his five comrades crept close to the eastern end of the vast ruined fortress of the Douglasses, which was anciently named Duntallan, and, lying on their faces, peered seaward over the steep cliffs on which the castle is built.

The whole estuary of the Forth was now

shrouded by vapour, through which, as through a gauze curtain, the foam-tipped crests of the waves could be seen rising and falling. In vain did Gage search and sweep that curtain of vapour, and re-arrange the focus of his glass, "to pick up the lugger" as he said; but unless a red spark that appeared once or twice and then vanished in the gloom, indicated her approach, as she crept in between the Bass Rock and the headland of Tantallan, there was no sign or sound of her whereabouts.

"Look to your priming, lads," said he, "and follow me, if you please, Captain Douglas," he added, in a more differential manner; "we'll make for the creek now."

The creek, as he called it, is a deep rocky ravine or glen, into which the water then entered; narrow, dark, and steep, it slopes upwards from the sea shore, towards the front trenches and gates of Tantallan, in the lower walls of which we can yet see the round gun-ports of the cannon that once swept it to the westward.

On one side of this ravine, and close to the ruins of the north-western tower, grew a clump of wild whin bushes, amid which the six lurkers concealed themselves and lay down flat, and only just in time, for the moment they were concealed, two persons could be discerned making their way stealthily up the gorge from the sea-shore. One who was picking his steps cautiously with the aid of

a stout staff, carried what appeared to be a dark lantern, but its light was carefully concealed.

The watchers could perceive that his costume was dark, that he wore a voluminous white wig, over which his cocked hat was unflapped, for a disguise that was further aided by his having a large handkerchief tied round it and under his chin, to prevent his entire headgear being carried away by the blasts of wind that were surging up and down the hollow. Dalquharn alternately panted with eagerness, and held his breath with caution, as this personage passed him, for he remembered "Father Testimony," who boarded the lugger on the night that he and Mitchell landed from Dunkirk.

His companion, who wore a long frieze overcoat, with a deep cape, and huge double cuffs, a broad lowland bonnet drawn well over his eyes, seemed a long-legged, lean, and cadaverous creature, for his wide skirts were wrapped and flapped by the wind about his bony and shrunken figure. Scrambling silently through an opening in the ruins, they disappeared, but a red light that flashed fitfully on the walls at times, as they passed through the deserted and grass-grown chambers and corridors, showed that now the lantern was uncovered.

All was yet still in the ravine below.

The curiosity of Dalquharn was irrepressible, and despite the warnings of Gage, he clambered up

a portion of the fallen wall to peep into a place from whence a light was now issuing in sudden and uncertain gleams. The arrow-hole—for it was nothing more, to which he applied his eye—perforated a wall of enormous thickness, and opened into a square vault, arched with stone; it was then half sunk in gloomy shadow, and half filled with ruddy light from a torch which was stuck between the stones, and which the lean, cadaverous fellow—he of the bonnet and long frieze coat—was igniting or blowing up, by means of a *pluff*, a piece of bored bour-tree, then used in Scotland for kindling up fires; and, as the gleams fell on his hollow features, he recognised Jabez Starvieston, the hunger-eyed clerk of Reuben Balcraftie; so the plot was thickening!

It was only one of the numerous vaults and dungeons which form the substructure of this vast old castle, which was built in ancient times, by the descendants of Macduff, Earl of Fife; but there were already in it a few casks and bales of goods, shewing that it was one of the places where the smugglers stowed their contraband cargoes, until the consignee could get them conveyed inland, and in detail on horseback, or otherwise under cloud of night, to his customers in various parts of the country.

The figure of the other man in this vault, was between Dalquharn and the murky light of the torch; thus his features could not be discerned;

and now a sudden stop was put to further scrutiny, by Starvieston stuffing his broad blue bonnet into the loop-hole, to prevent the light being seen from a distance. But ere this was done, Dalquharn, who was familiar with the grand old ruins, having many a time explored them with Bryde Otterburn, marked well the locality of the place, and knew where the long stair that led to the secret vault must be.

He had barely time to get back to his place of concealment among the whins that overhung the ravine, when a voice was heard to "hilloah" out of the vapour.

Gage now drew forth the cylindrical case of a rocket, and proceeded to lash it to a staff, as he intended to use it for the double purpose of signalling to his boat, and alarming the smugglers.

Amid the excitement of the time, Dalquharn had frequently thought with great compunction, of the anxiety his unusual and prolonged absence would certainly cause to Bryde Otterburn; but there was now a romance, and mystery in the whole affair, which, together with its too evident peril, soothed and delighted his ardent temperament.

High overhead—amid rugged wildness, crowning the highest point of a mass of rough, brown, insulated rock, against the base of which the German Sea, far down below, was hurling its snow-white breakers—rose the mighty masses of

the Douglasses' ruined stronghold, the scene of many a great event in Scotland's stirring times, and of many a raw-head-and-bloody-bone legend now, with its long frontage of lofty curtain walls, and loftier flanking towers, and its great central keep, with turrets and battlements, gunports and loopholes, row on row—

> "Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
> And held impregnable in war,
> On a projecting rock they rose,
> And round three sides the ocean flows;
> The fourth did battled walls enclose,
> And double mound and fosse."

Great breaches yawned, where Monk's shot and shell, a hundred years before, had taught its cavalier garrison, that the same walls which defied the armies of the middle ages were no longer impregnable in the days of "the villainous saltpetre."

There was no sound in the air, but the booming of the breakers, which came upward, from where they rolled against the castled cliff far down below. A strange and preternatural silence hovered in and about the colossal masses of Tantallan, which seemed to blend with the murky clouds. Even the cawing of the countless jackdaws that built their nests therein, and shared its naked chambers with the red-beaked puffin and the snow-white gannet, had died away.

Amid this silence, it was strange to know and

to feel, that infallibly in some five minutes or so, startling events would occur; that wounds would be dealt, lives lost and taken, amid all the hurly-burly of a midnight skirmish, in that grassy ravine, where the Scottish bluebell, the seapink and the wild violets were earliest found by the wanderer or the truant school boy.

"At last we have 'em—steady, lads, steady!" said Gage, as the sound of oars came upward, together with the noise caused by the rush of a rope cable (those of chain were then unknown), through a hawse hole, and the rattle of the parrels or iron collars which confined the yards to the masts, when the lugsails were hauled down, and all made snug on board the lugger, which was evidently close in shore under the lee of the cliff, and was all ready for starting her cargo.

As yet the watchers could see nothing; but out of the gloom below, they could hear old Scupper-plug storming and swearing in Scotch, Dutch and Spanish at his noseless mate, the little French mulatto, and all his ruffianly crew.

"Bear a hand, gude friends," cried a voice which Dalquharn could not mistake; "cheerily wi' these blessed tubs which shall never be degraded by the iron brand o' an English gauger."

"Meaning me," said Gage, passing a thumb nail over the edge of his flints; "but gadso, you may be mistaken, my friend."

"Ready, my hearties, ready, and heaven's blessing on your work!" said the voice again.

"Stow your infernal twaddle, old Testimony, and bear a hand yourself," bellowed Scupperplug; "I've promised the hands a stoup o' skiedam when the run is complete, so look sharp. I never liked this place for sending a cargo ashore; Seacliff cave, or even Tyninghame sands are worth a score of it."

"Aye, aye, Sanders, but we canna aye choose for oursel's when the devils o' gaugers are on the look out."

Under his breath, Balcraftie, as we may name him now, uttered many a bitter imprecation on the head of Bryde Otterburn; he was in a fearful temper, and astonished even his compatriot Scupperplug; but from the ferocity that inspired them, his maledictions as they flew up to heaven, would have no tears dropped on *them* "by the recording angel."

Through the gloom below, figures were soon visible, and it became evident that the crew were carrying ashore a strong warp whereon to run the kegs; some were seen standing up to their waist, others who were nearer the shore, to their knees in the water. Several ascended the ravine, thus forming a chain, which passed upward from hand to hand the brandy kegs and little sherry runlets, as they were—to use a nautical phrase—guyed ashore, along the warp, and some thirty or forty

were thus borne upward and into the vault within a yard or two of the place where Gage and his five followers were concealed.

"Now sir," he whispered to Dalquharn; "now, my lads, is our time!"

"Quick wid de gegs—donner and blitzen! anodder dub—anodder dub!" they heard Vander Pierboom say as if through where his nose was wont to be; "quick Jules Leroux, you Vrench mite ob Belzebub, bear along de gegs!"

Gage lit the touch paper and applied it to the rocket. With a terrible hiss it soared into the sky, describing a fiery arc, revealing for an instant the fierce, bewhiskered and weatherbeaten visages of the smugglers in the ravine; the kegs that were being passed so smartly upward from hand to hand; the towering castle-walls and gaping windows, from whence the black jackdaws and white gannets flew hither and thither. High into mid-air it soared and burst, and then, as the shower of sparkles fell downward to the seething sea below, the entire outline of the Black Lugger, tossing and straining at her anchor, was visible as she rode with her head to the ebb tide.

A dreadful imprecation burst from Scupperplug, who was standing on her gangway to guy the kegs; but it was drowned in the cheer set up by Gage and his brave followers.

"Forward, marines and small-arm men—boarders away! Hurrah, my fighting Foxes!" he

cried in a clear and stentorian voice, as he sprang with his drawn cutlass in hand, on the straggling line of men in the ravine, who believed themselves to be attacked by the crew of the 'Fox.'

The rocket and the *ruse* were most successful!

Firing their pistols, Dalquharn, Gage and the four tidesmen fell on sword in hand, and six of the smugglers were instantly put *hors de combat*; the rest flung themselves into the water to reach the lugger; but a cheer rose from her deck and a fire of pistols, flashing through the gloom along her gunnel, announced that she had been successfully captured from her starboard side, and was in possession of the enemy. Hemmed in as they seemed to be, by a cross fire on both sides, and ignorant alike of the number and character of their assailants (whose united force was only equal to their own,) the smugglers abandoned the cargo and all idea of resistance, seeking only to escape.

Two who were on board the lugger hoisting out the kegs leaped into the sea and disappeared under her counter. Those who were on the land and were not already cut down, fired their pistols at random, waking a thousand echoes in the winding shore below, and the open ruins above, and also sprang into the sea to reach their quarter boat. Blind with fury, Scupperplug laid about him with a hatchet, and inflicted some terrible wounds on his assailants. Seizing one of the boarders—the same seaman whom he had so bar-

barously flung over-board near the Isle of May, and to whose spirit of vengeance the victory was chiefly due—he wreathed the strong fingers of his left hand in the poor fellow's long, queued hair, drew his neck backwards across the gunnel of the lugger, and slashed off his head by one tremendous stroke. He then hurled both the head and the hatchet at the victors, and escaping several pistol shots, leaped overboard, and was dragged into the stern boat, by six of his men who had got possession of it, and cast off the painter.

The haze favoured their escape; they pulled away, no man knew whither, and vanished into the darkness of the night. Jules Leroux and five others of the crew were found wounded or dying in the ravine, when day broke, and the huge bulky frame of Vander Pierboom, slashed sorely by cutlasses, was cast ashore in Auldhame Bay, three days afterwards.

By sunrise the Black Lugger — the famous 'Etoile de la Mer,' was safely moored in the little harbour of North Berwick with the king's colours flying at her foremast head.

Only one of Gage's men was killed, he who fell by the hatchet of the terrible Scupperplug; several were severely wounded; but the events of the night did not end with the rout of the smugglers, and the capture of their craft.

Dalquharn's whole faculties were absorbed in the desire to seize and unmask Balcraftie. For a

time it was impossible to distinguish him from the rest in the sudden and decisive scuffle; but, as he could not escape by sea, and there was no avenue by land, save up the ravine, the rocks on all sides being precipitous, sheer like a wall, and very lofty, he caught the eye of Dalquharn—now accustomed to the darkness—as he stole cautiously up the same path he had hitherto pursued with his starveling clerk.

"Here is our man—here is Father Testimony," he exclaimed; "follow me some of you."

Rapidly the dark figure glided upward on hearing this alarm; and disappeared; but Dalquharn knew or shrewdly suspected where he had gone, and hastened towards the vault.

More than a hundred steps led, and still lead to it. These were all arched over and enclosed then, and descended at an angle southward from the north-western tower. The narrow passage is open now and gaping to the light of day, for the roof has fallen in; but the vault itself still remains unchanged, and may easily be found by the explorer who seeks it.

CHAPTER III.

THE VAULT OF TANTALLAN.

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who pilches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Shakespeare.

Descending the long and damp flight of steps, from the bottom of which the torchlight shed a wavering gleam, that played upward on the slimy walls, and stumbling over bales and kegs that had been suddenly abandoned when the rocket went up, Lord Dalquharn, closely followed by Gage, reached the vault successfully.

There, by the light of the torch which he was striving to extinguish and tread out, they discovered Bailie Reuben Balcraftie, minus hat and wig, and accompanied by Jules Leroux, the little mulatto cabin boy, who had fled thither instead of attempting to reach the lugger, the hopeless scene of his suffering and slavery. The starved clerk

was no longer there. At the first alarm he had fled—vanished like a ghost at cock crow.

"Behold him, Gage," exclaimed Dalquharn, with fierce derision; "we have at last discovered and unmasked the most sanctimonious villain and hypocrite!"

"'Fore George! who'd have thought it," said Gage, half breathless and wholly bewildered; "but after my Dover parson, I don't wonder at anything."

"So, sirrah—what have you to say for yourself—eh?" demanded Dalquharn.

There was a terrible expression in the pale eyes and livid face of Balcraftie; discovered, and at bay, he seemed to be on the verge of insanity. At that moment, Jules Leroux, maddened by the pain of a sword wound in his chest, and by the terror of an immediate apprehension, that might lead he knew not to what—a terrible death, or an existence worse than that he had led on board the 'Etoile de la Mer,'—levelled a pistol, with which he was armed, and shot poor Gage; the bullet pierced his brain, and he fell dead upon the spot.

At the same instant Dalquharn fired at the tawny imp Leroux, who, missed the shot, by darting from the vault in the smoke of his own weapon, and escaping those who were rather cautiously descending the long flight of steps, he fell in the ravine, exhausted by loss of blood, and was found there next day, quite dead.

Ready in resolve, and quick as light in the perpetration of wickedness—the long habit of turning all men and things to some profitable account—Balcraftie, who was also armed with pistols, saw the situation in all its features, and took his plans accordingly. To shoot Dalquharn (for whom he had other views) was no part of these; but at the moment that four or five tidesmen, flushed with their recent victory, on hearing the explosion of firearms hurried into the vault, where Gage's body lay, with the blood oozing from it, he snatched up the smouldering torch, and pointing to the bewildered Dalquharn, exclaimed—

"By the soul o' my body, gentlemen, and as sure as I am a pardoned sinner, there stands the murderer, with his empty pistol and dumb-foundered look! There stands the committer o' the deed—the Cain, the slayer o' him who's bluid crieth for vengeance frae the ground! Awa wi' him, that justice may be done upon him sevenfold, even as it was done on the first murderer in Eden! Oh, waly and wae's me, that I should behold sic a foul deed done on the body o' worthy Maister Gage, wha appointed wi' me to meet him here to-night—a gude and trusty friend to king and country—king and country!"

The custom-house officers, who had heard nothing of the appointment so artfully indicated to explain the reason of his appearance there, surveyed, with a greatly bewildered and doubtful expression,

their recent comrade Dalquharn, who certainly had a recently discharged pistol in his hand, and a terrible air of wrath and disdain in his eyes and bearing.

"Hypocrite and double-dyed villain," he exclaimed: "dare you go thus far with me?"

"Yea, and farther," shouted the Bailie, whose voice rose almost to a scream, as an excess of rage and spite, not unmixed with fear, filled his heart; "grip and bind the foul slaughterer! I denounce him, as Henry Douglas, umquhile Lord Dalquharn, of the Holm, an attainted traitor, and the son of an attainted traitor; a popish recusant, a spy of the hellicate king o' France, and an emissary of the vile Pretender! Gyves to the heels, and hemp to the craig o' him! Awa wi' him to the Tolbooth o' the Burgh, and in the morning I'll make a' clear wi' this vile felon, who hath on his hands the bluid of twa brave and leal English gentlemen. He has been taen in the act, sirs—taen in the act, and by the law of Scotland, being *Red Hand*, may be legally strung to the gallows tree within twenty-four hours o' his crime."

Struck by the Bailie's earnestness, his volubility, and apparent sincerity, the tidesmen began to look at each other in doubt, and to cock their pistols. Dalquharn might have shot Balcraftie, and cut short the preceding farrago of words; but that would only have served to make his affairs more complicated, and worse than they now seemed to be.

"Gentlemen," said he, with a forced air of

coolness, which cost him a severe effort, "'twas his own ally and compatriot, Jules Leroux, a mulatto boy of the lugger, who committed this dastardly crime. I am, as he has said, the Lord Dalquharn, a peer of the realm (for I deny the right of any Hanoverian Elector to attaint the title I inherit from the kings of Scotland), and on my honour as such, and as a gentleman of the House of Douglas, a name that should have an echo in Tantallan here, I am totally innocent of all that he has dared to allege. What motive could I have for the committal of an act so foul? The poor fellow was my friend."

"Friend—ha, ha! Motive—ha, ha!" yelled Balcraftie, in a voice which became more shrill, while his eyes shone with a white gleam in their cavernous sockets; "motive enough for arresting him and his companion, Sir John Mitchell, another attainted and popish recusant, and bringing baith before me, as some of you gentlemen may recollect."

"Likely enough—I remember now," said a tidesman to the others, and their looks became darker and more suspicious.

Dalquharn was choking with conflicting emotion on finding himself in this predicament, of which he truly feared he had not yet seen the end; and with such a terrible charge against him, with the apparent proofs of it, his first thoughts were of Bryde—gentle, loving Bryde—and of Captain

Wyvil. If *he* heard of it, that gallant and generous English gentleman to whom he had pledged his word to unravel the mystery of Egerton's death—he must alike mistrust and disdain him now!

The custom-house officials were conferring together, and lingering irresolutely, when the sound of footsteps were heard heavily descending in measured tramp the long and winding stair; and now, to increase the hubbub, appeared ten men of the 3rd Foot Guards, in their long scarlet coats and sugar-loaf caps, having the thistle and circle of St. Andrew embroidered on the front flaps thereof, and with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed. They had come off from the Bass Rock (where a party of the regiment was always stationed), under Ensign Congalton, of that ilk, having been dispatched by Livingstone, of Saltcoates, the commander, on seeing the rocket ascend, and the subsequent explosion of firearms in the ravine, which that officer immediately associated with a sudden landing of the French, the perpetual bugbear of those and later times.

To Ensign and Lieutenant Congalton—for then, as now, the Guards had household rank—a blasé and roué looking young man, who—we are sorry to record it—seemed to have imbibed at least his second bottle, Balcraftie noisily and fussily repeated his version of the affair, adding, with what he conceived to be a convincing grandeur of manner, while displaying his gold chain of office,

"Ye maun a' ken me, sirs—I'm Reuben Balcraftie, a merchant and magistrate o' the Royal Burgh o' North Berwick, and a justice o' the peace, for the County o' Haddington; so arrest that traitor loon, I say—arrest him in the king's name, or disobey at the peril o' your necks."

Ere Dalquharn could speak, the tidesmen closed in upon him and wrenched away his pistols, on which he drew his sword, and stood like a lion at bay.

"You have heard, sirs, the Bailie's false charge against me," he said, while boiling with rage and fury at his false position, and all the dangerous features of the affair; "but, perhaps, this worthy magistrate and justice of the peace, will say, what purpose brought *him* here to-night?"

"Egad, yes—very proper—very proper," said Mr. Congalton, while balancing himself on each leg, alternately, and cocking his hat over the right eye.

"The purpose that brought me here, I shall explain when the proper time comes, for doing sae," replied Balcraftie, who saw that intense coolness and assurance only would carry him through this unpleasant episode; "but in the meantime, and in the name of the king, I charge you, Mr. Congalton, to remove that traitor to ward in the the Tolbooth."

As he spoke several soldiers brought their bayonets to the charge.

"Under these circumstances, my Lord Dalquharn," said Ensign Congalton, who, though tipsy, and a king's officer, was too much of a Scotsman, and, perhaps, a Jacobite at heart, to omit giving his full title to an attainted peer; "I trust you will see the folly of resistance, and give up your sword to me."

"No, sir—not even to you, though the representative of a family perhaps older than my own," replied Dalquharn, in a hoarse voice; "this sword was the farewell gift of him, who may one day sit upon the British throne, and shall never be drawn by other hands than mine."

He snapped the blade across his knee, and cast the fragments from him.

A few minutes more saw the whole party out of the vault, and quitting the stupendous ruins of Tantallan for the highway. Dalquharn, and Gage's dead body, borne by his men, surrounded by the guardsmen with bayonets fixed; Balcraftie and the officer bringing up the rear, engaged in a close and earnest conversation, which enabled the former to explain everything his own way, hence the bearing of Congalton, who was the representative of one of the best and old families in Lothian, became cold, haughty and distasteful to his prisoner.

The clouds of night were dispersing now, and the early summer morning was dawning on the land and sea.

Dalquharn's blood was on fire! In the blindness of his impotent wrath and the depth of his unmerited shame, he almost forgot his betrothed love, Bryde, then tossing sleepless on a tear-wetted pillow; his heart throbbed wildly, and he frequently placed his hands upon it, as if a pain was there, for it seemed full to the verge of bursting. He bared his temples to the cool west wind, and sought thereby, relief in vain. Stormy were the passions at work within him; but he could only hope against hope itself, that his day for vengeance would yet come!

Beautifully the early summer morn came in; the great green mountain cone that overhangs the little town, then all silent in slumber, rose against the blue sky, and the woods that clothe its eastern slope, waved all their foliage in the gentle breeze. From many a cottage chimney the faint smoke of the *griesoch* or gathered peat of the overnight fire, rose in light puffs skyward. The black rooks were circling in the clear blue welkin. The broad waters of the Forth, dotted by the brown sails of a fisher fleet, bound homeward for Anster, Crail, or Newhaven, laden with the netted spoil of the deep, stretched far away in distance; but clothed in silvery haze, the Fifeshire coast looked dim and indistinct. Three miles off, the giant Bass towered to the clouds, and the outline of Tantallan loomed blackly against the golden blaze of the morning sky to the eastward.

Dalquharn felt the cold shudder of irrepressible disgust pass over him, as he was marched near the gibbet, where the incendiary hung in chains at the town-end. The miserable remains were now reduced to a mere skeleton, which even the crows had abandoned, and the head was gone. It had been taken in the night by the barber-chirurgeon in the main street (the same shaving Sangrado who had ministered to Bryde in her illness), and after being well boiled, it ornamented his window, with a tuft of moss surmounting it, to indicate that he dispensed drugs, for such was the usual and ghastly sign of an apothecary in Scotland (and, perhaps, in England too) until 1750.

"That gallows-tree will be empty just in time, I'm thinking," chuckled Balcraftie, with savage significance and glee.

"Silence, sirrah," said Mr. Congalton, who felt some sympathy for Dalquharn, whose gentlemanly bearing and nobility of air, could not fail to impress him. "'Sblood, Mr. Balcraftie! the alleged crime has to be proved yet, and I won't allow any unfortunate gentleman to be insulted in my presence by such a low-born churl as thee. If he shot your precious gauger, perhaps he had good reason to do so."

"That will be proved in time, sirs—proved in time; but here is the Tolbooth—tirl at the pin, some o' ye, and rouse the gudeman."

The Tolbooth was a miserable little vaulted

place, with thickly-grated windows, just below the town-house or council chamber, which was a plain unsightly edifice, having crowstepped gables, four large casements, a flight of stone steps that led to its entrance, and was surmounted by a louvre-boarded belfrey and antique dial.

On the strong and nail-studded Tolbooth door, as he entered, Dalquharn saw affixed a placard of Balcraftie, announcing a preachment, (D.V.) on the Links that same afternoon!

"Farewell, my lord," said Ensign Congalton, lifting his hat and bowing stiffly; "I hope, for your sake, that this dark matter may be cleared up satisfactorily."

Pale and almost speechless with emotion, Dalquharn could only bow with equal coldness, as the ponderous prison door, clanking with bolts, bars and chains, was closed upon him, and he found himself, for some hours, until the magistrates could assemble, the companion of several unfortunate wretches, some of whom contrived to rob him of all he possessed, his purse—containing three Louis, and a Portugal piece of thirty-six shillings value.

Among these were two gypsies for child-stealing; three strollers for "riot and spulzie," in ward till they could be handed over to a recruiting sergeant; and two fishermen, for absenting themselves from the church and church ordinances, in ward at the instance of Bailie

Balcraftie; a suspected papist, and some sheep-stealers.

By this time, the "blood-holtered" remains of brave and honest Jack Gage had been carried to the abode of his poor little English wife, in the Westgate, who now thought that her worst ideas of the barbarous Scots were terribly realised; and instead of listening to the exhortations of Balcraftie, who quoted much scripture in the most approved nasal fashion, she called down Heaven's vengeance, not on the real destroyer of her husband, but on the unfortunate victim of circumstances, Lord Dalquharn.

Erelong, the tolling of an old cracked bell, that had whilom hung in the tower of the ruined church beside the sea, announced at an unusually early hour, that the magnates of the burgh were assembled in solemn council, and Dalquharn was brought before them, in a dingy wainscotted apartment, the windows of which were barred by crossed iron gratings.

There the Provost, the Bailies, the treasurer and nine councillors of the little town, were assembled in awful state attended by two red-nosed halberdiers, and a drummer, all three in a semi-sober condition, and fully arrayed in the livery of the burgh; but Dalquharn, proud, fiery and now infuriated beyond all endurance, treated those grave, potent (pious) and reverend seniors, with terrible scorn, as their recorded minutes attest.

By that august assembly of "Baxters, Wabsters, Spurriers,"* and other merchants, he was voted obdurate as James Grahame of Montrose; as hellicate a cavalier as the bloody Claverhouse; as false as Cromwell the blaspheming sectary; as proud as the Paip his master, and so forth. They remembered well that his father, a noble Scottish patriot, had been fairly hunted out of Scotland (where true patriotism has long ceased to be known or valued) by the Lord Isla, who then mismanaged the affairs of that country, under Sir Robert Walpole; but the remembrance availed him nothing when in the hands of these resolute whigs.

Balcraftie loudly asserted that Dalquharn, having been taken *Red-hand,* should, by the law of Scotland, be convicted and executed, within twenty-four hours of the crime, without privilege of peerage, "he being an attainted rebel at the King's Majesty's horn;" but the provost "douce man," was fortunately a Douglas, and failed to see any necessity for this extreme haste and severity; so he ordained that the accused, should be committed to ward—then Balcraftie successfully urged on the Bass Rock; as Edinburgh was full of Jacobites; the city guard were all Celts, and a rescue might be made, the unlawful seizure of Sir Hector Maclean and the Laird of Castlehill, and their transmittal in chains to London, by the

* Anglicè—bakers, weavers and spur makers.

servile Lord Advocate, having set the blood of the people on fire.

Perhaps Provost Douglas might not have been sorry for a rescue; but he dared not say so, and in silence signed the warrant which consigned Dalquharn to the terrible and hopeless prisons of the Bass.

"Awa wi' him to the auld Craig!" said Balcraftie, while his vulture-like eyes glared with their most malignant expression, and he waved his hand triumphantly; "a fitting place it is, that vile prison, where the sighs o' the Sancts o' God, sighs deep as ever rose frae the Jews place o' wailing at Jerusalem, hae gone forth owre the salt sea—the last sighs o' mony that sleep in the bosom o' Abrawham and under the shadow o' North Berwick kirk. Awa' wi' him, say I, and keep him there, as fast as yettan bars and chains o' steel can gird him, till the red hand o' the deemster is laid on his neck, and the rooks flap their wings over his harnpan."

And now, it is recorded, that the tipsy drummer went through the burgh "tonkering on ye drum," to announce to the people the final dictum of those twelve Magnates Scotiæ.

But the gentle Provost pitied the fallen cavalier Lord and could not forget the nobler days of old, when the Red Heart—emblem of that glorious heart which the good Sir James carried at the Moorish field of Teba—waved

above Tantallan; and he secretly ordered a refreshment of wine and food for his clansman before he was conveyed away by boat to the Isle, and to what proved, a long and weary captivity.

"Again in the toils of this man Balcraftie!"

Oh, it was madness! Dalquharn staggered like a drunken man; he was stunned and sick with rage. The veins of his temples were swollen, there was a bubbling sound in his ears, a crushing misery, the panting of futile rage and noble scorn in his heart—scorn of the mean and loathly.

A prisoner in such a place, on such charges, and at the behest of such a man as Reuben Balcraftie!

He strove to remember the adage that he who loses hope may part with anything; but it proved a bitter solace.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRISONS OF THE BASS.

"Near to that place where the sea rock, immense,
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land,
——— if impairing time
Has not effaced the image of a place,
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
And seems by nature formed for the camp
Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength
Lies in firm foot, unflanked with warlike horse."

Home's Douglas.

It was a gloriously beautiful day when Dalquharn, in a swift boat with an armed escort, left the town, near the ruins of the old church beside the sea, the identical spot on which he and Mitchell had been landed in the dusk of that evening in May, and before he knew that the world contained a being destined to become so dear to him as Bryde Otterburn was now.

The sea was like crystal and the sky a cloudless blue; but Dalquharn truly felt "what a mockery there is in the smile of the bright sun, when it shines on the wretched." The sturdy

boatmen bent to their oars in silence, as if they little liked the errand, and his escort, a corporal and three soldiers of the Third or Scots Guards, smoked in silence too, and without the ceremony of asking his consent; and, as the shore they had left receded and lessened, the vast insulated rock named the Bass, became more and more stupendous in detail and proportions.

It stands in the Firth of Forth, three miles and a half distant from North Berwick, and is about seven acres in extent. In form it resembles the base of a sugar loaf, cut across at an angle of forty-five degrees. A flagstaff and a large piece of cannon as a signal gun, crowned its apex, which is a sheer cliff four hundred and twenty feet above the water; a strong castle, containing a series of state prisons, frowns above the sea along the lower portion of the steep slope.

It was the last piece of British soil that surrendered to William of Orange, and tradition says that it was once a bluff of the mainland; but that some mighty throe of nature, or the wand of the Gyrecarlin, which, (as Cromek tells us) "like the miraculous rod of Moses, could convert water into rocks, and sea into solid land," achieved the separation, so the Bass is now an island, two miles distant from the cliffs of Tantallan.

Precipitous and sheer on all sides, the only landing place is a little shelf of rock overlooked

by the long line of crenelated ramparts, where twenty-one pieces of heavy cannon faced and defended the narrow strait. However calm the weather, a strong surf is always boiling round the Bass, and boatmen have to cling hard to iron rings and cramps in the rock, when parties land, lest their craft should be staved and dashed to pieces. Steep and slippery, the landing place is only a species of fissure or chasm, and leads to a plateau of naked and arid red rock, which is always covered by dead gannets and Norwegian rabbits, in all stages of corruption and decay; and these, together with the rank odour of the guano, which covers all the Isle and literally forms its soil, taint most obnoxiously even the keen sea breeze.

To the left of this perilous landing place, and guarded by a well loopholed tower which rises sheer from the sea, are still the remains of the iron crane used by the garrison for raising their boat to the outer wall, where two sentinels were always posted.

Three strong gates, a portcullis, and a lofty spur, that projects southward at a right angle from the main-line of the fortifications, and has within it a covered gallery, loopholed on both sides for musketry, to infilade the whole place, are its chief securities. The castle of the Bass was *never* taken by storm, and defied a blockade by

sea and land for four years after the battle of Killycrankie.

The British government still retain the right (pertaining of old to the Scottish) of fortifying the rock in time of war, and a garrison, furnished in consequence of some old custom, by the Scots Foot Guards, was always in its castle, till after the middle of the last century, fully more than fifty years after the permanent removal of the regiment to London. The soldiers of this detachment received a small addition to their daily pay, the service being literally one of banishment.

Prisoners have frequently escaped from the Chateau d'If, from the Tower of London, and (thanks to the gentle ties of clanship) more frequently still from the castle of Edinburgh; but no state captive ever escaped from the terrible prisons of the Bass, though at one time, between the years 1673 and 1684, no less than fifty gentlemen, chiefly clergymen, were incarcerated in its dungeons, and some of these were resolute fellows; such as James Mitchell, a Master of Arts, one of the assassins of Archbishop Sharpe, and young Gordon, of Earlston, whose father was slain when on his way to join the covenanters at the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

When on the island last year, we found in what had been the soldiers garden, many a shrub and flower, particularly the common daffodil and pale narcissus, and many a potherb growing rank

and wild; and their seeds having been blown about by the wind, they flourish in all the nooks and corners of the ruined walls; and there, too, in a place almost inaccessible, is lying half-embedded in the guano, a great iron cannon, just where the garrison of 1694 had hurled it over, prior to their surrender and departure to France.

This "sea rock immense" has forty fathoms of water all round it; thus, its entire height, in a sheer line from the summit to its base in ocean, averages six hundred feet. A myriad of snow-white gannets and other sea birds cover all its sides, and hold a perpetual jubilee in the air around it, giving the Bass somewhat the aspect of an enchanted island.

"The surface is almost wholly covered during the months of May and June with nests, eggs, and young birds," says a quaint old English naturalist, in 1651, "so that it is scarcely possible to walk without treading on them; and their noise is such, that you cannot without difficulty hear your next neighbour's voice. If you look down upon the sea from the top of the precipice, you will see it on every side covered with infinite numbers of birds of different kinds, swimming and hunting for their prey. If in sailing round the island you survey the hanging cliff, you see in every crag and fissure innumerable birds of various sorts and sizes, more than the stars of heaven when viewed in a serene night. If from afar you see the distant

flocks, either flying to or from the island, you would imagine them to be a vast swarm of bees."

At the eastern end of the ramparts stood that edifice, which was originally the stronghold of the Lauder family, built by the good Sir Robert Lauder, "great lord of Congalton and the Bass," as his epitaph has it, and therein his descendant, the famous "Maggie," of the old song, is said to have first seen the light.

On this tower the union jack was hoisted, and it was flapping lazily in the wind, as the boat, tossing and heaving on the white surge, reached the landing place. Then the faces of the soldiers appeared at the embrasures beside the cannon, and at the little grated windows in the rough and massive walls, which the strong sea breeze and the storms of many centuries have coloured a dark and sombre brown. The little garrison were all curious to see the state prisoner, for such an inmate was quite a rarity here, and had been so since the revolution of 1688.

The boat hooks were inserted in the ring-bolts, which are fastened in the rocks for that purpose; eight sturdy rowers held her steady and close in, while Dalquharn and his escort, the latter slinging their muskets, scrambled on their hands and knees up to the plateau, where, at the outer gate, stood Ensign Congalton and Lieutenant Livingstone, of Saltcoates, a pleasant and rather gentleman-like officer, clad in a suit of very tarnished

uniform; an old unpowdered wig, and minus ruffles, buckles, and other finery, such not being so requisite on the Bass Rock, as they would be if he had to appear in Pall Mall, or mount guard, at St. James's.

As the corporal handed over his prisoner with the warrant for his detention, until the instructions of the Scottish Secretary of State and Lord Advocate were received, Livingstone surveyed Dalquharn, (who, after the events of the past night, looked pale, blanched, and weary,) with some commiseration, and bowing low, said,

"Your servant, my Lord Dalquharn. I am sorry to have your Lordship's society in this cheerless place, on such grave charges as these. In treason, which is but a difference in politics, there is no great disgrace in these days of ours; but an assassination! and as this seems to have been a most cold blooded one——"

"Enough, Mr. Livingstone!" said Dalquharn, haughtily; "let it suffice that I declare myself as innocent of one charge as of the other. Traitor I am none, but a true and loyal man to my exiled king and degraded country. That loyalty and truth I am ready to seal with my blood, even as my kinsman Kenmure did, on the Tower Hill of London!"

The iron gates jarred heavily, and the grated portcullis went clanging down in its groves of stone, as he ascended the steep stone stair that

leads to the interior of the castle; and then, indeed, did he feel himself a hopeless and a helpless prisoner.

Above the inner gate were then the royal crest and national motto of Scotland; but the well known line from Dante's *Inferno,* might with more truth have been carved upon the lintel,

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here:"

and within those walls many a poor nonjuring clergyman, and many a stern and gallant covenanter, have abandoned hope and life together.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST DAY OF CAPTIVITY.

"Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred,
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils—that never occurred!"

C. Swain.

Ten years previous to this, Dalquharn had been on the Bass Rock, but under very different auspices. He was then the Master of Dalquharn, a brave and thoughtless boy, and the companion of Bryde Otterburn, then a heedless and joyous girl at home for the holidays from the bondage of prim Madam Straiton's educational establishment in the Canongate, and all the details of their boating adventure, in which he saved her life by his strength and courage, came vividly back to memory.

Dalquharn dined with Lieutenant Livingstone and Ensign Congalton, who occupied the best

rooms in the castle, those used so long ago as 1405, by the future James I. They had Bass-fed mutton, which is always a dainty, and—in honour of the visitor—a solan goose, a culinary horror, he could very well have spared. "Onions and garlick were dainties, it seems, in Egypt," says Defoe; "horseflesh is so to this day in Tartary, and much more may a solan goose be so in other places."

The little dining-hall was vaulted, and its windows afforded a view of the estuary and coast that stretched away in distance to Dunbar. Though the season was summer, the island castle was damp and cool; thus a fire of wood and coal was blazing in the arched chimney which yet remains. The furniture was all of plainest and rudest description, dating from days before the Restoration, some of it being taken out of English prizes, when the Laird of Waughton was captain of the Isle. There was no lack of provisions and plenty of wine.

The hosts, though both proprietors of the small estates of Saltcoates and Congalton, in the opposite shire of Haddington, were deeply dipped in debt, the result of their Guards life in London; and they found their temporary service in the castle of the Bass, a fortunate relief from the importunities of their creditors in England, and a mode for recruiting their exchequer by prudence. Livingstone's family was one of very great antiquity.

In the thirteenth century, nearly all the shire of Haddington was covered with wood. The whole line of the Peffer (which in English means 'the sluggish river') from Tyninghame Sands to North Berwick, was covered by wild forest, and large oaks have frequently been found inhumed in the moss, with their tops lying towards the south, as if some mighty blast or flood had uprooted them, and in the bed of the river, there have been discovered great numbers of stag-horns.

The strath was then a vast morass, and the whole district was infested by wild animals, particularly boars. *One* of the latter was the terror and destruction of the district, and created as much consternation as the hideous serpent or worm that was slain by the Laird of Lairiston, or, as the famous wolf of Languedoc, did in the last century.

A tract of land, extending all the way from Berwick-law to Gulane Links, was offered for the head of the monster, and a knight of courage named Livingstone undertook the enterprise. He armed himself with a strong spear and a gauntlet of peculiar construction. After a long search in the forest and morass, he roused it from its lair, near a small stream on the north side of the Peffer, which is still named Livingstone's Ford, and after a terrible encounter, he slew and beheaded it. He thus acquired the estate of Saltcoates in the parish of Dirlton. His spear and

gauntlet were preserved as heirlooms by the Livingstones, until the demise of the Lieutenant Livingstone (to whom we have just introduced the reader) when the family became extinct about the middle of the last century. The knight's helmet hung, till very recently, in the family aisle of Dirlton church, and a good painting of the conflict is said—by the statistical account—to be still preserved by an old retainer of the family.

Dalquharn was a peer, though an attainted one; rank still goes a long way to win favour in democratic Scotland; but it was almost worshipped then, and a little homicide, even if he was guilty of it, was not much of a blot on a Scottish escutcheon in those days. Though neither of these officers were much to his taste, and his circumstances were now perfectly desperate, he strove to keep down the many terrible thoughts that agitated him, and to share, with some appearance of composure and equanimity, the strong bowl of brandy punch which Patrick Livingstone proceeded to brew, when the servants—who were foot-guards-men—removed the cloth.

"A quaint old castle this," said Dalquharn, looking at the grated windows, past which the white solan geese were revolving in noisy flocks.

"Bah!" said Congalton, as he hung his wig on the knob of his chair, lit a long clay pipe and proceeded by the undoing of sundry buttons to make himself comfortable; "my love of antiquity is

U. OF ILL. LIB.

confined only to wine. Zounds! I don't care how old the port and canary are; but, my lord, I am sick of this place, and begin to wonder if the Colonel has forgotten me, and if I shall ever again turn a card at White's, or crack a bottle of red wine at old Hickupp's, the vintner beside Charing Cross."

"As for me," said Livingstone, "I shall certainly quit the Guards and the service too, and return like Cincinnatus, (or who the devil was it?) to my paternal acres at Saltcoates."

"If such be your mood of mind," observed Dalquharn with a sickly smile, "by permitting me to escape, you might—"

"Certainly be shot for so doing," interrupted the Lieutenant sharply; "no, no; harkee, my Lord Dalquharn, and don't misunderstand me. I am come of an old whig family; my grandfather fought against Tom Dalyell at Rullion Green and served at Bothwell Brig; so, I take my stand upon the Revolution Settlement and treaty of Union."

"D—n both, with all my heart say I," exclaimed Congalton, whose family had always been Tories.

"Both are pretty well violated by this time," said Dalquharn; "but to change the subject, how long have you been here, gentlemen?"

"I came hither on command a year ago," replied the Laird of Saltcoates, "just at the time

our first battalion embarked for service in Flanders, under my Lord Stair."

"And I in March last," said Congalton with something between a sigh and a hickup. "On the night of the 7th, I saw Garrick play Othello for his benefit, at Drury Lane. He wore a full flowing Ramillies wig and suit of the Coldstream uniform, so, with his blackened face, he looked the jealous Moor to the life! Next morning saw me under weigh for the Bass Rock, on board the 'Electress Sophia,' a Leith letter of marque, carrying eight twelve pounders, and we had a narrow escape from the French fleet under M. Thurot."

Though pleasant and jovial enough in their manner, it soon became evident to Dalquharn that both Lieutenant Livingstone and his Ensign were a couple of reckless roués, alike cold-hearted and selfish, so that from them at least, he had nothing to hope for; and he sighed as he came to this conclusion.

"By Jove, I hope you are not in love, to add to your troubles?" said the Ensign laughing and winking to his commander.

"Why?" asked Dalquharn simply.

"Because every one on this rock, from Patrick Livingstone to the drumboy, is vowed or condemned to celibacy, like its patron, St. Baldred of old."

"Yet surely I saw something like petticoats—"

"Hush—I shall faint at the idea! We are all

priests of Vesta here, though rather addicted to pipe-clay and black-ball—tobacco and brandy punch."

"I fear you are a wild dog, Congalton."

"We certainly thought him so, at the college of St. Andrews," said Livingstone as he proceeded to brew another bowl of punch; "I would the holy well of St. Baldred yielded brandy," he added, referring to the spring which flows in the upper part of the isle. "I remember that Congalton was twice whipped at the Buttery-hatch, to the great joy of the students."

"First, for kissing the Principal's house-maid, on a fast-day—"

"And rivalling me as I can remember."

"Secondly, for repeatedly translating the barbarous Latin word 'quidditas' into classical English, as 'whattity;' but then John Milton, he of the 'Paradise Lost,' underwent the same kind of punishment in a similar place, the Buttery-hatch, I know not for what reason, so the episode is quite classical. Gadso! this punch is nectar, Saltcoates, but lacks another dash of the lime."

"And so, my lord, you saw petticoats fluttering about our rock, did you?" said the Lieutenant with a waggish smile of intelligence to his brother officer.

"Yes—at least one fardingale of very approved fashion."

"Ah—our circle of female society is necessarily

narrow, on an island of some seven acres, albeit they are Scottish in extent," said the Ensign, whose utterance was becoming a little thick.

"But here luckily, we are almost beyond the reach of the law," said Livingstone, laughing loudly.

"Law and morality are certainly dreadful bores," observed Congalton, with a mock sigh; "the first is suited only for prigs, and the second for parsons."

"But, surely, both are excellent things in their ways?" said Dalquharn, whom the strange humour of these roués rather amused.

"Perhaps, but I don't affect them, my lord; and as for marriage, 'tis all very well if I meet with a blooming heiress, or a well-jointured widow, with her arms in a lozenge, on a Spring-garden coach; then I may become a willing sacrifice at the altar of mammon. Yet, as Quivedo says in his 'Visions,' 'an unlucky hit with a wife giveth a man as much right to take rank in the catalogue of martyrs, as if he had ended his days at the stake.'"

"You live in rather a wicked world of your own conceit," said Dalquharn.

"Well—as some writer has it, 'The world will reproduce itself in a teacup;' why then, should it not do so on the seven acres of the Bass Rock?"

"And you have been living for some time past at Auldhame?" asked Livingstone, after a pause.

"Yes," replied Dalquharn, curtly, and with some reserve of manner.

"There is, we understand, a charmer there—"

"Sir?" exclaimed Dalquharn, hastily.

"A charming young lady, is there not?" asked Livingstone, quietly altering his speech on perceiving the change in his prisoner's manner; "but we have seen little of her, for we lead the lives of hermits here."

"A couple of veritable St. Baldreds, by Jove?" said the Ensign, shaking his head tipsily, for the brandy punch was rapidly producing its effects now; "his namesake, the old baronet, did not approve of us, somehow; sink-me! no—so we were never invited. Perhaps, he was afraid that his granddaughter, this charming Miss Otterburn——"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Congalton," said Dalquharn, with an air of unmistakable annoyance, all the greater that he received on his own shin the warning which the more prudent Livingstone meant for that of the Ensign.

"Every Eve, who is in her teens, is on the look out for an Adam—'tis human nature. Men have a thousand things to think of: the woman of fashion, but one—marriage, and sometimes, egad, they think of it all the more when their chances are gone, and the grand climacteric passed. Then there was Miss Otterburn's friend, Lady Haddington, in her confounded old-fashioned glass coach—a rawboned Scotchwoman, who believes that her peculiar mission in this world is the repression of immorality, and jollity too; she does

not approve of the two hermits of the Bass, either."

"Thus, you were *not* visitors at Auldhame?"

"No, sink-me, I fear the venerable put there deemed us what the Grub Street writers usually term brutal and licentious soldiery."

Two ladies, whose figures now attracted the attention of Dalquharn, as he saw them descending the steep and ladder-like pathway from the Hermitage, in the upper part of the isle, sufficiently accounted for the hospitable house of Auldhame being closed against those two officers of the Guards. The girls were English, as he could detect by their voices, and were laughing loudly. They were exceedingly pretty, highly rouged and patched, and with their tiny mob-caps and gathered skirts, had a kind of Polly Peachum air about them. Their dresses were rich, but excessively tawdry; they wore enormous hoops, and while they continued to descend they purposely displayed to the admiring sentinels on the gun-platform below, rather more than modesty intended, of their very handsome and tapered limbs.

They both tapped with their fans on the windows of the dining-hall, and peered laughingly in with bright and saucy smiles, kissing their ungloved hands to Livingstone, to Congalton, and especially to Lord Dalquharn.

"You will think that we lead the lives of

Arcadians rather than saints," said Livingstone, with a smile, after he had angrily warned the girls to begone, with something that sounded very like an oath; "we are quite pastoral."

"But prefer our shepherdesses from London to those me might find on the Lammermuirs," said the Ensign, who was now lurching about on his chair, and evidently would soon be under the table. "If the bailies of North Berwick had sent us another prisoner, we might have a quiet rubber without the ladies, over a pipe and bottle to boot; for I grow deadly sick of playing primero and whist with double dummy!".

A few minutes after this, Congalton of that ilk, was fast asleep on a bench. Livingstone seemed to be, as he elegantly phrased it, "a more seasoned cask," and though flushed, was perfectly sober; but then, in this mood, he was always unpleasantly full of zeal, strict attention to duty, and fussy authority. His appearance on the gun-battery with wig and waistcoat awry, and his features inflamed, usually made the sentinels more alert, though environed by steep cliffs and the deep sea, there was nothing in reality to guard; and all who were not on duty sedulously avoided him, for the vile old Dutch fashion of batooning the soldiers still existed in our service, and if Livingstone rose from table in an ill humour, some poor private's shoulders were sure to smart for it.

"I must show you the quarters prepared for you, my Lord," said he, after they had imbibed a cup of coffee, dashed with a *petit verre* of brandy. "You are to have the Blackadder vault, which has no less than three windows. They are not very large, certainly; but through the bars you will be able to see all the coast of Haddingtonshire, and," he added with a keen smile, "even your late residence, the house of Auldhame."

As he followed Livingstone towards the western end of the castle, he saw fully how complete and complicated, by art and nature combined, were the means of detention and security on that steep island prison; that, indeed, it was a vast lock, that barred him in from all the outer world.

From the Bass there was no escape save by death alone!

Under the full conviction of this Dalquharn's spirit might have sunk, but for a lofty sense of his own conscious rectitude, and a keen one of the foul injustice done him. To these were added the fiery sentiments of wounded honour, and of devoted loyalty to that handsome prince, whose parting smile was still before him, whose gracious farewell yet lingered in his ear, and whose coming and whose *conquest* alone could save him now!

And with all this, as he was neither a saint nor a fool, there was in his mind a considerable longing for just and honest retribution to bear him up, though "the desire of revenge for its own

sake is dying away, along with the other heroic virtues;" and he bore up bravely, but a heavy sigh, almost a groan, escaped him when left by Steinie Lockyett, the warder of the garrison, to his own reflections in the Blackadder vault.

CHAPTER VI.

BRYDE'S SORROW AGAIN.

"Onward, then onward, by river and sea,
Wayworn and weary, though oft I may be,
O'er desert, by fountain, 'mid dark scenes and gay,
The Pilgrim of Life may not halt on his way:
And well do I know, where'er I may be,
My bright angel guardian keeps watch over me."

Thistledown.

Heaven knows with what pure, true, and brotherly tenderness, Sir John Mitchell (who, in his anxiety concerning his friend's absence, had also come forth early in the morning), raised the fainting Bryde Otterburn, chafed her clenched hands, and kissed her cold, pale cheek, when he found her in the garden walk, prone on her face, crushed and overwhelmed by the taunts and the tidings of the venomous Reuben Balcraftie, for his love for Bryde was all the more deep and tender, that it was completely hidden; but that love was the great master secret of his soul.

The intelligence which he gathered from her, amid tears and sobs, he was almost inclined to disbelieve; but, erelong, the servants of the house-

hold and the labourers at the home-farm, were all cognisant of the fray on the beach and in the vault of Tantallan, together with the capture of the famous Black Lugger, in all their details, with all the various exaggerations peculiar to the taste of the commonalty; and the intense distress of Bryde was only equalled by the honest sorrow and commiseration of Mitchell for the fate of Dalquharn, with whom, he had no doubt, the measures of the government and the legal authorities, their paid hirelings in Scotland, would be sharp and decisive!

But with the stolidity peculiar to age, and more especially to one, whose earlier years were spent in stirring and dangerous times, Sir Baldred heard the news with singular equanimity.

"Shot the English gauger, did he—humph!" he muttered; "well, there is one of that brood less in the world; and I suppose he did it in self-defence."

"But he denies having done so, dearest grandfather; do you not hear them all say that he denies it, and accuses a smuggler of the act?" exclaimed Bryde, as she clung to his neck; "but whatever was the motive, or whoever the committer of the crime, he is now under ward in the prisons of the Bass, and unless he escape, is a lost man—a lost man, dearest grandfather; for good Sir John Mitchell says, that the Marquis of Tweedale will lose no time in having him trans-

mitted by sea to Berwick, or under an escort of horse, to the Castle of Carlisle."

"Escape from the Bass, lassie, and who ever did so, unless in the shape of a kittiwake?" said Sir Baldred, while Bryde wrung her white hands, and mournfully surveyed Dalquharn's betrothal ring, while she prayed in her heart that he might be detained there until the landing of Prince Charles turned all things in Scotland topsy-turvy.

To add to her distress, she was now deprived of another friend and counsellor, for the arrest of Dalquharn, and the consequent public discovery of his rank, name and purpose, together with those of his companion, rendered the residence of the latter at Auldhame no longer safe. Ere noon, he was compelled to bid Bryde and Sir Baldred a hasty adieu. He took horse, by his host's desire, selecting one of the best in the stables (for future service), and giving out that he was going to the English borders, turned aside from the highway, near Whitekirk, and rode straight for the Castle of Callender, in the Torwood, nearly fifty miles distant, the seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock, a peer whose loyalty to the House of Stuart was yet to cost him dear; and there he remained in safety and concealment, endeavouring, secretly, to aid his friend through the influence of the Earl with the Marquis of Tweedale, and it is supposed

that, to secret favour, the detention of Dalquharn on the Bass, instead of his immediate transmission, perhaps to the Tower of London, a lawless measure which the crown officers frequently condoned, is due.

The terms offered by Bryde to Balcraftie, viz.: the release of the wadsets over the Auldhame property, and his voluntary exile from Scotland, were, of course, not accepted now, as he felt, that though the intercepted correspondence, which he hoped to turn to such profit and honour, had gone out of his hands, and was doubtless destroyed, that fortune had changed in his favour, and that while Lord Dalquharn was in his power, he yet held a trump card.

Inspired by the hope of freeing her lover, true to her threats against Balcraftie, and urged by that spirit of revenge, which Lord Byron has told us, "is sweet, especially to women," Bryde, in a long and carefully devised letter, written in her pretty Italian hand, addressed the Lord Advocate, concerning the assassination of Mr. Egerton, and more especially of her father, and she forwarded to him the pocket-book, which was spotted with his blood, honestly telling his lordship how it came into her possession. Thrice she wrote to that official, by the hands of trusty and mounted messengers; but a Lord Advocate is always the slave of his party, and the affair made no progress. Perhaps some incoherent scrawls by poor old Sir

Baldred, whose shaky handwriting "resembled the dying autograph of a spider that has just escaped from the inkpot," made matters worse; he was neither particular in his phraseology, or in the care of concealing his wild and fiery political sentiments, as he considered all the authorities in Scotland to be but the paid hirelings and truculent tools of an English ministry, and, indeed, he was, perhaps, not far wrong.

Balcraftie was certainly questioned on the subject; but denied all knowledge of the affairs referred to, or that the pocket-book had ever been in his possession—denied it solemnly with upturned eyes and nasal accents, "as he believed himself to be a pardoned sinner." The Bailie was too firmly fixed in the good opinion of all, as a pious, upright and worthy (better than all, a *wealthy*) member of society, and of a great Christian community, to have his fair fame sullied by any accusations emanating from the Otterburns of Auldhame, and he threatened an action for damages, which he took particular good care should be a threat only, as lawyers frequently elicit unpleasant facts. He had been through life, as he modestly said, "a terror to evil doers, but a praise and a record to those that did well." The cavalier principles of Sir Baldred, his well-known laxity on most matters appertaining to kirks, presbyteries and synods; his undeniable leanings "to the abomination o' prelacy;" the residence

of Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell, attainted and outlawed rebels, at Auldhame, and the yet unaccounted for disappearance of Lieutenant Egerton of Howard's Foot, made the authorities cold in pressing the strong charges preferred against Balcraftie (who was considered a whig martyr to kirk and king), and suspicious of those whom they deemed the inventors thereof —so suspicious, that the crown officers at one time, thought of laying up Sir Baldred in the Castle of Edinburgh, for a term, in mere distrust.

So for a time did these cloudy matters rest.

The delay was fraught with sorrow, irritation and intense anxiety to Bryde, as she knew not the day or the hour, when tidings might arrive that Dalquharn had been removed from his islet-prison by sea or land to England; and even if he managed to clear himself of all share in the death of Gage, he would still have the pretended crime of treason to answer for, and the fate of his kinsman, Viscount Kenmure, the gallant Derwentwater and others, was fresh in the memory of all their party.

Old Dorriel Grahame tormented her too; she was perpetually seeing shrouds appended to the candles, or coffins jumping out of the fire; and she was always hearing in her ears, the sound of the dead-bells, as that aural tinkling is named by the Scottish peasantry, who regard it as the secret

warning—the sure fore-runner of a dear friend's death.

A fortnight of this prolonged anxiety rendered Bryde thin, pale and sad-looking. Her grandfather dosed away the days moodily now, for the old house, where all lived in expectation of something, they knew not what, was silent and lonely; he only warmed up after his bowl of punch or tankard of mulled port after dinner; then he and his old butler, John Birniebousle, wove all manner of strange plans for attacking the castle on the Bass, and rescuing the prisoner—for having a raid on North Berwick, and hanging Balcraftie like a thievish cat, on the risp of his own door—plans which, though feasible enough in the days of the Revolution, the brave and lawless old Scottish times of "rugging and riving," were somewhat too wild for adoption, since the accession of the House of Hanover.

Bryde's once happy and joyous nature was completely changed; her spirit sunk; so her kind friend, the old Countess of Haddington, whose advice and assistance she frequently asked, arrived one day in her great glass coach, with all its carving and gilding; its pages and out-riders, and her Master of the Horse, Sir John Hamilton, of Trabrown, armed with sword and pistols, galloping in front; and leaving old Sir Baldred to the sure care of his faithful and ancient household, she bore the pretty sufferer away with her, across the

Lammermuirs, to spend a few weeks at the fashionable Spa of Dunse, which, though now entirely forgotten and neglected, was then in high repute among the Scottish noblesse, some of whom had summer lodgings near the bowling-green of that quaint old border town—in 1633, the Campus Martius of the Covenanters.

CHAPTER VII.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE.

"Our thistles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloomed our roses,
But the whigs came like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies.

"Our Scottish crown's fa'n in the dust,
Deil blind them with the stoure o't;
And write their names in Hell's black book,
Wha gaed to whigs the power o't!"

Jacobite Song.

The Scotland of the days of our story would seem almost a foreign country, when contrasted with the rich, populous and thriving Scotland, which yearly welcomes Queen Victoria to her Highland home beside the Dee; and while we leave Dalquharn to brood over his mishaps on the Bass Rock, and pretty Bryde Otterburn to drink the waters of the Dunse Spa, a little glance at the state of the country may serve to explain or illustrate many points of our narrative to the reader.

Time seemed to stand still in Scotland then; twenty, thirty or forty years made little differ-

ence in habits, dress or customs—in manners or ideas.

London was still *seven* days' journey distant, and foot-pads, pit-falls, floods, fords, lack of bridges and wretched roads, rendered travelling arduous and perilous work. The great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, when posting north to take command of the troops against the Earl of Mar, in 1715, was six days and six nights on the way; and so small was the intercourse between the two kingdoms, that in the year of our story, the mail-bag is known to have come from London with only *one* letter in it, and that was addressed to the British Linen Company. In those days there were only eight officials in the General Post-Office at Edinburgh, and it was not until 1750, that letters were conveyed from stage to stage by regular relays of fresh horses and post-boys, the greater portion being borne by the foot-runners, and the cadgers and carriers, in spite of the laws against them, were secretly entrusted with more letters than His Majesty's Post-Office.

Incessant rumours of French descents upon the coast were then current, and such continued to startle and harass the people until 1803. The county of the clans was a *terra incognito* even to Lowlanders, and an English tourist would as soon have thought of exploring the crater of Vesuvius as venturing through the Highland passes, for

black-mail was still levied, and cattle freely lifted along the Highland border. Witches and warlocks where still a legitimate source of hatred and terror, though the iron branks and the piles of tar barrels were no longer resorted to by the Lords of Justiciary.

The slaughter of Glencoe and the foul treachery at Darien rankled bitterly in the hearts of our people, and men of all factions never ceased to inveigh against what they elaborately designated "the land-ruining, God-provoking, soul-destroying, posterity-ensnaring, and enslaving union with England."*

By that event the east coast of Scotland was totally ruined; many royal burghs passed completely away, and great depopulation ensued along the Borders. This was consequent to the new facilities afforded for emigration; but the stout and warlike burghers of Jedburgh pointed with sorrow and rage to the ruins of forty great malt-barns, which had been full and teeming in 1706, and they muttered and thought of the days of old, when axes and spears were lifted to the shout of "Jetharts here!"

The rumour currently believed in, that the crown and other regalia had been stolen to England and destroyed, long added to the rancorous feelings of the nation; nor was it fully know until the accession of George IV., that those old

* Domestic Annals.

honours, in defence of which, from first to last, perhaps a million of Scottish men laid down their lives in battle, had been lying neglected, but not forgotten, and safe in the old black chest of James III., in the vaulted crown room of Edinburgh castle.

After 1684, when the Duke of Albany and York (to give him his Scottish title) left Edinburgh with his family, Catholic though he was, the city sorrowed for him. "In six years more he was lost both to her and to Britain, and 'a stranger filled the Stuart's throne'—a stranger under whose dynasty poor Scotland pined long in undeserved reprobation."

He left, however, religious rancour in full vigour behind him, and for years no human virtue was recognised but a sour pharasaical observance of "the Sabbath," and the shadow of that spirit lingers yet in the land.

The great fire which took place in Edinburgh on a Sunday in 1701, was duly announced from the pulpit to be "a fearful rebuke of God, as Sabbath breaking so much abounded;" the Bank of Scotland was burned, there was no insurance office to repay the damage done, and when the dearth that followed in the harvest, caused many poor persons to die, it was again alleged that certain men had once more provoked God by their wickedness and lavish prodigality; so there are *some* points in which, under Her Ma-

jesty Queen Victoria's loving sway, Scotland stands exactly where she did under William of Orange.

Girt by walls and battled ports, her capital was the same quaint old city of the middle ages, "piled deep and massy, close and high," unchanged in all its features, since it had seen the little King James II. escaping on a sumpter horse, packed among his mother's clothes; James IV. ride forth with his chivalry to Flodden-field; Darnley's shattered corpse borne through the gate of the Dominicans; and poor Mary wringing her hands, with dishevelled hair, at the window of the Black Turnpike. It was unchanged, we say, in its features, but the union had absorbed the nobles, the grass was growing in the palace yard and round the market-cross, and sour and gloomy grew the isolated people.

Except the circulating library kept by Allan Ramsay, at the sign of the Ben Jonson's Head, in the Luckenbooths, there was, we believe, none in Scotland; and save when some strollers occasionally performed in the Tailor's Hall, in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, in all the kingdom, from sea to sea, there was not a single theatre or other place of amusement; so in the year 1745, the Land of Cakes could not have been a very lively place of residence. The theatre, opened by the adventurous author of 'The Gentle Shepherd' in 1736, was rather roughly shut up by those

wise and pious Solons, the magistrates of the city. It had been the Signora Violanta's theatre, at the foot of Carubbers Close, a place since occupied as a meeting-house by successive tribes of sectaries. The Carfuffles and Balcrafties of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, represented the "playhouse as the actual temple of the Devil, where he frequently appeared clothed in corporeal substance, and possessed the spectators whom he held as his worshippers." So the house was closed; but in the same year the citizens were regaled by a long procession of courtesans, having the town drums beaten before them.*

The same spirit of intolerance predominated in Glasgow, where a theatre erected in 1752, was demolished two years after by a mob who had heard Whitfield, the Englishman, preach against it.

The clergy never ceased to revile theatricals; yet the reverend deputation of the General Assembly of the Kirk, which went to London to pay their respects to George I. in 1714, took especial good care, *en route,* to see 'Love for Love,' acted at Kendal.

Yet the habits of the people were very simple in the memorable year of our story. In the pleasant memoirs of Carlyle, the good old minister of Inveresk, we are told that "the second tavern in Haddington, where the Presbytery dined, *had* knives and forks on the table; but ten or twelve

* 'Mercury,' 10th July, 1736.

years before that time, my father used to carry a shagreen case, with a knife, fork, and spoon, as, perhaps, they do still in many parts of the continent."

Blue bonnets were, of course, worn in lieu of the hideous modern hat, plaids in lieu of cloaks, and by women of the humbler class at church and market. Then, as now, mere tradesmen were styled merchants to the surprise of Englishmen; all food was dressed in the French fashion, and served up by bareheaded and barefooted damsels. The cathedrals and abbey churches were in ruins, and God was worshipped in hideous parochial barns. Yet, strange as it may seem, there were then Turkish baths, or *hummums*, at Edinburgh, a *railroad*, two miles long, at Port Seton, a penny post, and similar novelties, which even England knew not, twenty years before the period we write of.

Literature in the north, like literature in the south, was then made a truckling slave to peers and patrons of rank and wealth, and scarcely a book ever came forth without some fulsome dedication, like that which is prefixed to 'Hawthornden's History of the Five Jameses,' "Unto the Right Honourable, my very good Lord and chief, the Earl of Perth," &c., &c.

The barbarous severities practised after 1715; the incessant sneers and pasquils of Grub Street writers; the studied policy of English statesmen

to obliterate Scottish nationality; the cold neglect of the legislature; the abuses at home; the lack of influence in the imperial parliament, where, if a Scotsman ventured to speak, his very accent was greeted with derision; the total destruction of the east coast trade, while the west was yet undeveloped; the restoration of lay patronage in the church; local wants ignored; grants never given, while taxation was extorted to the uttermost, all led many to wish a repeal of the union, which would have made matters infinitely worse, as, from their sectarian views, Scotsmen now could never govern Scotland. These were all solid grievances, but the most bitter were the sentimental ones; and, in the minds of the Scottish cavaliers, the grand panacea for all things was the restoration of the House of Stuart, and the expulsion of the Elector of Hanover.

Amid all the popular bigotry of the country in favour of that personage, it is indeed remarkable that Scotland has NEVER produced even ONE song in defence of his rights, or in praise of their sanguinary upholder, the Duke of Cumberland. In the cause of the House of Stuart, the whole land burst forth into song and ballad—sad, or fiercely sarcastic; and in its ranks have all our poets of the least note ranged themselves, from the days of James VII. down to those of Burns, Thomas Campbell, and Edmonston Aytoune. "With the Revolution," says Cromek, "commences the era

of Jacobite song. The romantic spirit of warrior adventure had begun to leave the Scotch. It hovered round them like a decaying flame, after the quenching of those deadly feuds, which feasted on the richest blood of the sister kingdom."

Scotland, though always possessing more of the sturdy, industrial, and self-supporting classes, than any country in the world (per cent. of her population), has often been taunted with her poverty; yet there was more specie to be found in it in the year 1707,* than in 1772, after sixty-five years of political copartnery; for Scotland had to *sink*, ere she could rise again.

And now, quitting this somewhat dry sketch of the state of Scotland at the time of our story, we shall return to Lord Dalquharn in his loneliness.

* *Diplomata et Numismata Scotiæ.*

CHAPTER VIII.

GLOOM.

"The earth was so quiet, and the heaven was so still,
That I heard ilka sound on the wood and the hill;
The hameless burds sang with ane doleful moan,
That the deep-wood boweris o' summer were gone;
And I thought on myself—and I mixed with ane sigh,
The mournful murmur of echo's reply;
But I grat when I thought on the lonely tree.
That flung its last leaf on the wateris free—
For I thought 'twas likest my true love and me.

The Songe of Constancie.

The Blackadder vault was a bleak and desolate chamber, the bare stone walls of which were without wainscoting or even plaster, and were blackened by smoke from the securely grated fire-place, and discoloured by the damp sea breeze that whistled through the equally well grated windows. Of the latter there were three—an unusual luxury in the prisons of the Bass—very small, however, and made safe by crossed bars of iron, basket-formed, built into the massive walls, and coeval with the castle itself.

Sheer down some seventy or eighty feet below the sea was foaming on the rocks.

An oak bedstead, a stool or two, a little oval mirror, with an old chest or ambre, were all the furniture, to which some English prize of the days of the Commonwealth—some unwary ship that had ventured within range of cannon shot—had evidently furnished its quota. A black jack full of water, a hand bell to ring when he required attendance, and an iron cruise of antique form, filled with the fetid oil of the solan goose, amid which, a wick that gave a sickly light, was sputtering, were placed upon the little tripod table by Steinie Lockyett, the warder, who then withdrew, after a respectful reverence, for he could not forget that Dalquharn was a lord, and was so far paroled, that he had the whole castle and the rock itself, to ramble about, whenever he felt disposed to do so. But another sentinel was now posted at the inner gate, as Livingstone was resolved to watch well his only prisoner; and the men on guard, who had mounted hitherto, with the swords only, then worn by all private soldiers, now paraded with bayonets fixed, and muskets loaded.

On the walls he could trace sentences scratched by the hand of some poor martyr of the oppressed kirk and broken covenant.

"Death is but the period of your life, as the first moment of your birth is the beginning of your death. Remember the glorious sabbath day of Drumclog, and the discomfiture of the godless. Remember the 1st of June, 1679."

Elsewhere was written in a bolder hand—

"Dost thou know the value of a day, or even of a minute?"

"Too well," thought the poor prisoner, and keenly he felt in his heart, how English aggression from without, and the foul misgovernment of Lauderdale at home, had driven a noble people to madness, and to that which never failed their fathers in the end—the sword!

In that same vault, after a long, weary, and unmerited captivity, for his resistance of episcopacy, and after enduring great bodily suffering, and all the misery of "hope deferred," the Reverend John Blackadder, minister of Troqueer, died in his seventieth year, in the cold, bleak winter of 1685, and amid the tears of many surviving sufferers. His poor corpse was lowered by the iron crane from the gun battery, into a boat, for conveyance to North Berwick churchyard, where his grave may yet be seen.

And in fancy as the evening darkened, Dalquharn pictured to himself, that gentle and worthy upholder of religious freedom, sitting with his infant son upon his knee—he, who in future years, was to lead our Cameronian regiment to many a glorious charge at Blenheim and at Ramillies—teaching him to be a stedfast man, and true to his country, and never to forget the *fifty years war* of the covenant—and then came in fancy, too, the last solemn scene of all, the aged

minister's death, on that quaint old bedstead, with all his children kneeling round him.

Then Dalquharn shuddered, either by the force of his own ideas, or because the place was chill and cheerless.

"The Bass," wrote Blackadder's son, "was a base, cold, and unwholesome prison, all the rooms being ordinarily full of smoke, like to suffocate and choke us, so that my father and other prisoners were necessitated many a time to thrust head and shoulders out of the window to recover breath. They were obliged to drink the twopenny ale of the governor's brewing, scarcely worth a half-penny the pint, and several times were sorely in want of victuals, for ten or twelve days together, the boats not daring to venture to them by reason of the stormy weather."

The light in the iron cruise sank lower, and the discoloured patches on the wall seemed to assume stranger forms. At last the flame died out, and he was left in total darkness, for even the bright starlight scarcely found way through the small grated apertures.

He threw himself on his bed, full of gloomy, fierce, and terrible thoughts.

Past the window gratings, the sea breeze moaned with something of the Æolian sound we hear in the wires of the telegraph, and in his ears it mingled dreamily with the chafing of the sea far down below.

Like the spirit of the Geni, who was bottled up in a flask under the seal of Solomon, till netted by the fishermen in the Arabian Nights, Dalquharn in heart, grew every moment more savage and gloomy under an imprisonment so secure, obloquy so false, and wrongs so foul!

If not removed to England, he had no hope now but to wait the landing of the prince, and to pray that his career would be a rapid and a victorious one. But the prince might never land; storms and destiny had often ere then, proved hostile to the plans of that fated royal family; and if he actually did land, his attempt might end only in defeat to himself, and destruction to all his followers.

If his march proved one of victory, oh, what agony to Dalquharn, to be secluded on that island Rock, while all his friends were playing the great historical game of a second Restoration; but if they failed, what would be left him, save black despair and a horrible death!

Dalquharn knew that he was as innocent of rebellion as of the death of Gage; but what would that innocence avail him, as the party in power were then constituted?

The doom accorded to a traitor was hanging over him; death, certainly, but not a death of shame—and the hour of his martyrdom might be very close, indeed! To-morrow, he might hear a gun from a king's ship, and see her lying off the

Bass with shortened sail, and with an order to receive him on board.

Seated on the knee of his tender and gentle mother, in their once happy home, far away in pastoral Galloway, where the black waters of the Dee roll down through heathy hills; and afterwards, in the years of their humble exile in other lands, he had heard her tell, again and again, while her dark eyes kindled, and her proud lip quivered with sorrow and indignation, how their kinsman, the dashing Viscount of Kenmure, and the Earl of Derwentwater—both alike gallant and resolute, gentle and true—had died on the scaffold for their exiled king; and the oft repeated story filled his boyish heart with a loathing of their cold-blooded destroyers, and with something of dismay too. And now the time had come, when the same dark fate seemed awaiting him.

London's assembled thousands, hushed in silence and in pity; the slow march of the Horse Grenadiers, with their black horses and sugar-loaf caps; the Beefeaters, in their quaint costume, with partisan and sword; the tolling of the muffled bells; Tower Hill with all its past and present terrors; the scaffold with its sanded floor; the bare-armed executioner with axe and knife, all came before him in fancy now, with the grave's black gulf beyond.

To the unthinking and the stolid, such a fate was horrible; to be decapitated and mangled—to

have head cut off, and heart torn out, that both might be exposed reeking to the gaping rabble of London, as the head and heart of traitor—he a Scottish peer, a Douglas, loyal *à la morte,* to his king through twenty generations of landed and noble men—yea, loyal as he was to that sweet Bryde, he never more might see—he a traitor, who upheld that right divine, which God had said was the right of the first-born ?

He, full of youth and strength, of vitality, and high hope at times, was he quietly to endure all this, and through the successful wiles and machinations of a triumphant human serpent like Balcraftie ? To be thrust into a common coffin, and buried, not where the long line of his proud ancestors lay, in the old fane of St. Cuthbert, by the Dee ; not by the side of his beloved mother in the land of her exile ; but thrust, perhaps, into a hole in the Tower ditch, beside the fetid and muddy Thames !

A transport of rage seized him ; he sprang from his pallet ; threw open one of the little windows and let the cool breeze of the midnight sea, play upon his flushed face. In his impotent wrath, he clutched, wrenched and swung on the rusty bars ; each was thick as his wrist, and immovable as the foundations of the Bass, in the ocean, hundreds of feet below.

Then, often, after a sleepless and restless night, such as this, the morning dawned—the bright

early summer morning, and, as it streamed through his prison bars, revealing everything with provoking distinctness, it would find him still nervously awake and brooding on his wrongs.

Broad, red and glorious, each morning, the summer sun came upward from the eastern sea; afar off the long stretch of rocky coast that joined the fertile Merse, and the curving lines of the Lammermuirs were steeped in ruddy light; and then North Berwick's wondrous cone seemed a pyramid of flame, while the rugged cliffs and Tantallan, and all its shattered towers, wore the same glowing tints.

Close at hand were the ever restless seabirds revolving with their incessant cry of "kittiwake" from which they take their name.

There are few who have not proved or felt when there has been a great grief or violent wrench of the heart, the slow, but sure erasure of the past existence from the mind; and that it seems to fade, or become confused and dim, until the *present* appears the only one we seem to have known.

Thus there were times when Dalquharn, as the monotonous days rolled on, marvelled in his soul if Bryde Otterburn with her clear brown eyes and rich brown hair, her bright complexion and ringing laugh, really existed, and for him! Their past life, their vows and love seemed almost doubtful now, and their memory hovered vaguely in his mind at times, like the recollection of dreams he

once had in sleep; then it seemed as if the long, narrow and lofty castle of the Bass, with its towers and gun battery, its rusty iron gratings, and gloomy dungeons perched on that sea-beat pyramid of rock, formed the only place he had ever known; and that those weather-worn sentinels, in the long blue great-coats and conical Prussian caps, were the only persons he had ever seen.

Yet, through a telescope lent to him occasionally by Lieutenant Livingstone, he could see Auldhame with its steep turrets and broad square chimneys rising above its old green woods, and the grey smoke ascending from the great fire-place of its ancient kitchen. He could see the windows of Bryde's room too, and every morning as the sun rose, their panes were the first that reflected his beams.

Two miles distant, Dalquharn could see plainly the ravine where the skirmish took place, and the tower of Tantallan, above the vault where poor Jack Gage had perished by the pistol of the little mulatto wasp Leroux.

Elsewhere he could see the quaint gable-ended little town of North Berwick, and occasionally a crowd upon the East Links, where no doubt the sainted Balcraftie would be preaching in reprobation of sin and the backslidings of the times; and then he would turn again to the windows of that little turret chamber, in the quaint old home of the Otterburns—windows from which he fondly

hoped a pair of sad and loving eyes, were often turned to the isle of his captivity.

At night he could see the lights that twinkled there, and thus, to watch the house was his sole comfort. One night, and for many more, all the house was sunk in darkness. Why was this?

Then a terror chilled his heart, lest some misfortune, he knew not what, had happened!

Some writers have said, that there is a mysterious affinity between the souls of parted lovers, which will not permit one to be ignorant of anything serious, that may happen to the other.

Be that as it may, Bryde and Dalquharn could only suppose, but never actually know the misery they both suffered at this wretched time, with all its complicated private and political accessories to enhance alike their mutual fear and sorrow, and their doubt and terror of the future!

CHAPTER IX.

HOPE DEFERRED.

"All my love, my passion—
All myself I give,
True to ancient fashion,
Loving while I live.

"Claiming nought from Alice,
Knowing love is vain:
Wine poured from a chalice
Flows not back again.

"True love is a treasure,
Sacred and divine,
Without stint or measure,
Cast upon a shrine."

The resolution of attempting an escape was ever present to the mind of Dalquharn; but there was no avenue from the Bass, save by the three gates and iron portcullis, which were never opened except when provisions arrived. Over the walls, or over the rocks, escape was impossible owing to their vast height and the fearful depth of the usually restless sea below.

There was the boat at the crane, belonging to this almost unapproachable rock, which, as the

memoirs of the Reverend John Blackadder state, a small garrison might hold against "millions of men, and is only expugnable by hunger." With ulterior views, Dalquharn had frequently examined this crane, which was an engine with a wheel and running cable, by which the great eight-oared boat of the garrison, was hoisted up and lowered down. Its remains are now at a brink of the rock, the lowest part of which is sixty feet above high water mark. The slightest surf rendered its use impossible, and whenever the east wind prevailed, the turmoil of the waves was grandly sublime, as they leaped against the impending rocks, throwing their snowy spray a hundred feet in height; and, as they recoiled, leaving cataracts of foam, pouring downward, through the rugged grooves and sweeping away scores of the beautiful white solan geese from their nests and the ledges on the cliffs.

Even if he could have mastered the two sentinels who were stationed with loaded muskets near the crane, unaided he could neither have lowered the heavy boat, or reached it below when afloat.

Two soldiers had been sent to Auldhame for Dalquharn's cloak-bag, and from them he learned that Miss Otterburn was at the Spa of Dunse. Old Dame Dorriel sent them back laden with wine and various other good things for the comfort of her imprisoned favourite; but he never received

them, all being probably confiscated by the needy and reckless fellows in command of the Rock.

The narrow paved gun-platform, the double line of prisons and barracks on each side of the steep and narrow stair that led to the portcullis, he always avoided, when he could do so, and preferred to ramble about the upper part of the rock, where the quaint little Hermitage and chapel of St. Baldred—then used as a powder magazine—stand; or at the soldier's garden, which lies in a kind of valley, sheltered from the north and east wind by high and rough walls built without lime or clay: and there a few stunted cherry trees put forth their meagre leaves, and some potherbs grew amid the rank guano of the isle.

Higher up still, he would seek the apex of the rock where a signal gun and flagstaff stood. Both were used of old for the purpose of signalling, if hostile ships were in sight, or for alarming the shore if a prisoner escaped, a circumstance of which no record remained on the Bass Rock. Here flows a spring of water, holy by some accounts, but haunted by others, for

> "About this spring, (if ancient fame say true),
> The dapper elves their midnight sports pursue;
> Their pigmy king and little fairy queen,
> In circling dances gambolled on the green,
> While tuneful sprights a merry concert made,
> And airy music warbled through the shade."

From this vast height he could almost look down

into the corn-fields of Haddingtonshire, and the green woods, and brown, rough-looking old burgh-towns of busy Fife. Grey Edinburgh, with its giant castle, Arthur's verdant cone, and the bare round knob of the Calton, seemed close at hand, and the white cliffs of the Isle of May to be but a league distant.

He watched the flight of the sea-birds that swarmed in myriads round his prison-rock, whitening all its vast cliffs by their numbers. He saw them spread their snowy pinions, and after soaring upward, or swooping down in search of fish, anon sweep across the two miles of dark-green water that lay between Tantallan and the Bass; and he sighed that he had not the power to follow them.

He could see the fisher-boats, with their sharp prows and brown lug sails, that shot past early in the morning or late at eve, beating against the east wind, or scudding before the west, through the narrow strait that divided him from Bryde Otterburn and from liberty. His eye followed their white wake through the deep green water with a longing and haggard glance; and there were times when some of those tiny craft came close to the cliffs—so close that they seemed to skim past almost beneath his feet: and then he felt half-tempted to leap into the sea and risk being picked up; but next moment he shrunk aghast from the idea; for after whizzing so far down through the

air, he would be breathless before he cleft the surface of that awful profundity of water.

The sound of the drum, thrice daily, at morning, at evening, and for dinner, echoing into the empty prisons and vaulted dungeons, seemed alone to break the solitude, after his ear had become insensible to the sound of the waves, and the incessant cry of "kittiwake" from the sea-birds: even the soldiers became grave and taciturn, and their voices were heard but seldom.

Such as they were, he had "the entire run" of the seven acres of which this celebrated rock consists, and for which the present Laird of North Berwick pays annually of feu to Her Majesty the Queen, the sum of one penny Scots, with a yearly kain or tribute of seven solan geese to the minister of the parish on the mainland.

In the mists of November, the cold thick mists that come sweeping over the German Sea, and amid the storms of winter, he thought with a shudder how horrible must be those prisons of the Bass; but long ere winter came, he knew that *his* fate would be decided.

The summer was a lovely one, and day succeeded day of cloudless sunshine. But if he was to be confined there, and to go from thence only to appear as a prisoner before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, or—if his claim of peerage was allowed—before the House of Lords at London, what was it to him that now the sun

shone so brightly, that the waves rolled in light around his prison, that summer was in all her glory in the fertile Lothians, and that the soft and pleasant days of autumn were at hand?

With him and Bryde all was winter and desolation. His soul was with her; his heart was with his exiled king; and thus it was but a human automaton that wandered about the bare summit of that prison isle. So the monotonous days slipped slowly, wearily, and inexorably away.

In a space so circumscribed, it was impossible for him not to meet frequently the two ladies already mentioned; for they took a great interest in him, as a Jacobite, a captive of rank; and thus they frequently by design threw themselves in his way.

Dalquharn was generally popular with every one; but that was the result, perhaps, of a constitutional suavity of manner; an apparently studious, but yet unstudied, courtesy to all; a native politeness, that old travellers allow to have existed among all classes in Scotland when her intercourse and alliance with France was so close, and until it was crushed out of successive generations; but that sturdy independence consequent to the general diffusion of education, and the sulky democracy that goes hand in hand with Calvinism.

A young man handsome and gallant, blue-eyed and fair-haired, sad-looking and in misfortune, with the bold bearing, too, of one accustomed to

peril from the days of his boyhood, could not fail to interest those English girls, whom we may as well introduce by name, as Miss Polly Dalton and Miss Patty Maylie (both late of Drury Lane), who were ennuiéd to death on the Rock, where they were each almost as much a prisoner as he was, and longed earnestly—not that we suppose they ever prayed much—for a return to London, as they feared, rather than loved, the two tipsy *roués* whom they had rashly accompanied, what was then deemed a vast distance, on this cheerless service.

Dalquharn, every time they addressed him, perceived that he was an object of considerable solicitude; "he was," as they said, "a lord, though only a poor Scots one;" and Miss Polly Dalton, a very pretty girl, with bright hazel eyes—all the brighter, perhaps, that she freely rouged—and a saucy *retroussé* nose, appeared to have an especially tender heart; but their sympathy could avail him nothing, and, as it soon appeared, excited the annoyance of both Livingstone and Congalton. Moreover, as their society was in no way consonant to his taste, the difficulty of avoiding them was extreme, within a space so small. It was very much like being on distant terms with a person on board ship, or in the Eddystone lighthouse; and Miss Polly Dalton, in particular, would *not* be treated with coolness by the prisoner. The fact was, she was miserably sick of the Bass Rock, and longing, as she phrased it, "to be sent ashore;"

so Livingstone and his junior officer soon became sulky, even rude, to Dalquharn—plainly, bluntly, and vulgarly jealous.

The month of July had passed away; the middle of August had come; and he was beginning to consider how, and in what fashion, he might, with the aid of those two poor girls, escape. He had great faith in women's wit; but dare he trust those who were false to themselves? was the next reflection; and now a sort of crisis came in his affairs.

One day the attention of the garrison was excited by seeing a large boat put off for the isle, from the little green cove named Canty Bay. The wind was rather high for the expedition; but the boat bore on bravely, with the white foam flying off her glistening bows on each side; and as all knew that in fresh weather something of importance alone could warrant a visit to the Bass, the walls were lined by the soldiers, who were curious to see the party arrive.

Dalquharn felt his heart become agitated by no very pleasing emotion, as he feared that this visit directly referred to himself; and so it did, but differently from what he foreboded. Dreading he knew not what, and anxious to avoid observation —for the two officers of the little garrison were surveying him rather malignantly—he withdrew to his room, the same gloomy apartment already described, and seated himself at the old tripod table, with his face buried in his hands, to wait

the event; and indeed he was gradually beginning to think that any change must be for the better now.

More than half an hour elapsed before he heard footsteps on the stone stair, and in the narrow corridor that led to the Blackadder vault. Then came Steinie Lockyett's well-known knock on the door: starting forward, he unclosed it, and Bryde—Bryde Otterburn—stood before him; paler, thinner, more anxious in expression; but the same sweet, winning Bryde as ever, as he could see at once when she laid aside her velvet mask and silk capuchin.

"The young Lady o' Auldhame, my Lord," said Steinie, making a profound reverence with his bonnet; but Dalquharn heard him not. Trembling with love and tenderness, he led Bryde in, and closed the door upon her usher, who immediately retired.

They were clasped in each other's arms, and for a time were almost unconscious of all around them, so overpowering were the emotions of joy —the sense of pure happiness.

The few sentences they uttered were short and incoherent, and though inspired by passionate love and tenderness, sounded not unlike those of sorrow.

If an underbred, but honest fellow, like Steinie Lockyett, had the good feeling to leave the lovers together, it may ill become us to intrude upon

them; and yet there are some matters to rehearse that Bryde alone can explain.

After their first transports subsided, her eyes wandered with a sad and indignant expression round the desolate chamber, to settle once more lovingly on her betrothed's face, now flushed and radiant with newborn joy.

He asked how she had gained admittance to him?

By virtue of an order, signed by the High Sheriff of Haddington, John Lord Belhaven, a peer who stood high in favour with the ruling powers, in whose cause he was the more zealous, as he was General of the Scottish mint and a commissioner of the board of manufactures, from both of which sinecures, he had the best reasons for intense loyalty—two good salaries.

Bryde now informed Dalquharn, while her tears fell fast and she clung to his neck, that all her efforts to expose and to punish the hypocrite Balcraftie, had proved vain and almost worse than futile; that though every interest had been used through whig peers of influence to delay his own trial at Edinburgh, or his transmission to London, Lady Haddington had informed her, that the secretary of state for Scotland, the Marquis of Tweedale, had said that either course could not long be avoided; that the times were fraught with danger; that though the famous Dunkirk expedition under the Count de Saxe, had proved a

failure, the younger chevalier would not relinquish his hopes of ultimate success; that a fresh example—a popular victim was wanted to deter his adherents and so forth: and when my lord marquis, who had been one of the extraordinary lords of session, a representative peer, keeper of the signet and lord of the privy council, began to speak in this fashion, it was ominous of great evil to the crushed and now landless Dalquharn, who said quietly:—

"Dearest Bryde, say no more of this! Why cloud the joy of your visit by tidings so bitter to us both?"

"Because you must escape—"

"Must?"

"Yes—yes; but hush—we may be overheard."

"Escape—unless I could sail in a sieve or eggshell like the old witch carlins of Dunbar and North Berwick; or unless I could take the form of a sea bird, I know not how such a feat is to be achieved; and yet Bryde, darling, I must confess," he added softly in her ear, "that the idea of escaping has never once left my mind; but I have been here many, many weeks now, and am no nearer the attempt, than I was on the first dreary day of my captivity and sorrowful separation from you."

"Oh Henry, you know not what that separation has cost me!" said she, "see how thin my hands have become."

"My dear Bryde," said he kissing them, "oh

that we had each, one of those magic or magnetic dials of which Strada wrote! What a solace to us! then even when separated by bolts and bars, by sea and land, we might converse together, and at the same happy moment!"

"Oh, what are you speaking, Henry?"

The clear hazel eyes dilated with something of alarm, as if she thought his mind wandered.

"When I was residing with the conservator of Scottish privileges at Campvere, I found in his library, a strange little book, printed in 1617. It was entitled 'Prolusiones Academicæ Oratoriæ &c. by Famiani Stradæ Romani,' a learned Jesuit who was born in 1572, and therein he tells us of a correspondence that was maintained by two friends who were very dear to each other, by means of a certain loadstone which had such power, that when it touched two needles of fine steel, if one of these began to move, the other, however vast the distance between them, moved at the same time and in the same manner."

"I do not understand!" said Bryde, looking up lovingly but a little bewildered.

"Strada goes on to say that those friends being each furnished with a magnetic needle, made for themselves two metal dials, each of which was inscribed with the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, and placed their needles on the plates, so that they could traverse the surface without hindrance from letter to letter.

"On being separated and having to go into distant lands, the friends agreed, like lovers, to retire punctually to a quiet place at a certain hour daily, to converse with each other, which they could do with ease by means of their magnetic dials. If one had aught to say to the other, he moved his needle to each letter in quick succession until the words were formed, and a sentence was complete. His friend who was hundreds of leagues away, saw at the same instant his own needle moving on his own dial, by a virtue acquired from the loadstone, to every letter indicated by the other; and thus they could converse, according to the 'Prolusiones' of Strada, though separated by vast mountain ridges, by foaming surges and by pathless deserts."

"Ah, that we had each such a dial, dearest; but it may not be, for surely such must have been the work of infernal agency!" said Bryde, and so in her days would have been deemed even a lucifer match, and most assuredly the electric telegraph, of which Strada, the famous author of '*De Bello Belgico*' in the person of Lucretius, thus gives us, strange to say, somewhat of a dim foreshadowing. "But to assist you in escaping," said Bryde, returning to the subject nearest her affectionate heart, "money is requisite—"

"And I have—none!"

"Sir Baldred is quite poor just now; the cattle plague has almost ruined our farmers, and half

rents only have been coming in; but I sold well—or rather I should say, the ground bailie and the grieve of the Home Farm, sold for me on Lammas day some sheep that I had—a bell wether and some ewes—I am quite a little farmer you see; so here are a hundred guineas for you in a silk purse of my own netting."

"Oh, Bryde, though the rightful successor to five thousand a year, I have never possessed so much money as this, and never may unless I get back my lands of Dalquharn from the whig slave to whom Lord Isla gave them, and how can I deprive you—"

"Not a word," said Bryde, as she took his face between her soft little hands, and by an application of her own cherry lips effectually stopped his from saying more.

Dalquharn's eyes filled with tears as he surveyed her with looks of love, and again pressed her to his breast.

"I am so glad," said he, "that poor Mitchell escaped the fangs of the elector's beagles! Have you heard aught of him?"

"Only that he is still at the castle of Callender with the Boyds," replied Bryde in a low and cautious whisper, for she could not be in a prison, without remembering that walls might have ears.

At that moment Steinie Lockyett knocked again on the door, and somewhat urgently, to inform his lordship and the young lady, that the

waves were whitening fast in the offing, a mist was coming over the Isle of May, the breeze was freshening and the boatmen were anxious to return shoreward; for, if the weather became rough, their boat might be stove against the rocks, as there were no human means by which it could be beached upon the Bass.

These tidings imperatively hastened her departure; she applied her handkerchief to her eyes to remove all traces of her late emotion, and resumed her capuchin and mask, as the entire population of the castle turned out to see her re-embark.

Among others were the two ladies already mentioned, and near the inner gate stood Lieutenant Livingstone and Ensign Congalton, both in full uniform, each with his cocked hat under his left arm, and with sword, sash, and gorget on.

Both bowed low to their fair visitor; and, on the sentinels preventing Dalquharn from passing out with her, by simply crossing their muskets at the gate—a movement which made the blood rush to his temples—Livingstone drew off a glove and took Bryde's hand, saying,

"You must permit *me* to be your escort now, Miss Otterburn; the descent is steep and slippery, and you cannot reach the boat unassisted."

She gave a farewell glance to Dalquharn, full of secret intelligence and sorrowful meaning, and was led away by the Laird of Saltcoates, who, when

he chose, could bear himself like a courtly gentleman. She passed out of the castle and down the perilous way, that led to the fissure in the rock, where people landed and embarked.

A few minutes more saw the boat at sea, its sails spread and the oars out, as it flew before the wind and flowing tide, and Bryde's figure lessened fast to the loving eyes of him who watched her from the gun-battery, nor did he cease to wave his handkerchief, or turn to leave the place, till the boat had disappeared in safety within the little haven of Canty Bay.

He was then sensible, for the first time, that two persons were conversing and laughing near him. They proved to be Mr. Congalton and his friend, Miss Polly Dalton, to whom he had been somewhat freely criticising the air and dress of Miss Otterburn, who had sorely piqued him, by barely honouring him with a glance.

"I thought her charming—poor thing!" said the girl, with something of sadness in her tone; for, perhaps, in her heart, she contrasted the correct toilette and pale purity of Bryde, with her own tawdry costume and rouged cheeks; "her dress was quite that of a woman of fashion."

"Faugh! a fig for such fashion, say I; how could she be aught but odd, whose *mode* comes at best from the Lawn-market of Edinburgh," said Congalton, who was what the late Mr. Thackeray

would decidedly have termed a "Scotch snob," though such carrion were scarcer in 1745, than they are in this age of steam and telegraphy, and then he began to sing,

"Make your petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide,
May decently shew how your garters are tied;

"With fringes of knotting, your dicky cabob,
On slippers of velvet, set gold *a la daube.*
But mount on French heels when you go to a ball,
'Tis the fashion to totter and show you can *fall*—"

"Mr. Congalton!" said Dalquharn, stepping close up to this officer, and cutting short his ditty; "were I not your prisoner, I should trounce you on the spot—compel you to eat your own words; and a time may come when I shall force you to apologise for this insolence."

"I doubt it," replied the ensign, saucily, and, withal, fiercely too, as he cocked his hat over his right eye, and stuck his left hand into the hilt of his sword; "but zounds, 'tis very well, sir, and time, place and circumstances, suiting, I shall be quite at your service."

He turned on his heel abruptly and retired, while Dalquharn, though furious at his bearing, soon forgot it, at least for a time, as his interview with Bryde had inspired him with fresh love and tenderness, and to these, the money she had given, added a hope that he might yet escape; for many a castle gate has been opened by a golden

key; so, anxious for solitude, he left the ramparts, and took his way up the rock, towards the chapel and little Hermitage, in which tradition and history record that St. Baldred lived and died.

CHAPTER X.

A PLOT LAID.

——"Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose can be put in act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me
With my soul's nearest, nay its dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards."

Massinger.

How was he to dispose of the hundred guineas so generously given to him by his disinterested love? Who was he to tempt—who bribe first? Old Steinie Lockyett or the sentinels, and which of these, as they were always being changed? The very means given thus to assist an escape, added to his perplexity; for they might take the money on the one hand, and betray his purpose on the other; he had heard and read of such things; and yet, if they did so, they would only be acting true to the general selfishness of human nature, true to their salt, and loyally to the king they served.

He frequently retired to the greater solitude of the ancient Hermitage, to think the more deeply, and to consult with himself, but could never come to a conclusion, as to how or with whom, he would begin.

A few days after the visit of Bryde—an episode which made him an object of greater interest in the eyes of Miss Patty Maylie and pretty Polly Dalton—he found himself followed to his solitude one evening by the latter young lady, who heedless of his cold and somewhat repelling reception of her, would insist upon seating herself near him on some blocks of fallen masonry, where she adjusted her ample skirts of faded brocade, with the faintest air of coquetry. Edged with deep falls of lace, her sleeves were short, and revealed the whiteness and taper form of her finely rounded arms. We may mention that there were times, when Dalquharn in his simplicity of character, was doubtful whether or not those fair residenters on the Rock, were actually wedded to the two men who treated them so strangely and so harshly; but if so, they certainly never took other names than their own; but that custom was not uncommon in Scotland, especially in those days, for long after marriage, women among their friends were familiarly known by their maiden names.

She remarked the beauty of the evening, and the effect of the setting sun upon the opposite

coast of Haddington, the blueness of the sea and sky, to all of which he assented.

She then said something of the dreary life led by those whose evil destiny cast them on such a place as this island-rock, to which he assented also with much greater cordiality, and then there was a pause, during which, Miss Dalton, who had been playing with the deep falling tucker of her boddice, bent her bright eyes smilingly on Dalquharn's face, and opening and shutting her huge green fan, which was covered with faded spangles, spoke again, after heaving something like a stage sigh:

"Heigho! if I had only accepted the handsome offer of Sir Timothy Tawdry of the Buffs, I might have been driving along Piccadilly, like a woman of fashion, with a suite of diamonds sparkling about me, in a gilt coach, with a page on each step and two tall footmen behind, instead of fretting myself into a frowsy frump on this nasty Scotch island!"

"Might not Sir Timothy come to the rescue still?"

"He eloped with Miss Susan Spangles, of Covent Garden, and they have gone on the grand tour, and so I missed the gilt coach and being my Lady Tawdry."

"A gilt coach—is that happiness?" asked Dalquharn, who was somewhat amused in spite of

himself, by the girl's manner, and not ill-pleased with her roguish beauty.

"Yes, sir—I beg pardon, I mean, my lord; it is one of the elements of happiness, and is as necessary to a woman of quality, as her sedan and link-boys, her pomander ball, *etui* and appendages; or, as the 'Guardian' says, 'the gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot' are to a fine gentleman."

"'Provided he casts his eyes on them but *once* a day,' the paper adds. You see, I know the 'Guardian,'" said his lordship, smiling.

"Oh, I doat on it, and on all Mr. Addison's writings in the 'Spectator.' Do you remember a paper of his, in which he humourously describes a country squire, enquiring anxiously at the Tower, whether any of the royal lions had fallen sick, on tidings coming to London, that the city of Perth had been taken, and that the old Pretender had fled?"

"He whom you stigmatise as a pretender, madam, I acknowledge as His Majesty, King James VIII.," said Dalquharn, with a haughty smile, as he reverentially lifted his hat, which was sorely worn and battered now, for the term 'pretender,' even in this year of the world, jars on the ear of a well-bred Scotsman.

"Pardon me, my lord," said the girl, colouring. "La! I did but speak at random, or as those about me do."

"Let it pass, madam."

"I thank you, sir—my lord, I mean."

"The idea of the squire you alluded to, arose from an old English superstition," said Dalquharn, willing to relieve her momentary embarrassment. "In ancient times, it was customary to name the lions in the Tower after the reigning kings; and thus the fate of the royal animal was thought to be mysteriously connected with His Majesty of England."

After a little more conversation, Dalquharn began to discover that this girl was meant for a better fate than had befallen her in life, as she seemed to be familiar with the writings of Dryden, Pope (who had died at Twickenham in the summer of the preceding year), of worthy Dicky Steele, Tickell, and all the current literature of the time; but he also perceived how unwise it was of him, circumstanced as he was, to be conversing with her so familiarly in that little secluded ruin.

He hinted something to this purpose with on of his pleasant smiles, and was moving away, when she laid a hand on his arm—a quick and pretty hand it was—and said,

"My lord, you wish, doubtless, to escape from this!"

"It would be folly to conceal from you that I do; but it seems a physical impossibility."

"It is not."

"Ah—indeed," said Dalquharn, coldly, as he suspected some snare; "but how, madam?"

"By a plan of mine—a very simple one."

"Woman's wit and sympathy are proverbial, Miss Dalton; but this plan——"

"Is that your lordship shall escape disguised as a woman, and I shall dress you; experience has made me clever enough at the toilette."

"You will dress me?"

"Yes—I," said she, laughing.

"Gadso, I should be glad to escape in any fashion or costume; but my dear girl, I am nearly a foot taller than you, and my appearance in your fardingale and capuchin, would never do! The Scots Foot-guards of the Elector are not such asses as you think them."

"Lord Nithsdale escaped from the Tower in his lady's hood and cloak."

"But he was a little man."

"Lockyett, the warder's wife is as tall as you."

"A great rawboned grenadier of a woman—well?"

"To-morrow evening she and I are to go ashore to make certain purchases in yonder gloomy little town. I shall endeavour to get possession of her long grey cloak and the red plaid in which muffles her head, as all the lower-class of women in this country do—what sound is that?"

"Nothing—or the surges of the sea below."

"If I can but secure her co-operation; and if not, her person under lock and key when the time comes, you shall accompany me to the boat; and when once clear of the island, we have nothing to fear."

"Unless being missed while within range of those twelve twenty-four pounders, and so forth, on the gun battery."

"Surely, I saw a shadow—but will you risk it?"

"'Tis only that dwarf alder-bush waving," said Dalquharn, for close by them grew one of those tiny shrubs, called Dane's-blood, as they are supposed to have sprung from where the invading Vikings were slaughtered.

"But will you risk it?" she added.

"Risk it, my dear girl? To be sure I will! Set me but once again on yonder beach, and I will give you ——"

"Oh my lord, I seek nothing."

"Eighty guineas in gold, to share with the wife of the warder."

"Eighty guineas!" exclaimed she. "Had I but ten, I would betake me to London, though I should travel all the way by the waggon!"

"Then we may mutually assist each other!" said Dalquharn, joyously. "At what hour to-morrow do you leave this hateful Rock?"

"At four in the afternoon."

"At four, God willing, I shall be on the watch then."

"Where?"

"On the gun battery, and await a signal from you, as to how I am to get my disguise."

"Agreed, my lord, agreed—how good of you to trust me."

"Ah, how shall I ever thank you enough, and how pray for you? for to you, Miss Dalton, I shall owe my life, and more than life or liberty, either—an escape from a horrible death!" exclaimed Dalquharn, in a tremulous voice, while his eyes filled with an emotion, of which the poor girl was not insensible, for her soft cheek flushed with what seemed real and pure pleasure, in being able, perhaps, to atone for past errors, by the performance of one good action.

"So, ho," said a voice. "You here, sir, and stap my vitals; you too, Polly—eh?"

And Mr. Congalton, of that Ilk, with hat uncocked, and hair unpowdered, somewhat flushed, and unsteady in step, appeared at the little arched door of the hermitage.

Miss Dalton grew very pale, and attempted to conceal her surprise, or carry away suspicion by commencing with a pretty saucy air to sing a song, which was rendered famous some twenty years after, in a comic opera at Covent Garden.

"Since you prove ungrateful, no further I'll seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And a register office will get me a place."

"You may go to the devil, so far as I am concerned," said Congalton, surlily; but Miss Dalton sang waggishly on,

"Our Blossom went there and soon met with a friend.
Folks say in her silks, she's now standing on end!
Then why should I not the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune as other girls do?"

"It won't do, madam—egad, it won't do! I can't allow either you or his precious lordship here, to put your tricks upon me or Pat Livingstone thus."

"You are tipsy, Mr. Congalton!" said she, disdainfully.

"Tipsy—how, you impudent baggage——"

"Ah," said she, "there are some very good wine and brandy drank here, on which the custom-house forgets to put seal or brand."

From this remark, Dalquharn justly supposed that the officers in command availed themselves of the facilities the isle afforded for getting their liquor duty free, for Congalton's face suddenly became inflamed with passion.

"Silence, you tricky jade—or I shall make you ride the wooden horse, with a couple of firelocks at each ankle—by George, I will! The escape was very nicely planned, but the performance won't come off to-morrow evening at four o'clock. Hollo, there—corporal of the guard," he bellowed, at the top of his voice, to the senti-

nels on the gun-platform below. "Livingstone, my spruce cock, come here with a file of men!"

Dalquharn drew himself up loftily, and made a step forward, as if to interpose between the shrinking girl and approaching harm, for in his cups, Congalton was brutal enough, perhaps, to have struck her; and when flushed with just indignation, his lordship could assume an expression of eye, and a bearing or mien, that were singularly noble and dignified; thus even Congalton, though a gentlemen of good birth and ancient family, cowered before him, notwithstanding his usual *etourdi* character.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW BRYDE'S GUINEAS WERE SPENT.

"Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end of my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain,
The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I reared for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me."

Shenstone.

In a very brief space of time, Livingstone was at the door of the hermitage, with a drawn sword in his hand, accompanied by two soldiers, with their bayonets fixed; and, on hearing his ensign's story, his eyes glared with rage, alternately, at Miss Dalton and his prisoner, whose entire plan Mr. Congalton was not ashamed to own he had overheard from first to last, and now detailed with some excitement of manner to his senior officer.

"How now, my lord," said Livingstone, who, for some time past, had viewed Dalquharn with jealous dislike, and he knitted his brows with a

rude air of menace as he spoke. "Have you possessed yourself of a devil, or hath a devil possessed itself of you, that you seek to brave me, by tampering with my garrison?"

"Aye, 'Sdeath! and our wenches to boot!" added Congalton, coarsely.

"And you jade?" exclaimed the Lieutenant.

Miss Dalton's cheeks flushed scarlet, and her dark eyes sparkled with fire. She was not, perhaps, much given to controlling her temper; and now she bit her fan, stamped her foot on the ground with rage, and turning to Congalton, said,

"Fool that I was, to follow here, a scurvy patch like thee!"

"Keep your tragedy airs, my fine madam, till you are once more on the boards of old Drury, with the float-lights in front, and admiring candle-snuffers behind," he replied, laughing.

"'Fore George, if David Garrick could see her now," said Livingstone, in the same cool tone of banter, "he would bring her out as Jamie Thomson's 'Sophonisba.'"

"'Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, *oh!*'" exclaimed Congalton; "I can hit off the part pretty well. Why, Polly, you would excel even Mrs. Pritchard or Mrs. Cibber!"

"Base taunter, I hate you now!" said she, turning from him.

"Bravo! do it again, my 'fair Penitent;' and I shall try to be Lothario—sink me, but I will!"

Dalquharn manifested some proud impatience at this unseemly scene.

"My lord," said Livingstone, grimly, and still keeping his sword unsheathed, "you are pre-eminently dangerous. Not content with leaguing for the subversion of King George's paternal government on the mainland—for mere practice, I suppose—you seek to upset mine on this renowned rock, and by money too—eighty guineas, no less! By all the devils! what have you to say for yourself?"

"Simply that in either case I have only been doing that which the laws of human nature suggest and permit. In the last instance, I was but consulting my personal safety; in the first, I maintain that when any form of government becomes destructive of life, liberty, or happiness, and, more than all, of the national name and *honour*, it is the inherent right of the people to alter, subvert, or renew it, by force of arms."

"So we thought in 1688," said Livingstone.

"And when a train of abuses, foreign usurpations, the violation of solemn treaties, such as the Act of Union, and the systematic designs of English ministers, seek to denude us of our rights as a nation, it is just to cast them down, and provide, by the edge of the sword, a new and safe guard for the future."

"Precisely what we thought in 1688," said Livingstone again, with provoking nonchalance.

"As for King William," grumbled Congalton, whose family were old cavaliers, "I always considered him to be a vile Dutch souterkin, who was as like his own father as an apple is like an oyster; so d——n the '88, say I, with all my heart!"

"I am not here to discuss these matters with you, Congalton, or with his lordship either," said Livingstone, sheathing his sword with an air of solemn dignity and loftiness to which his last glass of brandy-punch had considerably added. "I am here simply to obey orders, and to answer for a state prisoner's safe custody, body for body, to the king our master: and be assured, my Lord Dalquharn, the utterance of such opinions as yours would make every king in Europe anxious for your head, as well as our so-called Elector of Hanover."

"My head! and wherefore?"

"Simply to prevent you from using it to the peril of others."

"Excuse me, sir," said Dalquharn, with a haughty smile; "but I feel that my head appears to much greater advantage on my own shoulders——"

"Than parboiled on a stake, I grant you; but, my Lord, the crimes of which you are guilty——"

"Of which I am accused—most falsely and injuriously accused——"

"'Tis all one, I suppose, to His Majesty's government."

"Well, sir?"

"Render it necessary, after the episode of this evening, that I must commit you to surer ward than the Blackadder Vault affords."

"A hard resolution, sir," said Dalquharn, bitterly. "I am one over whose head the axe is hanging; and to you, sir, as a Scottish gentleman——"

"I can listen to no more from you, my Lord Dalquharn, in presence of my men especially," said Livingstone, with growing stiffness and hauteur.

"Sir, I adhere to the race of kings under whom my forefathers lived and died; under whom Scotland was true to herself; under whom all her hard struggles were made, and her battles for freedom and honour were fought. I adhere to a fallen monarchy, and you to the rising sun. You gain all, while we risk and lose all—it may be life itself; but never shall we forget our loyalty and faith! On our side are high principle and proud enthusiasm; poetry, truth, and devotion! On yours but the spirit of usurpation, of grovelling fanaticism and cowardly submission to a foreign rule!"

"Don't become melo-dramatic, my Lord; it's devilish stupid to be so anywhere, and on the Bass Rock especially. Conduct Lord Dalquharn to the vault at the east end of the castle under the Governor's house," added Livingstone to the corporal, and then passed up the path beyond the

hermitage, as if to close the interview; his ensign followed; and Miss Dalton was left to fan herself cool in mind and body.

Conducted down the perilous path towards the lower walls, past where, then as now, lay more than one coil of stout rope fastened to a strong cramp-iron, for the use of those who were bold enough to swing themselves over the rocks to gather the eggs of the sea-fowl—"dreadful trade" —Dalquharn was led by the corporal, who, to do him justice, spoke with much kindness and commiseration, towards the extreme east end of the fortress, with a heart oppressed more by disgust and anxiety than just anger.

He knew not *where* they might place him now; for, when at Auldhame, he had heard descriptions given of dreadful dungeons and cells in the castle of the Bass—mere caverns—whose entrances are perhaps forgotten now, where, after coils of rusty chains were relaxed before doors of solid iron, the prisoner was thrust into a chamber of stone, some eight feet by twelve in extent, with a small slit to admit the light and the keen sea-breeze together; where the feet plashed ankle-deep in water that oozed from the slimy walls; where huge wet moths, germinated among the corruption of the dead gannets, fluttered about in the chilly atmosphere; and where those who entered felt their breath and eyesight alike affected by the sharp and putrid air.

Such horrors he had heard of; yet it was into no such place he was ushered now; but simply a dry vault, arched, floored, and walled with solid stone, having a stone seat, a tiny fireplace, and a little window, six inches wide, which opened to the east. The access to this chamber was by a corridor, under that portion of the castle occupied of old by the Lauder family, and on the keystone of an arch he saw their crest, grimly significant at such a time—a tower with its porteullis down, and a man's head on the battlement, the motto being, "Turris prudentia custos."

On being subjected to the ignominy of a search, dear Bryde's network purse was found, together with her hundred guineas. These were instantly handed over to the needy Livingstone of Saltcoates, and never more heard of.

The little oak door of the prison, swinging on its strong iron hinges, was closed, and Dalquharn was left in the twilight of the evening, seated on his pallet, and then a gush of ferocity and bitterness welled up in his heart!

A writer remarks, that "those who act with the most consummate wisdom in the affairs of the world, often meditate very silly doings before their wiser resolutions form themselves." Thus, Dalquharn, in the first transports of his fury and indignation, conceived the idea of overpowering or braining poor Steinie the warder, and of sallying forth in search of Livingstone, that he might

strangle that gallant officer, provided he could escape the bayonets of the sentinels. This was only one of many wild projects, which, however, passed away, as the silent night wore on.

If his position was bad before, in the Blackadder Vault, it was incomparably worse now! He was completely unnerved for a time; and as he thought over all the present insuperable difficulties, the future doubts and entire dangers of his position, he seemed to have upon his frame the poisoned shirt of Nessus!

Many days and nights passed away, and he was neither asked to leave the Lauder Vault or visit the external air, so he began to surmise how the toads, which are found from time to time in the hearts of blocks of stone, felt as ages passed over them in darkness and silence, hunger and thirst.

All night long he heard the surges of the sea, as he had heard them at Auldhame, only louder, for now they were a hundred feet below his prison window; and dear voices that were hushed in death, or far distant then, and old memories of other days and years, came with the drowsy murmur in his dreams.

One sunny morning, the sharp boom of a cannon pealing from the seaward, made the prisoner leap from bed, and hurry to his little window, or eyelet hole, for it was little more; and lo! about a mile distant from the island, in the direction of

Scougal Point, the spectre of his dreams by night and day appeared, in the form of a king's frigate, lying to, with her mainyard to the mast, her long pennant streaming, and her broad scarlet ensign waving in the wind; her white canvas and her tier of guns shining in the sunlight; and midway between her and the Bass was a boat full of armed marines, pulling straight for the landing-place, under the spur of the castle.

This alarming sight made the unfortunate young man grow giddy!

The fatal hour of eternal separation from Bryde Otterburn and his country—the hour of his departure for London; the scene of his doom had come at last, but could he be worse than in the seclusion and uncertainty he was enduring?

The appearance of the marines in the boat, red-coated and cross-belted, was certainly startling; all had on their knapsacks, and each man sat with his musket between his knees. Why should so many come for *one* prisoner? He had always been anticipating a catastrophe—something dreadful, and it had come at last!

The marines were landed, and the boat returned to the ship, which filled her sails and stood away northwards out of sight; and Dalquharn, who experienced an intense relief at her departure, had barely recovered his equanimity, when Steinie Lockyett informed him, on leaving his frugal breakfast of coffee and barleymeal bannock, that

it was only a reinforcement for the garrison, of fourteen marines. from the Fox frigate, under second Lieutenant Zachariah Pudge, and nothing more.

Why was the little garrison reinforced—what event was expected?

Steinie thrust his broad blue bonnet on one side of his head, and leisurely scratched the other, with a leer of intense cunning in his keen grey eyes, but declined to say, and hastily retired.

Dalquharn now resolved to seek Livingstone's clemency, and asked him to forward a letter to the Lord-Conservator of Scottish Privileges, at Campvere, who was a personal friend (and had certified the papers of himself and Sir John Mitchell), in the desperate hope that the influence of so distinguished an official might procure, if not his release, at least some amelioration of his present unhappy state.

But Livingstone treated every message sent by Dalquharn, through his only means, the warder, with studied neglect or contempt; and so the dreary days and the long and weary nights stole on.

And now that we have again mentioned the Scoto-Dutch official, whose rank and duties may seem a puzzle to readers, it might be as well to state who he was and what they were.

He was always a Scottish gentleman, resident in Zeeland, and was first appointed Lord-Conser-

vator in May, 1444, upon the marriage of the Princess Mary Stuart to Wolfred Van Borselen, Count de Boucquan, son of the Lord of Campvere. She was sister of that beautiful and gentle Dauphiness, whom the monstrous Louis XI. destroyed in her twenty-second year, and of Isabella of Austria, who translated the romance of 'Ponthus et Sidroyne' into German, for the amusement of her husband, the Archduke Sigismund—all worthy daughters of the princely James I. of Scotland.

The Lord-Conservator had especial charge of all that related to the privileges of the Scots in Zeeland, and of the Staple contract, entered into in 1444, between the city of Campvere and the royal burghs of Scotland—a contract always renewed from time to time.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WHITE ROSE IN BLOOM.

"There's news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landed Royal Charlie!
Come thro' the heather, come round him gather,
You're a' the welcomer early;
Come crown your rightful, lawful king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?"

Jacobite Song.

The end of August and the beginning of September were bleak and stormy, so much so, that though only two miles from the Haddington shore, for nearly four consecutive weeks there had been no intercourse by boat between the mainland and the Bass Rock. The garrison was on short allowance; all the salt provisions were consumed, and the greasy, rank solan geese, with their eggs, proved but a very sorry resort, at which Lieutenant Pudge and his marines especially grumbled.

Steinie, the warder, had always predicted that something remarkable was about to happen, as the hoopoe, a bird with a beautiful crest, which

it can erect and depress at pleasure, and whose wings are crossed by bars of black and white, had been seen more than once upon the Rock. This bird, which breeds in Germany, but seldom visits our shores, and was always deemed the forerunner of some dire calamity, as at this hour the Swedes deem its presence a sign of coming war; and certainly during the seclusion of our friends on St. Baldred's Isle, stirring events had been in progress.

A boat arrived one evening deeply laden with provisions, and soon after Steinie Lockyett hurriedly unfastened the door, and entered the chamber of Dalquharn (who, during the recent stormy weather, had been allowed occasionally to promenade on the walls) in a state of great excitement, with his cheek glowing, his eyes sparkling, and yet they were full of moisture.

"Oh, my lord—my lord," said he, in a husky whisper; "allow me the honour of shaking your hand."

"Are you mad, carle?" asked Dalquharn, haughtily.

"Deil a bit—deil a bit; and yet, wi' joy, I am something like it, after a'! He's come—he's come—he's come at last. Heaven bless and prosper him!"

"He—who fellow?"

"The Prince—Prince Charlie; he's come frae the north, wi' a' the wild Duinewassals at his

back; and now, now he's in auld Holyrood—the house o' his ain forefathers!" And fairly overcome by excess of emotion, the old man burst into tears, and covered his face with his round blue bonnet. "I am ane o' yoursel's, my lord—a true and lawful subject o' the king owre the water."

"There is no mistake in all this, Carle Steinie?" said Dalquharn, in a low voice of suppressed emotion, as he grasped the old man's shoulder, and trembled violently.

"Nane—nane, by the hand o' my body!" replied the warder, using solemnly that old Scoto-scriptual asseveration: "He's come frae the far north, wi' thousands of blue bonnets and braid claymores at his back; they are a' wi' him, Tullybardine, Perth, and Athole, Lochiel, Lovat, and Glengarry—auld Glenlucket too, and a' that never failed king or country, when the English tykes were riving baith. Read the 'Mercuries' for yoursel', my lord; another week will see John Goukstone made o' the Elector and a' his rumpers, English as weel as Scotch!" As Steinie concluded, in the exuberance of his joy, he danced upon his bonnet.

Throwing down three sorely tattered and dingy little folio sheets of paper, which proved to be three 'Caledonian Mercuries,' Steinie, who seemed to be quite beside himself, rushed out of the vault; and soon after, in the height of his

joy, got most disreputably tipsy, and in the face of Livingstone, of Saltcoates, Congalton, of that Ilk, and the entire detachment of His Majesty's Scots Foot Guards, and the marines of the 'Fox,' under Lieutenant Pudge, he repeatedly consigned the Elector of Hanover to a very warm climate, and was borne off to bed, singing vociferously, 'The auld Stuarts back again!'

It was only after consulting the papers left with him, a joyous task, performed while his head swam and his heart beat high with awakened hopes of life, liberty, love and gratified ambition, of a restoration to Bryde and to his title and estates, that Dalquharn learned all that had transpired during the last few stormy weeks.

He soon knew that Prince Charles Edward Stuart had landed in the wilds of Moidart alone, at least with only seven men (oh to have been one of these! thought he), in the gallant hope to rally three kingdoms to his standard. To Highland honour and to Scottish loyalty, he trusted himself and his fortunes! He came, as he had lived, innocent of all the political errors alleged against his grandfather, James VII.; he came armed only with his own good sword, and his own hereditary right to recover the throne of his ancestors. All brave and honest men in Scotland believed in him; but the weak, the wary, the corrupt, the servile and the hypocritical,

proved by far the most numerous, even in the Highlands, and now there were in Scotland few such chiefs as the fiery Lochiel and the lion-hearted Keppoch.

Fifty thousand swordsmen were then considered as the fighting force of the Highlands; but there came only twelve hundred or so, to the Prince's standard, when, on the 19th of August, it was unfurled in the narrow vale of Glenfinnan, at the head of wild Lochiel, on that spot where the commemorating pillar was erected by Macdonald, of Glenalladale, in 1815. It is a savage solitude, overlooked by rugged and lofty mountains, silent, solitary and lone, where only the flight of an eagle, or the scream of a wild bird, break the stillness now.

Of blue and scarlet silk, with a white centre, on which fair and royal hands in Versailles had embroidered the motto, TANDEM TRIUMPHANS, with those significant emblems, a coffin and a crown, the banner, guarded on each side by a powerful Highlander, floated on the mountain breeze; and then baring his head, William Murray, the aged Marquis of Tullybardine, who had been an attainted exile since the war of 1715, held the staff with one hand, while reading aloud the commission of regency, dated at Rome, and signed by James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England. The Prince then made a stirring address in English, which few of the devoted Celts who

were present, could understand, but they threw all their bonnets into the air, where, as an eye-witness has it, they resembled a dark cloud, and they brandished their broad-swords, while wild hurrahs, and the wilder yell of the war-pipe, made the vale of the Finnan re-echo.

Captain Swettenham, an English officer of the 6th Foot or Guise's Regiment, was present on this auspicious occasion, together with Captain Marmaduke Wyvil, of the Buffs, who was on the staff of Sir John Cope, and both of whom had been captured near Fort William. They were handsomely entertained in the camp, and set at liberty by the Prince, who said to them as they departed,

"You may go, gentlemen, and tell Sir John what you have seen, and that we are coming to make war on him."

The first blow was struck by Major Macdonald Tiendrish, one of the bravest in a land of brave men! With a few swordsmen, he surrounded and captured a company of the Scots Royals, and another of the 46th Regiment, under a Captain Scott, who, though severely wounded, survived to die, long after, a general in the days of George III.

George II. and his Walmoden, was on one of his protracted visits to his native Hanover, when these startling events occurred in the county of the clans. At this time, the entire British army

consisted of only six troops of Horse and Grenadier Guards (including the Scotch troops, so spitefully disbanded by the king in the following year), there were twenty-two regiments of Horse and Dragoons, eight of which were in Flanders. There were seven battalions of Foot Guards, fifty-four of the Line and ten of Marines; twenty-eight of these were in Flanders, Gibraltar, Minorca and elsewhere, thus leaving a great force at home to oppose the small but daring band of Highlanders, of whom the government were in such terror, that foreign aid was summoned, and in October, there arrived in the Thames, three battalions of Herzler's Swiss Regiment, and the battalions of Holstein, Gottorp, Villetts, Patot and Bracknell, and the Dutch of La Roque landed at Berwick, the whole under Count Maurice, of Nassau.

Thirty thousand pounds, a foul bribe, for an assassination—a murder that, had it taken place, would have made Scotland for ever infamous in the annals of the world—was offered by the Privy Council, for the Prince's head. Fifty thousand were offered by the Irish Parliament, and six thousand by the city of Dublin, for the same amiable purpose; yet those eighty-six thousand pounds* proved no bribe to the starving shepherds, who protected their fugitive prince in the Highland wilderness, on the braes of Glen-

* Hist. of the Present Rebellion; London, 1747.

morriston; after all hope had died for ever on the moor of Culloden.

The troops in Scotland at this juncture consisted of two corps of Light Dragoons, the 13th and the 14th; the Scots Royals; the 6th, 21st Scots Fusiliers; 25th or Edinburgh Regiment; nine companies of the 42nd, 44th, and 47th, with Laudon's Highlanders, and the 46th Foot scattered along the Highland frontier. Lieut.-General Sir John Cope, K.B., commanded the whole of this force, which he rapidly collected together; but he was outflanked by the Prince, who broke down into the Lowlands with a force that soon amounted to three thousand men, only half of whom were fully armed, the rest having only clubs and scythes.

Every day the Prince marched on foot at the head of his men, with his target on his shoulder; every river they had to ford, he was the first who plunged in; he bivouacked with them in the open field, and slept on the ground in his plaid; habits which made him their idol, even as Montrose and Dundee had been in the preceding century.

He marched direct for Edinburgh.

The citizens of that place had been apprised by the 8th of August, that he had landed, and straightway (as the danger was very remote), a prodigious bluster and warlike furore ensued, with much preaching and singing of psalms. Several

volunteer corps were embodied, armed and clothed, and many divines of the kirk betook them to scarlet and pipe-clay, and swaggered about in cross-belts. The members of these corps, were, to a man, animated by intense religious and political rancour against the House of Stuart, and were clamorous in their loyalty to the House of Hanover. In addition to these volunteers, were a body of armed excisemen, the city guard, two dragoon corps, and some companies of the 47th, in the castle. The whole city literally bristled with arms. Quiet old business men, doctors, advocates and solicitors, thrifty and cautious burgesses, and some dissenters of all denominations, were suddenly transformed into amateur soldiers; the marching and drumming in Close and Wynd, in market-place and street; the swaying of great guns up to the town walls; the digging of ditches and building of bulwarks were incessant; and the most noisy and active were the Seceders, who after flaunting all day in scarlet, usually sung psalms all night in the Infirmary, to keep their courage warm and their spirits cheery; but spirit and courage ebbed together, exactly in proportion as the Highlanders drew near, and on tidings arriving that they had crossed the Forth by the deep and dangerous fords of Frew—that they were at Linlithgow—at Kirkliston, the terror of the volunteers could no longer be controlled, and many of those pious heroes

stole ladders, scaled the city walls and fled in the night.

In short, the unparalleled cowardice of the entire force in Edinburgh covered the city with ridicule and disgrace; and when the Prince's advanced guard, consisting of only *seven* horsemen, under Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, approached Coltleridge, the volunteers were seen running about the streets in utter consternation, bribing every soldier they met with sixpences, to take their muskets to the castle, "for Godsake!"*

Something of this consternation would seem to have affected even the officers of the 47th, who, at a council of war, proposed to capitulate a suggestion, to which Joshua Guest, the new governor, who was a Jacobite, fully acceded, but was overruled by old General Preston, whom he had been specially sent to supersede, and who, as a Scotsman, was deemed unworthy of trust.

Preston, a veteran of King William's wars, undertook the defence of the castle, and bravely maintained it, though the city, without firing a shot, surrendered to the Camerons, who marched in through the Netherbow-porte at daybreak, on the 16th September, nearly eight hundred strong, with colours flying, led by the gallant Lochiel, their pipers playing "We'll awa to Sheriffmuir and haud the whigs in order."

Lochiel, one of the most active and heroic of

* Provost Stewart's Trial, &c.

the Prince's chiefs, at once disarmed the city guard, seized the arsenal, and ere nightfall, the whole capital was in possession of the Highlanders, and all this occurred while the baffled Sir John Cope, who had followed them by *sea*, was laboriously disembarking his forces at Dunbar.

The Prince approached the palace of Holyrood on foot, passing along the Duke Walk (of which the trees alone remain now), so named as the favourite promenade of his luckless and misguided grandfather. Around him were his Leine Chrios —his living shirt of mail, or kilted body guard, composed of Highland veterans, each one in his eightieth year, all selected as men who had fought at Sheriffmuir and Glenshiel, in the revolts of thirty years before; and some were there who had shed their blood by the side of Dundee, on t' Braes of Killycrankie. All those sturdy warri marched bareheaded on this occasion, their w locks mingling with their silver beards, and were armed with the terrible *tuagh* or Lochal axe, and in their garish and varied tartans a mountain equipment, a wild and picturesqu aspect they bore.

A vast crowd were in the King's Park; loud huzzas at times burst forth, but generally the people were hushed into silence, and so deep were the emotions of many—especially aged persons—that they knelt down and wept.

The Prince wore a Stuart tartan coat, on the

breast of which sparkled the order of the Thistle. He had scarlet breeches and long military boots; a blue sash was over his shoulder, and he wore a blue velvet bonnet, in which was the white satin cockade of his party—the white rose of York.

In the present age of cold mistrust and faithlessness, when poetry (we fear) exists no longer, and when broad fun is studiously made of everything, it is difficult to realize the deep and heartfelt fervour with which many who were present viewed their prince—the lineal representative of "Fergus, father of a hundred kings," but many sought to kiss his hands and to touch even his garments.

"The figure and presence of Charles were not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions," says one who was present on this occasion. "He was in the prime of youth, the twenty-fifth year of his age, tall, handsome, and of a fair complexion. He was about five feet ten inches high. Charles stood some time in the park to shew himself to the people, and then, though he was very near the palace, mounted his horse, either to render himself more conspicuous, or because he rode well, and looked graceful on horseback."

At the moment he approached the palace gate, a shot from the castle struck the tower of James V., and dislodged some of the masonry. This episode seemed so insulting to the heir of the Stuarts when standing on the very threshold of

their silent and deserted palace, that an angry groan—a species of roar—burst from the crowd.

And now at that gate where none could precede, there was no one to *receive* him, and the fair young prince paused and looked around with irresolution. The old Earl Marishal of Scotland, a broken and attainted man, was far away in the Prussian camp; the hereditary keeper was in the ranks of the enemy; the great chamberlain had been abolished, and there was no master of the household to act as usher now.

Then it was that old Sir Baldred Otterburn, of Auldhame, leaped from his horse and drew his sword. Lifting his hat, he bowed low and said,

"Permit me to conduct your Royal Highness to the state apartments."

Charles bowed gracefully and smiled at the quaint costume of the old cavalier.

"When I was last in Holyrood, I was but a bairn, a page in waiting on your royal grandfather, His Highness, the Duke of Albany and York. Oh, welcome, young prince of the House of Stuart, to the old regal home of your forefathers; and truly do I bless God that he has spared me to see this day!"

The aged baronet knelt to kiss the prince's hand, but emotion overcame him, and covering his face with his hands, he let fall his sword and wept. Many were moved by this sight, for the tears of age are always sad and stirring.

At the city cross, the Scottish heralds proclaimed Charles "Prince of Wales and Duke of Rothesay, Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and of all the dominions thereunto belonging," amid great ceremony, while around it were Lochiel and his Camerons, with target and claymore, and a guard of noble ladies, all on horseback, with drawn swords in their hands and white roses in their hair; and few among them attracted more attention than Bryde Otterburn, who rode her favourite pad and showered from her lap the white cockades among the crowd. The trumpets were blown, and the people cheered and shouted "God save the King!" just as they had shouted and cheered the proclamation of the Elector, as king of the same realms some thirty years before.

Save that her lover was on the Bass, Bryde was nightly in her glory now, and leaning on Sir Baldred's arm, shone with great brilliance in the Prince's drawing-rooms, one evening at the duchess of Perth's rout, next at the Lady Elcho's dinner; at Lady Strathallan's tea-tables, or Lady Balmerino's gay card parties. (Poor widowed Lady Balmerino! Yesterday we stood by the green mound that covers her grave in Restalrig, and thought sadly over all that had been, and blessed our stars that we lived in less romantic and happier times!)

Events progressed rapidly now.

Leith was wantonly bombarded by the 'Ludlow Castle,' and somewhat savagely set on fire by Captain Beaver, of the 'Fox' frigate, but fourteen days afterwards, that unfortunate ship was cast away in a gloomy November night on Tyninghame sands, when all on board perished. The corpses of her crew covered all the links of Wes-tbarns, where they are buried. Her wreck was long visible at low water, and not very long ago, some masses of it, with cannon balls and coils of rope, were cast by a tempest on the sands of Bel-haven.

On the 20th of September ensued the signal defeat of the entire army of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans, by the half-armed and half-clad Highlanders, who fought him under incredible disadvantages, without cannon and without cavalry!

"Follow me, gentlemen," cried the Prince, as he led them to the charge, "and by the assistance of God, I shall this day make you a free and happy people!"

The Highlanders then pulled off their bonnets, says the 'Scots Magazine,' for that month; looked up to heaven, made a short prayer and rushed on! In *seven minutes*, by the claymore alone, they swept Cope's well trained veterans from the field, in hopeless confusion. Nearly all the infantry were either killed or taken, and next day the Jacobites of Edinburgh were regaled by

the unusual spectacle of the captured cannon, baggage, drums and military chest (with six thousand sterling, in it), "the standards of the 13th and 14th Dragoons, the 6th, 44th, 46th, 47th, and Laudon's Regiment, together with fifteen hundred prisoners, eighty of whom were officers," who were marched through the streets, with one hundred pipers in front, their instruments making the lofty stone mansions of the venerable city literally shake, to the old air of—

"The King shall enjoy his ain again!"

One officer alone distinguished himself prominently on this ill-fought field of battle. Colonel Gardiner, a sanctimonious zealot whom Doddridge's childish memoir has rendered almost ridiculous, after his regiment, the 13th Light Dragoons had fled, placed himself at the head of a corps of infantry and fell, mortally wounded, near the old thorn tree which still survives, and which, in more primitive times, was traditionally a rallying tryste of the fairies, and there he expired, within a few yards of his own fireside at Bankton.

The Prince, the moment the battle was over, dispatched Sir John Mitchell (who was wounded in the arm by a musket shot), to Edinburgh for all the surgeons he could collect, and he forbade all ringing of bells and all demonstrations of joy for the victory, "as it had been obtained by the

effusion of blood, and had involved many unfortunate people in great calamity."

Flinging away their standards, the dragoons, who used their spurs more than their sabres, alone escaped in safety from this sanguinary field, and they halted first at North Berwick, where, under threats of instant fire and sword, they demanded a ration per man of food and beer, but they were speedily got rid of by the sagacity of our former acquaintance, Bailie Balcraftie, who desired Starvieston his clerk, to come running in by the west gate, shouting that "the Highlanders were at Gulane!"* on which alarming intelligence the whole brigade, without waiting for bread or beer or orders, wheeled off to the left by threes at full speed for Dunbar; and in consequence of having saved some expense to the little burgh by his tact, the Bailie (who said as the troopers departed "true it is that the wicked fleeth, when no man pursueth") was forthwith elected Provost, *vice* Douglas, his predecessor, who had turned all he possessed into cash "and joined the rebels." As for the valiant Sir John Cope, he never drew bridle till he was beyond the Scottish borders and safe in England, from whence he never took the field again.

After this unexpected victory the Prince's little army swelled to some seven thousand men, the utmost strength it ever attained; and ten thou-

* For this episode, see "Lamp of Lothian."

sand more Highlanders would have joined, but for the energy and influence of Duncan Forbess of Culloden, (Lord President of the College of Justice) which were exerted in a thankless and merciless cause, as the sequel shewed.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOPE DAWNS ANEW.

"Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended and explores his mind.
What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant Isle,
Thy voice fortels me shall conclude my toil.

Odyssey, Book v.

THE reader may imagine the emotions with which Dalquharn, in the solitude of his sea-girt prison, heard of this sudden, rapid and unexpected career of triumph, and that Charles Edward Stuart, victorious and Prince Regent of Scotland, was actually holding his state councils and military levees in the palace of Holyrood, and had there received M. de Boyer and the Marquis de Guilles as ambassadors from the king of France, with whom "the Elector of Hanover" was at war!

It might be supposed that this wonderful turn of the wheel of fortune, should have caused some change in the mode of treatment to which Livingstone and Congalton subjected a prisoner whose

friends and cause were so manifestly in the ascendant; but the reverse was the case. Old Steinie Lockyett's sudden ebullition of rebellious loyalty procured his expulsion from the island, and to the care of a sullen and taciturn English corporal of Pudge's marines, from whom he had nothing whatever to hope, and to whom, the stern performance of duty seemed a second nature, Lord Dalquharn was now committed, with very strict orders indeed, for his detention and supervision.

If the power of the Prince was supreme in the adjacent shires, as Dalquharn (who was ignorant of his strength and the number of his army) flattered himself, he could not be left to linger in the prisons of the Bass; but then the Ludlow Castle and other frigates of the ill-fated Admiral Byng's fleet, were cruising off the mouth of the Forth, and in case of any attack, a signal from the summit of the rock, would soon bring them into the narrow strait between the islet and the mainland.

The captivity of so valuable a follower as Lord Dalquharn, was brought before the Prince's council at Holyrood, by Sir John Mitchell; but the island was known by old experience to be impregnable, and the matter stood over for a time, the blockade of the castle of Edinburgh being the primary object of the Highland army.

To an enthusiast, and one whose mind and

temperament were naturally stirring and active, to be kept lingering hopelessly in prison, while battles were being fought and won, and when a Jacobite army was in the field with the Prince at its head, was maddening! At all hazards—even that of death by drowning—Dalquharn resolved on an escape. He had resolved on that nearly three months ago, and was further from it now than ever.

Often in the silence of the night, when finding sleep impossible, he thought over all the celebrated escapes of which he had read or heard; and the result of his reflections was, that those afforded by fortune, or unexpected chance, rather than by mature and deliberate planning, were generally the most successful; and also, that those attended by violence and bloodshed, were seldom or never so.

Every night now, he was carefully locked up (after sunset), and visited each morning by the corporal of the guard. A boat he knew came with provisions from the shore every Saturday evening; it was usually manned by four seamen, and he conceived the idea, that if he could quit his vault, he might pass himself off as one of those men in the twilight, or make a rush through the three gates, which were always open at that time for the admittance of the garrison stores. In that case, he would have to risk the sentinel's fire, at less than half-musket range; but if he could

reach the boat and secrete himself in her, among the empty casks and sacks with which she usually returned, or if he could conceal himself under water, or cling for a time to her keel, he might attempt to swim for the mainland.

He knew that he was an expert and powerful swimmer, though confinement had somewhat impaired his strength; yet he was not quite a Leander, and the sea, between the island and mainland, was rougher than the Hellespont.

Something, he felt, must be done, or his brain would turn, and death in any fashion, was better than madness, or the sickening misery of hope deferred, and being daily menaced with the danger of a transference to England.

He examined the door which closed his vault; it was composed of double planks of solid oak, nearly six inches in thickness, and studded with iron nails, the flat head of each being larger than a crown piece. An iron lock of enormous size and strength, and curious in its intricacy, secured it by two turns of the key, which shot the steel bolt several inches into the massive stone wall; so to an unskilled hand, any hope of picking or removing it was hopeless, even if he had the requisite tools for doing so.

This door hung upon two iron hooks which were secured into the stone wall with lead, and the hinges were two bars of iron, each fastened by eight square headed bolts, screwed into the oak.

Escape by that grim barrier seemed hopeless. Then his window was only six inches broad, and overlooked the vast profundity of wall and rock, and sea below!

His little fireplace was without a grate, and he could see the flue ascending far above his head; a little patch of blue sky at its summit, gave light sufficient to shew, that at every few feet, it was crossed by iron bars, which were built into the stone wall, so that scarcely a sparrow could have escaped by that avenue.

Up there however, he concealed the broad blue bonnet which his warder had left on the floor, and which he thought might prove a useful head dress, if he had to disguise himself. His beard had grown to a length now, that excited his own surprise, and sometimes drew a smile from the taciturn corporal, for those were the days of close shaven chins and flowing perriwigs.

A poker and pair of tongs, each secured by an iron chain to the jambs of his fireplace, were there; but the circumstance of their being guarded thus, rendered them useless either as tools or weapons. On every hand he was baffled; Dalquharn was in despair, and after a final examination, sat long with his aching head between his hands, buried in a tumult of thought.

The vault he occupied had been without a tenant since the last of the many "inter-communed" prisoners, who for conscience sake had pined there,

was liberated; and this person, the latest of "the martyrs of the Bass," was John Spreul, apothecary in Glasgow, who was set free on the 12th of May, 1687, after five years of captivity in that horrible place.

On examining the fire irons, Dalquharn perceived that the chain which secured the poker to the jamb of the mantelpiece was old, rusty and in some places decayed. A violent wrench caused it to part, and he found the poker in his hand with one solitary link adhering to it.

Here then, was a formidable weapon wherewith to beat down, or disarm, the English corporal; but Dalquharn's heart, even while the fierce idea occurred to him, recoiled from the contemplation of an attack on an unsuspecting man, though the latter never appeared without a drawn bayonet in his hand.

To what use was this suddenly acquired implement to be turned? It was fully thirty inches long, and though of great strength and furnished with a ponderous iron knob, was useless against the gigantic lock of his door. Long and anxiously he pondered over it and surveyed them both; but at last there flashed upon his mind a new idea!

He placed the link which adhered to the poker over one of the square headed nails that secured the hinges of the door. It fitted exactly, and thus he had a wrench with a leverage which the screws completely failed to resist. The bolts were

rusty, and ages must have elapsed since they were fixed into the oak planks; the latter were decayed and worm-eaten now, for perhaps they were coeval with the time when Walter, son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, tenanted that chamber in 1424, by order of James I., and now, with every turn of this impromptu implement, Dalquharn drew the first bolt, forth at least an inch.

At last it fell at his feet; his heart beat wildly and the drops of perspiration started to his temples. At that time he was without dread of interruption; breathlessly he resumed his task, and after meeting with more or less resistance, in the course of half an hour, he had removed four of the square-headed bolts from each hinge!

At this rate of progression, ere night-fall, the the great barrier which had so long secured him in his cell would be lying at his feet; but such speed would only mar the result to which he hopefully looked forward.

This occurred on the evening of a Thursday; the boat by which alone, he could expect ultimately to escape, would come—unless a storm intervened—on Saturday evening. In less than three days now, he would be free—free or sleeping among the sea weedy rocks six hundred feet below!

"Fool that I have been, not to think of some such scheme ere now!" he exclaimed; "I might have been free weeks ago; I might have shared

in the glories of Preston, and been now the husband of Bryde Otterburn!"

Enough had been done for one night however. He replaced the fire-iron in its place, where it usually stood unnoticed; but, as no precaution should be omitted, he contrived to adjust the chain so that it seemed entire. The four iron bolts he had removed, he concealed under the palliasse of his bed, and after night-fall, hurled them, unseen into the sea.

Then a fear seized him that they might be missed, and that the orifices in the hinges might attract the eye of the corporal, and a cold tremor passed over him at the contemplation of transference to a lower, darker and stronger vault, than that he now occupied; but his imagination was fertile, or it might be that misfortune and suffering had sharpened it, for with the first ray of dawn he was up and had prepared a species of paste, by kneading up the remains of a candle with a piece of bread, and colouring it by the soot and lime of his chimney, he made a composition not unlike the rusty bolts; and fashioning imitations of the square-heads, placed them over the holes; and so well were they done, that they might have defied detection, unless subjected to a more minute inspection than the marine corporal was likely to bestow upon them.

That evening four more of the bolts were removed, and quietly dropped into the sea; and now

but four others, two in each hinge, remained, and these he was compelled to leave untouched till the last moment, lest the ponderous door might fall when his visitor, the corporal, swung it to or fro; and with intense anxiety now, Dalquharn examined the poker with its solitary link, which had done him such good service; for if its strength failed him, even in the removal of the last bolt, his labour would have been in vain, and his hoped for enterprise, a failure!

The morning of Saturday dawned; it was clear but grey and sombre. That was fortunate Dalquharn thought, and portended a calm day, ensuring the arrival of the boat, and with a hopeful and a prayerful heart, he looked at the fertile shore, that seemed to vibrate in the rays of the morning sun. When he had been first brought to the Bass, the corn was waving in ripening ear in the great square fields and on the sunny slopes of East Lothian. September had come; and now the golden grain was all cut and housed, and the country was covered by brown stubble. He had been brought to the isle in mid-summer, and now the second month of autumn was passing away.

There the black crows in great companies were wheeling aloft in the welkin, or sousing down into some ferny hollow, where the carcase of a dead sheep lay unknown to all save themselves; the many tints of autumn, russet, brown, and golden yellow, were appearing among the once brilliant

green of the woods; the leaves of the ash trees were turning crimson, and those of the sturdy oaks were growing crisp and brown, and ere long their pride would be rustling in the cold November wind, as it swept along the upland slope, to gather them under the hedgerows, or by the side of the runnels that gurgled downward to the sea.

Dalquharn could scarcely take food during the whole of this exciting day, but he felt intense thirst, and nearly drained the great black leather jack of water, which the corporal brought filled every morning for his use.

He spent the hours in watching the sky and shore, for he trembled lest the former should overcloud, and the latter look dark and nigh—the precursors of a stormy evening; but the air continued mild and soft, while a species of smoky haze floated in the hollows of East Lothian, and the green hills of Traprain and North Berwick stood out clear and sharply against the depth of blue beyond.

At an angle of the eastern ramparts a sentinel was leaning on his musket. He was apparently immersed in thought, for that island solitude seemed conducive alike to taciturnity and reflection. He was one of the Foot Guards, who, when on duty there, usually wore plain Lowland bonnets in lieu of the sugar-loafed grenadier caps, in which they appeared elsewhere. He hummed a song at times, and a verse of it

came floating upward on the breeze to Dalquharn's ear—

"The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie on hie,
Our gude man leans owre his kailyard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The *Book* maun be ta'en, when the carle comes hame,
Wi' his holie psalmodie;
And thou maun speak to me of our God, Jeanie,
And I will speak to thee!"

The soldier was doubtless a native of Galloway, for this was a scrap of a sweet, sad old Covenanter's song, peculiar to that province, and in thought at that moment his mind, perhaps, was far, far away from the isle where he sojourned, among the wilds of Glenkens, or by the black pouring linns of the Dee. Dalquharn, who was a native of the same wild country—for there lay his forfeited estates—felt his heart stirred within him, and he was superstitious enough at the time to take the song for an omen of good success.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ATTEMPT.

"Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune."

Troilus and Cressida.

Slowly passed away the hours of that eventful day, and the mind of Dalquharn was in such a fever of impatience, that time seemed to stand still like the old palace clock at Versailles, that had no mechanism, and only one hand, which was placed at the precise moment of the death of the last king, and moved not during the whole reign of his successor.

At last evening drew near, the sun was sinking behind the great green cone of North Berwick, throwing the purple shadow of the Bass for miles along a sea that was crimsoned by his rays. Dark and stern, in sombre masses, the towers and cliffs of Tantallan rose above the deep.

Ere long the last ruddy rays were lingering on

the distant Lammermuirs, and so intently was Dalquharn, from his little window, watching the approach of evening, that he was all unaware of the taciturn corporal having paid his farewell visit, bayonet in hand as usual, and of his having doubly locked the door for the night, until he heard his departing steps in the paved corridor without.

Then instantly, the prisoner with an audible prayer on his lips, set about his ultimate preparations. Incoherent and unintelligible, it was nevertheless a heartfelt prayer which he uttered, and there was an Ear above that heard and recorded it all.

With a small pair of scisssors he clipped close off, the long and somewhat remarkable beard which he had cultivated and worn for the last three months; he then grimed his chin and eyebrows well, and, as a further disguise, untied his hair, and, in the country fashion, let it float over his shoulders, from under the flat round blue bonnet, which he drew from its place of concealment. Even Bryde would not have known him then, so thoroughly was he metamorphosed!

With the slender contents of his cloak-bag, he made some judicious alterations in his costume; and, as the boatmen usually carried the provisions into the garrison without their coats, he resolved to make his final essay in his vest and shirt sleeves.

He soon removed the four final bolts, and once more addressed himself to the window to listen. His heart was beating wildly now!

What, if by some strange chance or evil destiny, the boat failed to come on this momentous night? What, if on the way to it, as was likely enough, he should meet his custodier, the corporal, or Congalton, or Livingstone, or any soldier who might recognize him? He ground his teeth at the idea, and grasped his iron weapon ominously.

Suddenly his quickened ear detected a familiar sound that sent the life-blood coursing through his veins, and then back into his heart—it was the measured cadence of oars in the rowlocks; then he heard a shout—a voice hailing from the sea, and another responding from the walls. Anon, amid the chafing of the surge, he thought he could detect far down below the jarring of the boat and its side fenders, at the rocky landing-place, but that was merely the effect of fancy.

The hour—yea, the moment had come, when all was to be ventured and won, or all for ever lost!

Luckily for him the sun was completely set now. He knew that some time must inevitably elapse before the various baskets, casks, and sacks of provender for the garrison were borne in and emptied; but the fever of his impatience was too great to be resisted, and at this critical moment, at the risk of spoiling all, and casting his chances

for ever away, he lifted the massive door out of its place, and issued into the corridor, at the end of which there was, he knew, another barrier, that opened at once upon the steep stair, which descends through the centre of the fortress, directly eastward, under the portcullis and the three gates that lead towards the sea.

Alas! this door could be opened only from the outside, where it was secured by an iron bolt.

His heart died within him, and a cold perspiration suffused his forehead, while he seemed to live a lifetime in the agony of a moment. A rapid glance sufficed to show him that it hung upon two hooks, as the doors in old Scottish castles generally do, and that the wood work fitted loosely into the stone. Aided by his friendly lever, even while he could hear the laboured breath and heavy feet of the laden boatmen and soldiers passing with their stores into the upper portion of the fortress, where the barracks are, he proceeded to unhinge the door, by lifting it upward off the hooks, and, at the third or fourth desperate effort, succeeded in throwing it open; then he issued forth!

As, from past experience, he already anticipated, the gates and the way to the sea stood open; but close by the inner barrier and portcullis, was a marine sentinel with his bayonet fixed and musket shouldered. He was looking outward, with his

back towards the fugitive, who, mechanically, and like one in a dream, approached him. Dalquharn had sufficient presence of mind, however, to throw over his shoulder two or three empty sacks that lay in the way, and to take on his arm a large empty basket.

In another moment he had passed the outer gate unchallenged; he was fairly out of the abhorred castle of the Bass, and descending the sloping plateau of rock towards the fissure where the boat was moored.

"Heyday—hollo, you sir!" cried a marine from the gate he had just quitted.

Dalquharn turned and saw the speaker trundling a beer-barrel after him.

"Ahoy—take this with you," he added, but Dalquharn hastened on, heedless that the other anathematized him as "a lazy Scotch lubber," for "English" and "Scotch" were somewhat injurious epithets in those days, and continued to be so for long after.

Dalquharn's first idea, on leaping into the boat, was to conceal himself under some of the empty lumber which had already been cast into it. As yet, none of the rowers were there, but he knew that they would soon come; and as for perching himself on a ledge of rock until the night deepened, that was physically impossible, as the sides of the Bass are everywhere as slippery as those of an ice-berg, and descend

straight as a plumb-line into the sea, where they do not impend.

The united shout of many voices, and the appearance of many faces looking eagerly through the embrasures of the ramparts in the twilight, announced to Dalquharn that his escape had been discovered already!

There was not a moment to be lost, though the boat was large and almost beyond one man's management; despair endued the fugitive with double his usual strength, and he cast loose the painter, and shoved off from that perilous shore, escaping two musket-shots that were fired at him by the sentinels at each end of the walls.

A number of soldiers now, Foot Guardsmen and Marines, came rushing noisily down the rocky ledges to the landing-place, while on the gun-platform appeared three figures, whom he knew to be the tyrannical Livingstone, the sneering Congalton and the corpulent little Lieutenant Pudge, who were gesticulating violently and somewhat barbarously providing themselves with muskets.

Sculling with all his strength from a rowlock in the stern, and skilfully forcing the oar alternately from side to side, reversing the blade at each turn, so as to give a motion like that of a fish's tail—an art he had learned when boating on his native Dee—Lord Dalquharn contrived to get this heavy craft—heavy at least for a single

hand—to the westward of the castle—and so out of the line of any cannon or musketry they could bring to bear upon him, as the walls almost entirely face the strait towards Tantallan; but the tide was ebbing, and he found to his agony, that he struggled in vain against it. The wind was from the westward, and thus, despite his painful efforts, the boat was drifted fast towards the fatal Bass.

Three twenty-four pounders belched forth their flame and smoke, the noise of their explosion scaring thousands of gulls and gannets into mid-air, while their triple roar, as it pealed away into distance, together with the clanging of the great bell of the castle, and the burning of some blue lights, which shed their unearthly glare from the red, old time-worn walls, upon the slimy cliffs and seething water, with a weird, ghastly and singular effect, announced that a prisoner had escaped from the Bass, and would, consequently, put all the people along the shore on the alert to gain, perhaps, the reward for his recapture.

In a few minutes more, Dalquharn felt all his strength depart from him, and he sank despairingly on the stern thwarts of the boat, which was now driven with considerable violence upon the western side of the cliffs, against which the wind was rolling the ebb-tide in a high and dangerous surf.

By this time, the great boat of the garrison

had been lowered from the powerful iron crane, and Congalton, with several soldiers and marines, with loaded arms, had pulled away in pursuit.

Darkness had come on, and the moon had not yet risen; but they could see that the fugitive' boat was not, as they supposed, being sculled towards the shore. Where then was it? Erelong, they could discern something tossing about in the white surf, close under the cliffs on the north-west side of the island, and it proved to be the boat of Dalquharn, capsized and floating keel uppermost. Near it in the water were a man's bonnet and some empty baskets.

"Poor devil!" said a soldier, with something of commiseration in his tone; "it must be all over with him now."

"Well—zounds! the sea hath cheated the headsman," was the coarse response of Congalton; "about with the boat, and pull in for the landing-place!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE WARRANT.

——"Now your father's doom
Is fixed—irrevocably fixed. This night
Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Pursues his maimed life through every nerve!
I scorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall sate my great revenge!"

The Grecian Daughter.

Balcraftie, whose wadsets over some of the lands of Auldhame, gave him great interest in the property, and an influence over the dwellers thereon, learned from some of the latter, that Sir Baldred, on a certain day, was to return from Holyrood, of which he had been appointed Lord Keeper by the Prince, since that time when, in absence of all officials, he had taken upon him the function of usher. He had now thrown off all the slight disguise he ever assumed, and had publicly cast his lot with the fallen dynasty, just as he would have done thirty years before, but for that lucky accident in hunting, which saved, perhaps, his life, and, no doubt, his family estates

from the ruin and confiscation which fell upon all who joined the Earl of Mar in 1715.

The knowledge that he was about to return, made Balcraftie at once conceive one of his daring and dastardly schemes, and he resolved that never more should the old baronet cross the threshold of Auldhame, if he could prevent it.

The Scottish officers of state (almost invariably ministerial tools and corrupt and venal placemen), the judges of the courts, and other officials, had all fled to England, on the advance of the Highlanders to Edinburgh; so Provost Balcraftie procured from the Lord Advocate, who was then concealed at Berwick, a warrant for the apprehension (and conveyance to that place, or to the castle at Carlisle) of Sir Baldred Otterburn, a traitor and rebel in arms; for though a chief magistrate and justice of the peace for the constabulary of Haddington, Reuben Balcraftie was far too cunning, with his ulterior views, to put his own name to this document, with which his staunch henchman, the lean and lanky Jabez Starvieston, returned by the waggon from Berwick on that very evening, when, ignorant of all the terrible events that were transpiring at the Bass, it was arranged by the Prince, that Sir Baldred was to demand the release of Lord Dalquharn from that place, under a flag of truce, and to threaten, in the king's name, if he was stil detained, that military execution would be done

upon the estates of Saltcoates and Congalton, in Lothian.

Balcraftie had made up his mind that, as the reward of his loyalty, the Lord Advocate would appoint him a species of commissioner or judicial factor over the Auldhame property, by which means he would yet have Bryde Otterburn more completely at his mercy; and once in temporary possession, he would proceed to "displenish" the lands, and turn all movable stock and other property, plate, pictures, and so forth, into cash, lest, by a turn in the tide of events, he might be deprived of all but his precious wadsets; and if the Prince proved in the end victorious, he might be shorn even of these, and all he possessed in the world!

The vault in Tantallan was no longer of use since the discovery of the passage thereto, and the fatal death of Gage, so his seafaring friends had to find other places of concealment along the shore, and there is no lack of such in that district. That it should have remained so long undiscovered by the officers of the customs is not surprising, when we know that so lately as about the year 1810, the keep of that great ruin was the resort of a gang of desperate robbers, headed by an old sailor, who had been wrecked on the Fidra, a rocky islet that lies in the Forth, four miles distant from the Bass. For a long space of time, larders and roosts were emptied and sheep carried

off; people were attacked and robbed on the highways; the manor houses of Seacliff and Scougal, and the home farm of Auldhame, were broken into and plundered, none knew by whom. Mysterious lights were seen from the seaward, to glitter high up in the ruined castle, exciting the astonishment and fear of the fishermen when sailing up the river at night; for there, in the fourth story of the Douglasses' stronghold, the gang lurked in security, ascending and descending by a rope ladder, which was drawn up to their den by day, thus cutting off all communication with the world below. These lights proved the source of a discovery; the robbers were captured and banished from Scotland.

To make more secure of Sir Baldred's capture, and prevent any rescue by his tenantry, Balcraftie applied for and obtained a subaltern's party of La Roque's Dutch Regiment from Berwick; for, at this time, all King George's troops in Scotland were shut up in the Highland forts, in the four great castles of the Lowlands, or were prisoners in the hands of Charles Edward.

Eighty infantry officers of various ranks, taken in the late battle, he liberated on their parole of honour within the walls of Edinburgh. Towards the end of September, he sent them all to Perth, and marched the non-commissioned officers and privates to Logierait, in Athole. Many of Laudon's Highlanders enlisted in his army; but

eighty who declined to do so, got money to take them home, after swearing that never again would they bear arms against the House of Stuart.

Nothing was spoken of now but the projected advance into England, and a proclamation was issued, warning all farmers within five miles of the capital, that their horses would be required to convey the baggage and cannon of the army towards the English border; and this movement was to be made, fearless of the forces that were gathering in the south, and of those that were coming from abroad. Three battalions of guards, and seven of the line, were recalled from Flanders, and six thousand Dutch troops, who had been in garrison at Tournay and Dendermonde, landed in England. Taken by express capitulation, "that they should *not* perform any military function before the first day of January, 1747," their appearance in England was a violation of the law of arms, but that was a trifle of the ministry of George II.; and well might Prince Charles say in his proclamation, "When I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect *his* government, is it not high time for the King, my father, to accept the assistance of those who are able, and have engaged to support him?"

Meanwhile, the Lords Elcho and Balmerino, with Sir John Mitchell and others, were making rapid progress in the formation of the corps of

Life Guards, and four troops of about fifty men each, were enrolled, clothed, and mounted. They joined the camp of the Prince's troops at Duddingstone, where the white tents covered all the green slope of Arthur's Seat, to the northward of the old church of that beautiful little village.

Lord Elcho commanded the first troop. "Their uniform," says the 'Caledonian Mercury,' (the Prince's organ), of the 30th September, "is blue, trimmed with red and laced waistcoats. They are to consist of four squadrons of gentlemen of character."

The pay of those devoted gentlemen was only sixpence per diem. To each on enlisting, was given a shilling, having on the obverse, 'Jacobus VIII., Dei Gratiæ,' and on the reverse, 'Scot. Ang. Fra. et Hib. Rex. 1716,'—a coin that sells for thirty times its original value now.

In the fond hope that his friend Dalquharn (whose presence, as a kinsman of Viscount Kenmure, and of the Earl of Dumbarton, would have great influence at the Prince's court,) should yet be free, the good Sir John Mitchell was content, as yet, with a very subordinate rank in these Life Guards. The residence of Bryde Otterburn at the little court now formed at Holyrood, shed a bright ray of light over it in his admiring eyes, and when she went abroad, unattended by Sir Baldred, whom a life of gaiety wearied and "worried," Mitchell had the glory of being her

cavalier; and for his captive friend's sake, he watched over her with the love of father, brother, and lover, mingled in one; and for her he would freely have shed his heart's blood, this gallant and single-hearted gentleman.

In Holyrood, Bryde, to her intense satisfaction, occupied apartments (in the north wing), which were used of old by Queen Mary, whom, with a pardonable weakness, she imagined she resembled, as nearly every pretty girl in Scotland fancies she does at the present hour.

Happily, all unaware of the horrors that her lover was about to encounter, Bryde, on the same evening, was shining as the centre of attraction at a drum in Lady Balmerino's house at Leith, which was a great rendezvous for the Jacobite chiefs and officers, as she was as celebrated for her beauty and winning manner, as her husband was for his hospitable table and merry conviviality.

After leaving "my lady's drum," an hour or two before Dalquharn achieved his escape—if escape it was—from the prisons of the Bass, Sir Baldred, accompanied by Bryde, mounted, and attended by one armed serving man, left Edinburgh—by the Water Gate and suburban village called the Abbeyhill—for Auldhame. At the same time fifteen soldiers of La Roque's regiment, wearing the yellow Dutch uniform, arrived at North Berwick by a covered waggon, under the

command of Sub-Lieutenant La Roque, the Count's son, and were quartered in the Tolbooth by Balcraftie, who had his spies on the road, and knew well the time when, and the place where, to pounce upon his victim.

The plans of this enterprising genius were worthy of those he sprung from! The antecedents of his parents were detestable. His father, the torturer of the Privy Council, who last applied "the question" in Scotland to Neville Payne, an Englishman, under a special warrant from the merciful and pious King William, for his services on that occasion, and the skilful manner in which he crushed the limbs of that unhappy gentleman, was promoted to be gudeman, or keeper, of the Tolbooth at North Berwick; and therein Reuben Balcraftie was born—his mother being a condemned gipsy, who, like the guillotined woman in the repulsive romance of Jules Janin, by an intrigue with her jailor, contrived to add a few months to her horrible life; and of all the bargains she had ever concluded, this was the most terrible!

"A baron's coronet frae King James!" muttered Balcraftie, alluding, in his reverie, to a rumour that Sir Baldred would be created Lord Auldhame. "Let his skull, then, wear it on the towers o' Carlisle! Many an affront hath that auld dyvour put upon me; and many that proud minx Miss Bryde too; but ere morning she shall

be in my power—hard and fast—hard and fast—even as her leman is, on yonder rock, the Bass! Lord Auldhame, forsooth!—a dour and haughty carle who always received me booted and spurred, as a hint that he was about to take horse, and wished our interview to be as short as possible. Noo, he has to take horse for Carlisle yetts—ha, ha!—ha, ha!"

After sunset the Provost gave the officer of the Dutch soldiers the warrant, and, accompanied by them, issued from the town to beset the highway; but, as they marched past the castle of Dirlton, the booming of the cannon was heard from the Bass, and on looking back they saw the sparkling rockets ascending, and the ghastly blue-lights flaring on the prison walls.

Balcraftie was puzzled what to think of this. No captive had ever achieved an escape from there, so that idea never occurred to him. He thought that some party of the Prince's people had assailed the isle by sea, and if so, he knew that by the four years' defence of that formidable castle after the Revolution of 1688, it was completely impregnable, and could be taken from the clouds of heaven alone.

Whatever happened his foe was in safe custody.

The Dutchmen marched for some four Scottish miles or so along the road, yet met no one answering the description of those they sought;

and when perfect darkness had set in, they were on the confines of Luffness Muir.

"Strange, unco strange, that it should be on this place!" muttered Balcraftie, with something of a shudder, as he glanced fearfully round him; for there it was, some eight years ago, that Sir Baldred's only son and heir—Bryde's father—had fallen by a pistol-shot, fired through the back of his head.

Lieutenant Claude La Roque now halted his men, and made them fix their bayonets, and prime and load, with ball-cartridge.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON LUFFNESS MUIR.

"Fu' aughty simmer shoots
O' the forest ha'e I seen,
To the saddle-laps in bluid
I' the battle ha'e I been;
But I never kenned o' dule
Till I kenned it yestreen—
Oh, that I were layed
Whar' the sods are growing green!"

Lament for Lord Maxwell.

Sir Baldred rode a strong, clean-limbed old hunter, that had carried him many a mile over moss and fell after the foxes of the Lammermuirs; he had his sword, and in his holsters a pair of long pistols. His servant, Archie Birniebousle, a son of the old butler, was similarly mounted and armed, but had in addition a musketoon slung across his back, for he was a private in the Life Guards.

Bryde, with her pretty face masked, a pleasant protection from the chill wind that came whistling from the seaward, rode her own cherished pad by his side, and night had thoroughly set in when

they crossed the Esk and passed rapidly through the old woods of Pinkeycleugh and the scene of the recent battle.

Bryde looked at it with a little shiver, and rode beside her grandfather in silence; for many a grave lay there. He was silent too, for both were full of their own thoughts; but had Bryde guessed for a year and a day, she would never have discovered what was passing in the busy brain of old Sir Baldred.

Appointed Lord Keeper of the Palace of Holyrood, and finding himself high in favour with the winning young Prince (who, as Regent, had bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath), he had beheld with suddenly-awakened emotions of pride and ambition how much that ill-fated heir of Britain had distinguished Bryde at all his drawing-rooms, his reviews in the King's Park, and his levées in the Palace, and how he seemed to prefer her as a partner in the dance, beyond even the Duchesses of Gordon and Perth, and all the titled dames (and they were many—proud and jealous too) who thronged his hastily collected court.

What if the Prince loved Bryde, and should marry her? What if he, the Laird of Auldhame —bothered by wadsets, bad rents, and the cattle plague—should become the father of a line of kings, far stretching into futurity, like Banquo's issue, and some with "two-fold balls and treble

sceptres?" Had not such alliances with subjects been common in Scotland long before a stranger sat upon her throne, who ruled her with hot hate, and spoke the German tongue?

Was not the mother of Malcolm Canmore, the wife of "the gracious Duncan," but the daughter of a miller at Forteviot, as old Andro Wynton tells us? Then there was David I., who wedded the daughter of his liegeman and subject the Earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon; for Scotland in those old times was sometimes bordered by the Tyne and sometimes by the Humber. Ermengarde de Beaumont, the queen of William the Lion, was but an earl's daughter; and the queen of the second Alexander was but a child of the Count de Couci. True; but before that marriage she had been Queen of Jerusalem. The victor of Bannockburn wedded a daughter of the Earl of Ulster; and the second David, a daughter of Sir John Logie of that ilk—the hapless Lady Jean—who died of a broken heart in a foreign land, but no man knows where! Robert II. wedded a daughter of the Earl of Ross; and Robert III. wedded Annabella Drummond of Stobhall; for all those Scottish kings, so true to their country in the times of old, were of the people's blood, and proud of their Celtic name and royal clan.

"Oh, 'tis plain—plain as a pikestaff!" exclaimed the old man, like Alnaschar lost in a realm

of brilliant dreams, amid which he forgot, for the time, all about poor Lord Dalquharn in the prisons of the Bass.

"What is plain as a pikestaff, grandfather dear?" asked Bryde, surprised by the sudden exclamation.

The old man chuckled and said,

"In time you may know, sweet one; but not now—not now."

"I wish the way were plainer at all events—'tis very dark," said she.

"A little time and the moon will rise; but keep a firm hand on your horse's bridle, darling, and shorten the reins, for the road is rough and full of deep ruts; and these Longniddery woods are dark and eerie."

Bryde rode on cheerfully, and all unaware of the triple crown her doting grandfather was fashioning for her. With the success of the Prince's cause, she now fully linked the rescue of her lover from the Bass; his restoration to title, estate and position, and more than all, to her sweet little self! Ah, how much she must love him for all he had dared and endured! As for the reptile Balcraftie, with whom the world was yet prospering, his punishment, she was resolved, would come anon; but at present it was almost a minor consideration.

"If *that* happen whilk I hope for, lassie," said Sir Baldred, still pursuing his own train of

thought, "who can say, but for past faith and loyalty, I may be created Lord Auldhame and Viscount Otterburn of Seacliff—who knows—who knows? More unlikely ships have come to land!"

While he indulged in these dreams, it must be borne in mind, that the worthy Baronet knew nothing positively, of the engagement between Lord Dalquharn and his grand-daughter, though he often suspected some such matter was on the tapis; for his visitor had been, by circumstances, prevented from informing him of the actual state of matters; thus Sir Baldred was at full liberty to count over the old royal alliances on his fingers, and to revel in the most flattering visions his ambition inspired, or his fancy suggested.

Rapidly they traversed the woods of Gosford, and saw on their left, the stars reflected in the Bay of Aberlady; and erelong they spurred their horses harder to pass speedily the fragments of a ruined house, to which local superstition gave an evil name; for there in the days of the Reformation, dwelt a wicked Laird, who came into the world with both hands clenched, and with an entire set of teeth, from which John Knox, (the future Reformer) when baptising him at the font, predicted that he would be a cruel and bloody man. And so he proved: for when the storm burst forth in 1559, and the temporalities were torn from the church, he it was who slew a Carmelite of Aberlady, rifled the church, made a posset

cup of the chalice and cut himself doublets and trunk hose out of the rich taffeta altar cloths; who gave feasts in Lent, and held a high fête on Good Friday; but who, as he rode forth in his bravery, on the Saturday following, deriding a tempest of lightning and wind, which was dashing many a ship upon the shore, was struck dead from his saddle, on Luffness Muir by a storm-bolt, or meteoric stone, which fell from heaven!

His house was haunted by his unquiet spirit and was abandoned by his heir, who flung the keys thereof into the Kelpies Pool in the Peffer, where they were long seen to glitter among the pebbles, and are yet sometimes visible on the anniversary of his doom: so his lands passed to grim old Sir Alexander Hamilton, General of the Swedish artillery, who built thereby, the now ruined fortalice of the Redhouse.

So as Bryde and her two companions thought of those old tales, they pushed on all the quicker, and soon saw before them the waste of Luffness Muir.

The family which Sir Baldred respected most in the world, was the House of Stuart, and next to that, his own, which he was wont to aver, possessed Auldhame before the Stuarts succeeded the Bruces on the throne. He was prouder too of his baronetcy, than any man of similar rank would be in these days. M. Ferré de St. Constant, in 1814, stigmatised the new peers of Britain, as mere nabobs, merchants and bankers, whose ser-

vility had bought their titles, "and who, instead of shedding their blood for the state, have sucked up its marrow; so," he adds, "the title of baronet, which was formerly confined to the performers of military exploits, is now given to army agents, contractors and shopkeepers."

But it was not so in the days of our last civil war; thus as he rode on, Sir Baldred thought of his old ancestral estate, and felt all the satisfaction of being the owner of green hills and waving woods, of farm and field, of teeming loch and flowing river, of lowing herds and woolly flocks. Every man must feel this pleasure, though he became the lord of all these only yesterday; but with Sir Baldred, to be Otterburn of Auldhame, brought all the past, historic, traditionary, feudal and family memories of long, long remembered years. Few in the constabulary of Haddington could say when there was *not* an Otterburn of Auldhame; and the fancied glory of his race seemed to the fine old Laird, to be but a ray of the sturdy old Scottish glory of other years.

He knew that his family shield was without a stain of political dishonour, and few men in Scotland can make such a boast to-day. Through long, long years of war with England—war that knew no peace save a short and ill-kept truce—his people had been loyal *á la morte* to their native kings, whose last representative he had left in Holyrood; and though the Prince was but a lad, and he an

aged man, he had knelt and prayed God to bless him, with all the patriarchal loyalty and fervour of a Scottish gentleman of those stormy days when men's hands were hardened, less by the use of the hammer and spade, than by the hilt of the sword. And so in the enthusiasm of the moment he began, in a voice that was somewhat cracked and quavering, to sing the Royal Archers march; for those same archers were in secret, but a society of Jacobites whose loyalty was never so fervid, as when over the punch-bowl.

"'Tis now the Archers Royal,
A hearty band and loyal,
A hearty band and loyal,
That in just thoughts agree;
Appear in ancient bravery,
Despising all whig knavery,
Which brings to foreign slavery,
Souls worthy to live free!"

But now Bryde reminded him that they were traversing Luffness Muir, a place said to be of ill-omen to his family in ancient times; there in 1715, he had broken a leg when hunting, and there his only son had fallen by the hand of a robber and assassin!

Though all cultivated now, the muirland waste was then open and bare, yielding only rushy grass and whin bushes, a wild and desolate place, where in his young days he had been wont to hunt and bring down, by a single bullet, many a five and twenty

pound bustard; for these links (or downs) were then a favourite haunt of those birds, the largest and most shy of all the Scottish land fowl.

"Sir Baldred," cried his servant, suddenly unslinging his musketoon, "gang warily if it please you—armed men are on the muir."

"Armed men, say you, Archie?"

"Yes sir."

"Where?"

"Just in front."

At that moment something like a summons—a loud exclamation, was heard; and in a foreign language apparently.

"Speak again—who are you?" cried Sir Baldred reining up and drawing his sword, adding, "keep behind me, Bryde, darling," as he now saw several figures before him, but dimly and uncertainly, in the starlight.

"Halt—wer da?" (who goes there,) demanded a voice, as a number of soldiers came suddenly round in extended order, and in the form of a semi-circle, with their bayonets at the charge.

A slight scream escaped Bryde's lips on seeing this array.

"Rendre—monsieur—surrender?" said a voice in imperfect English. It was Lieutenant la Roque who spoke.

"Surrender—'Sdeath and the devil—in the name of whom?"

"In the name of Robert Craigie, of Glendoick,

Lord-Advocate of Scotland," said a person, coming forward.

"Surely I should know that voice," said Bryde.

"Weel, you may, Miss Otterburn—'tis I, Provost Balcraftie, come thither, by force o' stern duty, on a most sorrowfu' errand; but anxious to save your venerated kinsman, my gude friend, Sir Baldred, from receiving harm at the foreigner's hands."

"Oh," moaned Bryde, in sudden horror and anguish; "wretch—is it you?"

"I am to surrender in the name of Glendoick!" muttered Sir Baldred; "the skulking Perthshire land-louper! I would he were here, within range of my pistols, instead of being in safe hiding on the English border, like a Hanoverian rebel, as he is! And thou too, Balcraftie—villain and murderer of my son—art come on his foul errand?"

"Tak' back your injurious words, Sir Baldred," whined the other; "I'm your friend Reuben Balcraftie, Provost and Elder o' North Berwick, praised be heaven for its mercies."

"Wretch — dare you speak of friendship to me?" exclaimed Sir Baldred, firing a pistol at Balcraftie, so suddenly that the earthly career of our enterprising magistrate was nearly ended. As the shot whistled through the fore-cock of his beaver, it elicited a half-stifled shriek from Bryde, and something very like a malediction from Balcraftie.

"My hand hath lost its cunning," said Sir Baldred; "but I hope to see you hung by the neck yet—in the face of the royal host."

"A royal host! ca' ye that rabble rout o' Highland mohocks, at Duddingstone, a royal host?" said Balcraftie, whose rage or fear now got the better of his usual discretion. "A rieving gang o' backsliders, tainted either wi' Popish, Pelagian, Arminian, or Socinian heresies, or steeped to the lips in utter Paganism, and a' whomling doon the slippery brae that leadeth to the flames o' perdition; kirk-ruining, zeal-quenching upholders o' the false and perjured House of Stuart—a race doomed, even as the prophets o' the Covenant hae foretold, like brands to the burning?"

"Foul kite," exclaimed Sir Baldred, choking with rage, as he sought to spur his horse over the speaker, and tread him under foot; "hypocrite—mayst thou be accursed!"

"Thy maledictions may end, Sir Baldred, even like Shimei's cursing of David," said the Provost, suddenly, becoming gentle, as he remembered his habitual bearing of pretended suavity and meek Christian humility.

Sir Baldred was past his seventieth year, yet he disdained to yield without fighting, even as he would have done in his rash boyhood, when King Charles was on the throne. He shortened his reins, and made a furious and sweeping horizontal blow at the charged bayonets; but Lieutenant La

Roque, by a circular parry in reply to a thrust, wrenched away the old man's rapier, which flew from his hand into the air. He was also deprived of his pistols, and made prisoner, somewhat ignominiously too, for his feet were instantly secured by a rope to his horse's girths.

"Ride, Archie," cried he to his servant; "away to the camp at Duddingstone, and tell Sir John Mitchell the evil that hath befallen us."

"Harm him not, I pray you, good gentlemen; harm him not—he is very old!" said Bryde, to the stolid and, we are sorry to say it, somewhat brutal Dutch soldiers, who at once plundered their captive of purse, watch, and rings, and who did not understand a word she uttered; but La Roque did, and he said, while politely lifting his hat, for he was a Frenchman,

"Fear nothing, mademoiselle, and you may accompany him if you please."

"Thank you, sir, oh, thank you; but to where?"

"Le chateau—le chatelet de—de—parbleu—I have forgotten," stammered the young Frenchman.

"The castle o' Carlisle," said Balcraftie, through his teeth, while his cruel, vulture eyes glittered like fish-scales in the dark.

"I am a Scottish subject, sirs," said Sir Baldred, with something like a great sob in his throat; "a subject of the king of Scotland, born many years before the time of that hated union, which puts me, a baron of Parliament, in

your power! What care I for the unlawful suspension of your Habeas Corpus Act?—it was never meant for us; but to be caught in the toils, snared, tracked, run to earth, and the prisoner of those Southron landloupers at last! Oh, black sorrow and woe be on the hour when King James crossed the Borders, with his sword in its sheath!"

The Dutchmen laughed at the ravings of the old man, as they led his horse away by the bridle, and Bryde rode by his side, with his right hand clasped in her left, as she strove to soothe and cheer him.

Slowly Balcraftie rubbed his hands over each other, and chuckled in the dark, and leered after them with fiendish glee, as he heard Bryde sob.

"If that spruce young lieutenant but bear in mind all I've told and hinted," he muttered; "and if he uses his opportunities, the countryside will see nae mair o' you or your fine airs, my braw madam!"

In the agony of that time she forgot even her lover, and thought only of her poor old, doting grandfather, and what he was enduring, on being so suddenly hurled from the high and happy pedestal on which he had placed himself, and of all he would have to suffer at his years, in being marched under escort, in the chill autumnal weather, over the rough mountain roads, by which they would have to travel for more than eighty miles, to the castle of Carlisle!

CHAPTER XVII.

CARLISLE.

"My father's blood's in that flower top,
My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,
This White Rose was steep'd in my love's blood,
But I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

"When I came first by merry Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The White Rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thistled banner wide was streaming."

Old Ballad.

With morning came to North Berwick, the startling, but to Balcraftie, most welcome, intelligence, that the Lord Dalquharn had been either shot or drowned, in a gallant but desperate attempt to escape from the castle of the Bass.

Everything seemed to favour and to prosper with him. In one night three great enemies had been removed!

Four days after this, Reuben Balcraftie, Provost of North Berwick, and Justice of the Peace for the shire of Haddington, found himself duly commissioned and appointed, by the fugitive legal authorities, to take charge of the lands and estate

of Auldhame, belonging to Sir Baldred Otterburn, of that ilk, "under ward, in our castle of Carlisle, for treasonable practices, and complicity with the vile Popish Pretender to the throne of these realms."

We are loth to accompany the ex-Bailie to the old estate and manor-house, over which he roamed in the plenitude of his power and legal authority; making inventories of everything in stable-court, in barn, and byre, noting the living and moveable stock; how he broke open all lock-fast places in search of treasonable papers, money, and jewellery; how he numbered the pictures, and counted the plate, defiling with his covetous fingers, and wrenching from its ambre, the ancient heirloom and palladium of the house, St. Baldred's silver tankard in the hall; how he did not even respect Bryde's pretty little bed-chamber, but turned her wardrobe and desk outside in, and viciously struck, with his clenched hand, the laced pillows on which her soft cheek would never more repose; how alternately he shrunk from and scowled in grotesque and vulgar defiance at the mailed portraits and ruffed ladies, who looked at him staringly, and disdainfully, out of the canvasses whereon Vandyke and Jameson had depicted them.

He rubbed his coarse hands with ill-concealed glee, and half closed his cunning eyes, as he compelled the enraged butler to uncork a bottle of

the best port, and seated himself in the baronet's own peculiar leathern chair, planting his hob-nailed and square-buckled shoes on the velvet tabourette which Bryde's own hands had wrought, kicking away the while an old and half-blind terrier who usually occupied it.

Then he looked over the stubble fields that stretched far away westward to the base of Berwick Law, and felt himself to be at last—at last—supreme there, and in a fair way with his wiles and his wadsets, to occupy and become hereditary lord of those lands for which he had perilled his sinful soul, and which, to use his own phaseology, he had coveted, even as Ahab did the vineyard of Naboth.

The evening of that fourth day which saw the Provost in possession of Auldhame, was closing on its late lord under very different circumstances.

On the northern verge of that wild district known as Eskdalemuir, a place surrounded by the heathy summits of lonely and silent hills, the Dutch escort had found themselves compelled to halt. The roads were rough; the scenery stern and rugged; the peaks of Etterick Pen and Loch Fell, each more than two thousand feet in height, towered into the autumn evening sky, and the setting sun cast their giant shadows far eastward along the waste of purple muirland. An intense stillness, a mighty hush of all nature seemed to

pervade the place, nor was it broken by the note of a plover or the whistle of a curlew.

The Dutch had piled their arms, and were chatting and smoking by the side of a runnel, in which they dipped from time to time their hard black biscuits.

Two horses were hobbled by the roadside; they were the old hunter of Sir Baldred, and Bryde's handsome pad; and where were their riders?

The long and rough journey by mountain paths and deep rivers, together with his mental sufferings, had proved too much for the poor old man; and long ere La Roque (chiefly perhaps to win favour from Bryde) had relieved him of the useless bonds, Sir Baldred's failing strength and spirit were completely gone; he was no longer able to ride his horse or even to hold the bridle, and now he lay in a half stupor upon the grass, with his head in the lap of Bryde, who strove hard to soothe him and to conceal her own sorrow and alarm, for now her velvet mask was off, and the observant Frenchman could perceive at leisure, the piquant character of her fresh and blooming beauty.

"Grandfather—dearie, dearie," said Bryde in his ear; "your poor hands are cold—very, very cold!"

"Aye, lassie and so is my heart—cold as the winter of 1707, when I saw puir Scotland—a dead kingdom—a kingdom now no more—lying in her

winding sheet of snow—white over hill and muir-land."

Even at that moment the ruling passion was strong within him, and he closed his eyes wearily.

"You see, sir, he sleeps—a little time pray, and we shall proceed again," said Bryde to La Roque, who bowed as if assenting, and hammered away with a flint and steel to light his pipe which had a gay china bowl, of which he was a little vain.

This lieutenant, son of a French Protestant refugee (who like most of those refugees for conscience sake, ended in having neither conscience or religion) was a very handsome young man. His black hair was unpowdered, and flowed in natural curls; he had a black moustache sharply pointed, with a clear olive complexion; well defined, but straight eyebrows, with bold, dark, saucy eyes, and a full, red and voluptuous lip; every way, he was good-looking enough to be a dangerous fellow.

Strongly made, his fine figure appeared to great advantage in his bright yellow uniform, which was faced with scarlet velvet and elaborately laced with silver. He wore a little triangular hat edged with white feathers, and had scarlet velvet small clothes and long, black, military boots. A white buff shoulder belt, on the gilt plate of which, was the lion of Nassau, sustained his long, straight sword.

For some time past, he had been observing Bryde with great attention and ill-concealed admiration; but she was too much occupied by her own griefs to heed either his glances or his presence. He saw the helpless state of the poor old man, and the utterly friendless condition of the girl; both circumstances made him conceive the most daring ideas—ideas that were chiefly and originally suggested by Balcraftie, whose evil seed had not been sown in vain.

The tears fell fast over Bryde's cheek—large round tears that filled her dimples—as she watched the deathly pallor of her grandfather's face, and felt assured, that soon—oh very soon—she would be quite alone in the world!

"Whence comes all this bitter—this most excessive grief, Mademoiselle?" asked La Roque, in what he meant to be his softest and most insinuating voice, as he knelt on one knee by her side.

"My grandfather is old—so very old—"

"Ah—of course—and old people must die."

"Die? alas—yes; but hush—we disturb him, sir."

"Old—true," said the Frenchman, whispering so close that his moustache almost touched her beautiful ear; "but when once we are at Carlisle, he will soon recover his wasted strength."

"Carlisle!" repeated Bryde in a voice of mingled grief and anger, for to her who had never

been out of sight of the Pentland Hills, it sounded like speaking of Tobolsk, to Polish exiles halted somewhere about the banks of the Volga, so little did people move from home in those days, and so limited were their ideas of distance and their means of locomotion.

"Oh, sir," said Bryde, after a pause, looking imploringly in the face of the young Frenchman; "they cannot have so little heart as to put him to death—at his years!"

"They—who, Mademoiselle?" he asked with a bland smile.

"Those English among whom we are going."

"Those English do very odd things. They have put a foreign king on their throne, and are bringing over whole armies of Dutch, Swiss and Hessians to keep him there, in opposition to a British prince, followed by a purely British army. 'Tis very droll!"

"Ah—yes—what have they not done, those Scottish whigs and English traitors?"

"Diable—yes!" assented La Roque, whose ideas of what they had done, were very vague indeed.

"Are not thirty thousand pounds offered for the Prince's head, by their parliament?"

"Morte de ma vie! 'tis a charming blonde, with lovely brown eyes," muttered La Roque under his breath, "but your great grief, Mademoiselle—"

"My great grief—well?"

"Tells me that you must have other causes for it, than what I see."

"How?" asked Bryde with surprise.

"A lover perhaps—a little *affaire du cœur* it may be."

"Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Ah—tres bon! that beautiful blush tells me all; it tells me—"

"That your language and looks offend—nothing more, sir."

"Ouf—chut—parbleu! as you please, Mademoiselle," said La Roque, rising with an imperturbable smile as he withdrew a few paces and replaced his tasselled pipe in his mouth.

"What the devil shall we do?" thought he; "stay here all night if her old man can't ride—a rare business, and in no way contemplated by the *marche route* furnished to me by Monsieur the Governor of Berwick."

Insular prejudices, fortunately, rather than actual experience, has inspired every genuine Briton with a contempt of foreign soldiery, and a wholesome dread of permitting them to tread our soil. In Scotland, in those days, even our own troops were not very popular, and the sound of a drum near a village, was sufficient to make every careful housewife rush to the hedge-rows to secure her linen, if it chanced to be drying thereon. Bryde now began to view La Roque with mistrust

and alarm, though those were times when "an unprotected female" might ride with pistols at her saddle-bow; and only some twenty years before (about the time when Bryde was born), the public had seen Helen Macgregor, sword in hand, routing Tyrawly's South British Fusiliers at the Pass of Lochard; but the conduct of our troops in Scotland, was often singularly brutal. Thus, in the year 1746, that party of His Britannic Majesty's Light Dragoons, who, under an officer, brought to Edinburgh Castle the captive Duchess of Perth and the Viscountess of Strathallan, treated these noble ladies with every indignity, stripped the Ladies Mary and Amelia Drummond of their clothes, and tore the wedding-rings from their fingers with their teeth, just as the "faithful" sepoys did to our women at Cawnpore, or as certain gallant Cosacks might do in Warsaw to-day.

La Roque was not however without compassion, and, at a farm-house which stood near the moor in a secluded glen, he procured an old two-wheeled vehicle, called the Italian chair, which was then very common in Scotland, when the roads were generally narrow. Into this Sir Baldred was lifted, and cosily muffled up in an ample border plaid, with other comforts freely given by the farmer's wife, whose Jacobite sympathies were speedily awakened, and seemed so keen, that she would readily have put her whole

household at the disposal of the sufferers, who set out on their way once more.

La Roque now rode beside Bryde on Sir Baldred's horse; the chaise being horsed by the farmer, and driven by one of his servants.

The Dutch shouldered their long, heavy muskets, grumbling in guttural consonants, and smoking heavily as they plodded on through Eskdalemuir towards Ewesdale, and as the night deepened, the whole train disappeared from the eyes of the farmer's sympathising household, who watched it long from the summit of a slope.

The third day from this saw it entering Carlisle, followed to the gate of the castle by a mocking, taunting and pitiless crowd. Every injurious epithet that national animosity and political rancour could suggest, were dinned into the ears of the terrified Bryde, who shrieked from time to time as stones were hurled at the little chaise, round which the Dutch soldiers marched with their bayonets fixed.

La Roque boiled with fury, and used the flat of his sword freely, and did not feel himself or his escort safe, until the great gates of the noble old castle were closed behind them by the soldiers of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, some of whom then formed its garrison.

From the little Italian chaise, Sir Baldred, now unable to stand or walk, was conveyed at once to bed, in a chamber which was apportioned to him

as a prison, in that part of the fortress which was built by David of Scotland before the battle of the Standard.

There Bryde was his sole nurse and attendant, by night as well as by day—ministering as only a gentle, thoughtful and loving woman can minister; and with mingled satisfaction and horror, she afterwards looked back to those times in that gloomy old castle of Carlisle, and its grim, quaint towering keep, with pointed and grated windows, when longing for home, with a fever—a passion that could not be satisfied—a heart sickness, during which, in the long, long nights of the last weeks of a gloomy autumn, she wept silently and unseen for the past days of youth, pleasure, safety and plenitude, in dear, dear Auldhame—Auldhame, that, though she knew it not, had another tenant now!

Then came the terrible reflection, that if by her care and ministration she prolonged, or even saved her beloved grandfather's life, to what end or purpose did she save or prolong it? The scaffold—the judicial shambles of the Hanoverian Elector, perhaps.

She was frequently visited by La Roque—more frequently than she desired; but as "the rebels were advancing," no one knew by what route, his orders were, to place himself with his party under Colonel Durand, in the castle of Carlisle, and hence his protracted sojourn there.

"Home, take me home, Bryde darling, from this strange place—home, lest I die here!" the old man would say, querulously, at times; and amid the gloomy chambers of that old Saxon keep, he sighed for the sea-breeze that came up Auldhame Bay, and rustled the oak woods of his ancestral home, the home of his boyhood, manhood and age —the cradle of his brave old stainless race.

Weaker and more ailing he grew daily, and one morning, a great shock was given him, when the thunder of cannon pealing a salute from the walls, seemed to shake his prison to its strong foundations. He feebly asked what this portended, and when told that the battery was being fired in honour of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Captain-General of Great Britain, having arrived at Litchfield, to take command of an overwhelming force, British and foreign, against the rebels—tidings of which joyful event had just come—a gloomy foreboding of future sorrow and defeat came over him; he clasped his thin and tremulous hands, and turned his face to the wall.

"God's will be done," he muttered, "perhaps the last Laird of Auldhame has lived long enough!"

After a time he turned to Bryde—poor girl, pale, hollow-eyed and unslept—who in the dim light of the autumn morning, as it struggled through the ponderous bars of the window, could

see the coming change, and in the filmy orbs, that expression which is seen but once in the human eye—an awful one—which the loving and the dutiful never forget, till that dread hour, when in turn, it shall inevitably overspread their own.

"Bryde," said he, clasping her hands in his own; "I am dying, lassie, at last—dying, my bonnie Bryde—going to the far awa land, where your father and mother await me. When I am gone—you will be free, for oh my sinless one, even the false German carle cannot make a traitor of thee! Oh bury me, lassie, if you can, north of yonder Solway—and in Scottish ground, for well I trow that English earth will never hold me—never hold me!"

The poor old enthusiast then continued to mutter prayers for Bryde, for the young Prince, for his exiled king and distracted country, and then for Bryde again, until all who heard, and they were many now, for Bryde in the excess of her grief and terror had summoned them—were deeply moved, and how could it be otherwise—for after nearly eighty years of life, the aged man was now face to face with Death; and, moreover, the dying who pray are but a short space distant from One who reads the hearts of all.

That night he slept away into eternity, with his head on Bryde's shoulder, and then the cup of her great grief was full to overflowing.

The chaplain of the garrison (who was after-

wards killed by Cornet Gardiner, of Cope's Dragoons, in a duel about Miss Pattie Maylie) had—very properly, he thought—some religious scruples about reading the service of the church over a Presbyterian; and after a consultation with his bishop, declined to be present at the interment, despite the tears of Bryde; so next day, that venerated old man, who was deemed a Prelatist in his own country, was buried in England, without prayer or ceremony, in the ditch before the castle wall; and there he still lies; for notwithstanding his hate and fear, and his love for the land that lay beyond the Border, English earth held him fast and sure. And it was currently said, that on the night he died in Carlisle, the ghostly drummer beat a loud and last angry chamade in the avenue of Auldhame, and the roll of his spectral drum was heard to die away on the skirt of the wind to seaward. Sceptics have always existed, and some there were who asserted that the drum was beaten by certain drunken Jacobites, who were on the march from Dunbar to the Prince's camp at Duddingstone.

No mourner stood by that unhallowed grave, save Bryde, who was alone now and almost without money—alone in Carlisle, and with no friend, save the dangerous La Roque.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAVERN OF THE BASS.

"Ah me! when o'er a length of waters tost,
These eyes at length beheld th' unhop'd for coast,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above sharp rocks forbid access; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath is sea profound!
No footing sure, affords the faithless sand,
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand."

When Dalquharn felt the boat dashed again and again on the cliffs, which rose sheer above him to the height of many hundred feet, he felt all hope die away in his heart. He made no effort to push off once more, for in resisting the mighty force of the water, urged against the isle by the ebb tide, his strength seemed but as that of an infant, and almost heedlessly now he heard the shouts of the pursuers, and saw their boat advancing through the gloom.

Thick as gnats in the sunshine, the giant solan geese, whose wings measure six feet from tip to tip, were flying above him in mid-air, where they seemed like snow flakes against the sky of night.

Like an ocean tower of vast extent, solemn, impending, and terrible, rose the place of his captivity :—

"Dread rock! thy life is two eternities—
The last in air—the former of the deep;
First with the whales—last with the eagle skies:
Drowned wast thou, till an earthquake made thee steep!
Another cannot have thy giant size!"

Suddenly, by the reflux of a wave, the boat was capsized, and Dalquharn found himself struggling in the cold dark water. He had always anticipated some horrible catastrophe, and it had come at last!

He was a stout swimmer, and strove to avoid being dashed by the waves upon the perpendicular rocks, but they proved too strong for him. Once he was thrown against the flinty bluff with such force, that he nearly became insensible; the second wave would have destroyed him, but instead of hurling him on the wall of rock as he expected, it washed him gently on into gloom and utter darkness, and after a few moments of deathly terror and bewilderment, he found himself in that place of which he had heard so often, the famous cavern, by which the Bass is perforated from east to west.

There he found firm footing on a ledge of rock, breathless, faint, and though he knew it not then, bleeding from several wounds and bruises. He now hoped that his pursuers might come to his

rescue; and as their boat came sheering round near the cavern's mouth, he was about to hail them, when the cruel and coarse speech of Congalton made him pause, and the boat was put about and pulled away from the entrance, which is half blocked up by a mass of rock, that at every reflux of the waves, shews its terrible tusks above the foam.

Dalquharn's situation was doubtless one of intense horror, and calculated to inspire the bravest man with dismay! It was terrible to be alone—utterly alone—any time, by day or by night, in the solitude of that vast cavern, with the mountain of rock above, and the profundity of sea below—gloom and darkness, apparently—solid and palpable blackness everywhere, save at the lofty entrance, where the stars shone coldly, and the sky gave indications that the moon was about to rise.

Erelong she rose, and her pale light, that made a long and shining path of tremulous silver across the waste of waters, penetrated the deep solitude where the poor shivering fugitive sat on his ledge of rock, afraid to move, lest he should fall into the water that filled the lower portion of the cavern, and which, for aught he knew, might have no floor or bottom but the ocean bed, hundreds of feet below.

In, and further in, stole the moonlight through that cavern, long, deep and solemn as the Valley

of the Shadow, revealing a terrible, yet fairylike scene "of drear and ghostly uncertainties"—of many lengths and depths of alternate darkness and silver sheen, by which Dalquharn was able to perceive that the entrance to this grotto—the wonderful and terrible handiwork of God—was apparently a hundred feet in height, its roof bristling all over with tiny tufts of rock fern and brown algæ; the sea, still and waveless within, was its floor, and all this was visible by the tremulous rays of the moon, which illumined the slimy sides, the strange plants, and the water with ten thousand points of prismatic light, like the abode of fays or water-nymphs in a German romance.

The tide was still ebbing, but uncertain of his position, Dalquharn never moved from the piece of rock on which he was seated, and erelong the moon passed away, though her path of light remained upon the waters; and then he knew that the weird shadow of old St. Baldred's chapel high over head, would be cast drearily athwart the sward, even as the darker shadow of the lofty isle would be cast for leagues along the sea.

The cavern was sunk again in utter gloom; it seemed to have become colder than ever, and to be full of dropping damps and chilly currents of air, that swept through it from east to west.

What was to be the end of this perilous adventure? He was too feeble to attempt to swim

from the island, and dared not again to brave with his wasted powers, the terrible surf that boiled around its rocks. Moreover, were he skilful as Leander, he could scarcely make the trial by day, without being seen from the garrison and fired on; and for the same reason, no boat could approach his hiding place from the land side unnoticed.

Was he to linger there and die of starvation, or of thirst, of which he already felt the acute pangs?

If he died, how long would he live ere death came? Was he ever likely to be found; and if so, after the cormorants, gulls, and perhaps the fish had half devoured him, would his bones ever find a human grave?

These were moments when the multitude of thoughts, and the greatness of his misery made him almost mad! Then he would feel as if he must be in a dream, and should ultimately waken to find himself in his old vaulted prison in the castle above, instead of being where he was, some hundred feet and more below it.

There were thoughts also of fearful black creeping things swimming about in the water, that made him shudder; and erelong, his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, began to fashion strange, fantastic, and horrible faces of giant size, in the angularities of the rocks, where the pale starlight revealed or touched them; and these faces seemed

to frown, or mock and jabber at him, till he fancied himself becoming insane.

The heavy and oppressed panting of his heart had passed away now, and after a time he became gradually more composed. He wrung the brine from some of his garments; they dried on him rapidly, and though greatly chilled, he knew that the salt water had no evil property, so he strove to be hopeful—to be thankful that he had escaped the musket shots from the castle, and death by drowning after. He strove also to keep awake (lest he should fall into the chasm of water which he supposed was beneath him), and thus he endeavoured to wait with patience till morning dawned.

So the dark and melancholy hours passed slowly and miserably on.

From a heavy and dull sensation of drowsiness and oppression, more the result of reaction and lassitude than actual slumber, he was suddenly roused to consciousness by the sea flowing roughly over his ankles, and by the sound of the surge reverberating like thunder in the cavern.

The wind was from the east now; it was freshening, moreover, and was bringing with it the tide from the German Sea. As the latter met the river's downward flow, the waters rose rapidly in the cavern; and as Dalquharn thought of flood tides, and knew not how high they might rise, the dread of being drowned helplessly, hopelessly, and igno-

miniously, like a rat in a vast drain, rushed vividly upon him, and he was compelled, at all hazards, to climb upward in search of another, and more secure, resting-place; and ultimately he reached a nook that felt comparatively dry and warm.

But a cry escaped him—a cry that wakened a hundred strange echoes, and he nearly fell from his perch, as he seemed to dislodge an uncouth animal, as large as a dog, but with a peculiarly soft and velvet-like skin, which slid down past him, and splashed deep into the water below. Then, as he saw it swim away from the mouth of the cavern and disappear, he knew that he had only tumbled from its lair, one of those sea-otters, which used to be so numerous on the shores of the Forth in those days, and, according to Sir Robert Sibbald, especially on the Fifeshire coast.

At last the tide began to ebb again; the roaring of the waves grew less; the grey light of dawn stole over the sea, and as it penetrated the cavern at each end, Dalquharn was able to observe it in all its wonderful details. Its average height throughout is not more than thirty feet, and its length about one hundred and eighty yards. He could traverse it safely, and was glad to do so, that he might thereby restore warmth and action to his stiffened limbs.

At the western end is a beach of fine gravel which is never covered save by flood tides; a deep, dark pool lies in the centre, and a wilderness

of weed-covered boulders spreads to the eastward. There Dalquharn found one of the oars of his boat, lying just where the ebb-tide had left it. Of this, he at once possessed himself and deposited it high up in a place of security.

Crabs and limpets were there in plenty; but he feared to eat lest he should thereby increase the thirst that tormented him; and there, too, among the dark boulders, were vast numbers of the purple sea anemone, of wondrous size and beauty.

The scart, the kittiwake, the turtle-dove and other birds flew wildly about the cavern mouth, as if in wonderment to see a human being in such a place. There were times when Dalquharn imagined that he heard the drum beaten in the garrison; but it must have been mere fancy, as no sound could reach him there.

He took a seat near the western mouth of this horrible place, to which he had become somewhat used, and watched intently for a passing fisher-boat. He saw numerous vessels bearing up and down the great river, and many fisher-boats, too, but they were far away on the Fifeshire side, or at least, beyond hail.

As the hours passed slowly on, his impatience and his thirst increased together, and he sighed for the marine corporal's black-jack of spring water in the vault, which he hoped he had left for ever. He was beginning to conceive the idea of

attempting to swim for the land, if favoured by the flowing tide, and before his strength became totally exhausted, when suddenly a large fisher-boat came in sight, with her brown, wet sides shining in the sun, three bluff, weather-beaten fellows on board, with their blue bonnets drawn well over their eyes, and her lug sails swelling out in the breeze, as she came before it, sheering close in, and unusually near to the rocks.

Dalquharn uttered a shout of joy and entreaty, and throwing his oar into the sea made a spring towards it. He caught it with one hand, and swam vigorously and despairingly with the other towards the boat.

He was both heard and seen!

Down went the rudder and the lug sails together; the boat lay to under bare poles; strong hands seized him; he was dragged on board, and then a stupor came over all his faculties.

Some brandy was poured between his lips; hard and rough, but honest hands, chafed his kindly, and when he became sufficiently recovered, he found himself, lying—not on a luxuriant bed certainly—but on a pile of oysters and damp nets at the bottom of a great fisher-boat, which was tearing westward before the wind, past the little rocky isle of Fidra, with the dreaded Bass, all reddened by the afternoon sun, looming above the ocean, some five miles or so astern.

At last he was in safety!

He was beyond the reach, too, of Livingstone of Saltcoates, whom he never saw again, as that officer was killed, two years afterwards, when serving with the Scots Foot Guards at the unfortunate battle of Val in Flanders.

Not long after the period of our story, the castle of the Bass was abandoned and dismantled by the government, and since then, it has been permitted to become an open and desolate ruin.

CHAPTER XIX.

DALQUHARN IN EDINBURGH.

"'Tis an honourable man:
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as raise up
The kingdom's glory." *Massinger.*

The fishermen gave Dalquharn, a warm rough overcoat of Campsie grey, a species of stuff that has been woven in Strathmore since the days of James VI. The garment had a strong odour of tar and herring-scales, but he was too cold and miserable to be over-nice or particular.

The fishermen had been dredging for oysters at a distance off the Fifeshire coast, and had heard nothing of the last night's alarm at the Bass; he informed them, that in the dusk he had fallen overboard from a lettre of marque brig, and that an oar had been flung to him, by the aid of which, and by swimming, he reached the cavern under the Bass.

This completely satisfied the curiosity of the

fishermen, who, on seeing that he was very weak and wasted, redoubled their kindness. From them he learned that the Prince was still at Holyrood; that he had a fabulous number of Highlanders in his camp at Duddingstone; that the sea was covered by the King's ships; but that the Elector was losing heart or courage fast, and that many regiments of Dutch, Germans, and Swiss were coming over to fight his battles and defend England.

Evening was closing when the boat stood round Luffness Point, and was hauled up for the Bay of Aberlady, to which place the fishermen belonged. As this was unpleasantly near the Bass, and the story of his escape might have spread thus far along the coast, as soon as the boat was moored alongside the little pier, he quitted his protectors with genuine gratitude on one hand and wise precaution on the other, and departed at once for Edinburgh.

The night proved a very dark one; the sky was covered by masses of cloud, and no moon was visible. Ignorant of the way, Dalquharn proceeded with great difficulty. The roads seemed deserted and no one was abroad, for the time was perilous and the arm of the civil law was paralysed. The way-side cottages, then few and far between, had all their doors and windows secured, as the inmates had a wholesome dread of the alleged plundering propensities of the High-

landers, for many thieves and footpads assumed the white cockade, for the mere purpose of highway robbery, until shot or hanged by the Prince's provost-marshal.

Hence, at every dwelling where he knocked or sought information, he met with obstinate silence, or the threat of having a bullet put into him; so he had to stumble wearily on in the dark, steering in what he supposed would be the direction of Edinburgh, and keeping to the highway along the sea shore, the old Roman road from Dunbar to Cramond.

He had no dread of molestation, for he had nothing to lose; a shilling which he found in a pocket of the old coat given to him by the fishermen being the whole extent of his finances.

At midnight—he heard the hour tolled from a church steeple—he found himself on a high, narrow and ancient bridge, beneath which a broad river flowed, and which seemed to connect two small towns, then sunk in sleep, and dark and unlighted.

This, a wayfarer informed him, was the bridge of Inveresk, and that seven miles further would bring him to Edinburgh. He had made so many detours, and had wandered so far already; he had undergone so much fatigue and suffering since his escape, and had been so completely deprived of sleep and rest for nearly forty-eight hours, that his courage sunk on hearing this; yet after

a time, he pushed resolutely on, and on passing some salt-pans, the lurid glare of which shed strange and weird gleams on the sea, and far along a wide and desolate expanse of flat and sandy beach, he lost all traces of the path, and for hours wandered about a vast and dreary common of many miles in extent.

Here and there lay hollows or pools of water, and the whole surface was rough and covered by the moss-grown roots of aged trees. In some places, a few great oaks of vast size and beauty, still lingered to cast their shadows on the waste, which then lay eastward of Edinburgh, extending from the palace gardens to the sea, and was known as the Figgate Muir, though five centuries before it had been a royal forest, where the snow-white bull was hunted by the Scottish kings, and where William Wallace mustered his brother patriots, prior to the recapture of Berwick.

Overcome by intense lassitude, Dalquharn lay down under one of those old trees, and fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

When he awoke, the morning sun was high in the clear blue sky; the waves were rolling in silver foam along the far extent of yellow sand that stretched away to the eastward, where the green woods of Pinkey and Wallyford, with the hills of Haddington, closed the landscape.

The verdant slopes of Arthur's Seat, the white

tents of Duddingstone camp, and the smoke of the grey city that towered high into the blue welkin met his eye to the westward, and just as he roused himself to proceed, the covered waggon from Berwick came slowly rumbling along the old paved Roman causeway, and the driver, a good-natured fellow, offered for the shilling our hero possessed, to convey him to the city, and Dalquharn gladly availed himself of the easier mode of locomotion, which this humble conveyance afforded.

Among the half dozen of poor folks who were travelling townward by the waggon, was one who immediately recognised Dalquharn, and of whose interest in his affairs, the young peer had not the least suspicion. This personage was no other than the lean and shrunken drudge of Balcraftie; Mr. Jabez Starvieston, who shrunk from observation in a dark corner, and watched the fugitive with those keen, cruel, and hungry-looking eyes, which, together with his mean and vicious nature, local scandal said in whispers, he inherited from the ex-Bailie, on whose business he had been sent to Edinburgh (concerning the sale of certain moveables at Auldhame), and for whose interest and purpose he resolved not to lose sight of Dalquharn.

A short time afterwards, the latter saw with joy the towers of Holyrood, and found himself approaching the Water-gate of Edinburgh, where a guard of Highlanders was stationed. With some-

thing of mingled wonder and pleasure, he surveyed the half barbaric, but picturesque costume of those sturdy Celts, who were all clad in the bright Cameron tartan, and were armed with dirk, claymore, and pistols, together with muskets and bayonets, no doubt gleaned up from the field of Preston, or found in the arsenals of the city. On quitting the waggon, his first welcome was a strange and unpleasant one, for an advanced sentinel deliberately cocked and levelled a musket at him, and in some gibberish of his own, demanded, so far as Dalquharn could understand—money.

"I have nothing, fellow!" replied his lordship, sternly, for the black muzzle of a loaded piece never has a pleasing appearance, when levelled at one's head.

"Hoich—oich! tak ye tat, then, puir teevil!" said the Celt, thrusting a sixpence into the hand of Dalquharn; and this coin, as the fellow seemed fierce and irritable, and was bristling with weapons, he felt constrained to accept; but he had not proceeded ten paces before he was halted by the charged Lochaber axe of another, who, oddly enough, had added to his paraphernalia the crimson sash and gold eye-glass of some officer, who had probably fallen at Preston.

"Here, fellow," said Dalquharn, proffering the sixpence; "take this in the devil's name—'tis all I possess."

But the Highlander shook his red head, mutter-

ing, "she only wanted a little penny for a sneeshin (snuff), and that the sixpence was too much," adding, as he shouldered his terrible axe, "oich—got-tam—she'll pe a Ninglander, I doubt nae."

The guard was entirely composed of men of the Clan regiment of Lochiel, and the officer in command now appeared at the archway, which was called the Water-gate, but was simply then a half circular rib of stone that spanned the street, and was surmounted by a round knob or ball.

He was a handsome young man, in full tartans, with the belted plaid, and wore a bright green jacket, trimmed with gold, and fastened—not with buttons, but rows of elaborately chased clasps. His powder-horn, pistols, dirk, and sporran, were glittering with silver mounting, and he wore in his blue bonnet the eagle's wing, to denote that he was a gentleman, and the invariable white rose to evince his loyalty, for he was Ian nan Fassiefern (John of the Alder's Point, the woody promontory that still stretches into the beautiful Highland lake), the *Tanister* of Lochiel, or next heir to the chief.

He spoke English slowly, and with difficulty, and with equal difficulty could he be made to understand that the squalid personage who addressed him, and sought to approach the palace, after quitting the common waggon, was Henry Douglas, Lord Dalquharn, of the Holm, in Galloway, but

those were the days of strange disguises and of wild adventures.

"Can you inform me where I shall find Sir Baldred Otterburn—he is with the Prince's court?"

"As Lord Keeper of Holyrood, he has usually resided at the palace, I believe," replied the Cameron; "but he has gone—"

"Gone—has he left?"

"Fatally for himself—yes."

"Explain, sir—I pray you, explain!" urged Dalquharn with alarm in his manner.

"He left Holyrood for his own house of Auldhame two days ago, and has not been heard of since."

"Not heard of since?" repeated the other in a breathless voice.

"At first it was supposed that some crime had been committed, or that an accident had befallen him, as his horse was spirited and the good baronet is old and frail; but now it is known that he has been arrested and conveyed under a Dutch Guard towards the English Border."

"By what route?"

"That is unknown; but Sir John Mitchell with forty of the Life Guards, scoured, in vain, the Berwick road as far as Greenlaw."

"And Miss Otterburn—"

"Ah—one of the most charming young ladies about the court! She is unfortunately, with her

grandfather, a prisoner in the hands of the Elector's troops."

Closely and within earshot, skulked one, who could have informed them fully of all the details of that episode on Luffness Muir.

Dalquharn stood for some time with a bewildered air, overwhelmed by these unexpected tidings; but the young Highland officer, who felt great commiseration for him—for sooth to say his appearance was miserable and woebegone in the extreme, said—

"In what can I serve you?"

"By informing me, if in your power, where I may find Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie."

"Does he ride with the Prince's Life Guard?"

"I presume so—but as a prisoner in the Bass, confined closely and barbarously, I have heard but little of what transpired in the world beyond."

"I think Sir John will most probably be found at the Laigh coffee-house, about a mile from this. Do you know the city?"

"No—I am a stranger here—almost a stranger in the land, sir; I have been exiled in France since my boyhood," was the sad reply.

The keen eagle-like eyes of the Highlander sparkled, and he shook Dalquharn's hand.

"We have had one day of vengeance already," said he, "and others are to come! I shall send a friend, who will guide your Lordship."

The officer retired, and in a minute or so, re-

appeared with a tall and powerfully made Highlander in the prime of life. He was six feet four inches in height, but singularly handsome and athletic, with his thick dark brown hair gathered in what was named a club. His jacket, with deep cuffs and low cut collar, was of fine white cloth braided with narrow gold cord; he wore the Macintosh tartan and was fully armed with sword, dirk and skene, pistols and target; but indeed no Highlander then ever appeared otherwise, so that one might almost fancy they slept with all their weapons about them.

He looked curiously and a little disdainfully at Dalquharn; but lifted his bonnet with grace and courtesy, on being informed by Fassiefern of his rank and unfortunate circumstances.

He was Gillies Macbane, a gentleman of the Clan Chattan, whose name and character for courage, were conspicuous even in that little army of volunteers, where all were brave.

"Gillies will conduct you, my Lord, and if I can serve you further in any way, fail not to command me. Among the Camerons any one will shew you my tent, which is next to Locheil's in the camp at Duddingstone. That same tent was lately Sir John Cope's; but 'tis not the worse for that."

As Dalquharn proceeded up the long and picturesque vista of that thoroughfare, which so many painters have depicted, and so many novel-

ists and historians described—the scene of so many conflicts and great national events, since King David saw the miraculous cross come out of the flaming cloud in the wooded "hollow between two hills," and since Guy of Namur's Flemish knights fled in defeat, for shelter to the castle-rock—the old High Street of Edinburgh,—the ridgy backbone of our modern Athens,—he met many a toper going home in the early morning, with wig awry and sword reversed; the shopkeepers in the Luckenbooths and Lawn-market were taking off their shutters and displaying their wares freely now, for strict order was maintained by the guards of Highlanders who were placed at every point, the old gendarmerie or local police of the city, having been disarmed and dispersed. Matters had gone peacefully in Edinburgh since the blockade of the castle had been withdrawn by the Prince, humanely to save the city from its destructive batteries; provisions were openly and plentifully conveyed into the garrison; but the Union Jack still floated daily in defiance, from the great dark bastion of the Half-moon.

As he proceeded with his guide, (who, to tell the truth was a little ashamed of him) up that long and stately street, Dalquharn was struck with surprise on seeing the ponderous doors, studded thickly with nails and swinging on immense hinges, that closed in every turnpike-stair, and the head, or entrance of every close and wynd. All these

doors had been hurriedly prepared and hung in their places, as a security against the supposed rapacity of the Highlanders. Those barriers are all gone now; but in hundreds of instances, their massive hooks are yet remaining in the walls and archways.

Close by, like Dalquharn's shadow, glided Starvieston, in his rusty, sad coloured garments, with shrunken limbs and cadaverous visage, "need and oppression, starving in his eyes," like the lean apothecary of Mantua.

Near the cross and Parliament Square, where King Charles's statue now wore permanently a wreath of laurel, was a high tenement of quaint aspect, that rose from a deep and shady arcade of arches and pillars. In the first story of this was the Laigh (or lower) Coffee-house, and just as they approached the door, there came forth a military looking personage, clad in a blue uniform, faced and lapelled with scarlet, and laced with broad bars of gold, a scarlet vest and white breeches, long boots and buff belts, his troopers' sword and spurs jangling on the pavement.

He was Sir John Mitchell in the uniform of the Prince's Life Guards, with a white *peruke a la Brigadiere,* in mien and bearing, seeming better than ever, with his sturdy figure, bronzed face and clear grey eyes. His own brown hair, shorn short, was now thickly seamed with white; but he looked jolly and pleasant as usual, and was full

of hope and high enthusiasm for the good old cause.

"How now, Macbane?" said he, "what cheat-the-woodie bring you here? Not a recruit for me I hope, for—what!—how!—God save us all —'tis my friend the Lord Dalquharn!" he suddenly added and took him in his arms.

"Escaped from the Bass, by something like a miracle, Mitchell, and in the plight you see me."

"I' faith—'tis a melancholy one; but it can be amended. Come with me—come with me, (adieu Macbane, with many kindly thanks) come inside with me; I bide at this coffee-house all night, but my duties keep me at the camp or palace all day. Come, my friend, and make a toilette that may beseem you, and then we shall have breakfast together. My wardrobe is most ample now—I captured one of the cavalry baggage carts at Preston. I have a thousand things to ask you and a thousand more to tell. Escaped from the Bass? Zounds—how did you accomplish that feat? No mortal man ever did so before. Even the Covenanters had but one way of quitting it —in their coffins. It was arranged that Sir Baldred was to have demanded your release from the Laird of Saltcoates, under protection of a flag of truce—poor Sir Baldred—you have perhaps heard of his fate?"

"Fate!" repeated Dalquharn in a faint voice.

"And dear Miss Bryde, too?"

"You make me tremble for worse than yonder Highlander told me."

"Worse—what could be worse than to be prisoners of the Hanoverian Elector, when we know the unparalleled barbarity to which he subjects them—or his ministry—'tis all one—carried off within a few miles of his own gate, too."

"Balcraftie has been at the bottom of this."

"Devil a doubt he has."

"The subtle villain!"

"Justice will never be satisfied until we give her a stout rope with a tree at one end of it, and that fellow at the other."

Sir John soon had his friend under the hands of a barber and valet, and when, in the course of half an hour after, he appeared in a suit of light blue velvet laced with silver (which whilom belonged to Cornet Gardiner, of Cope's Dragoons), cravat and ruffles of fine lace, his fair hair dressed with a blue ribband, a handsome silver-hilted hanger, tilting up his buckram stiffened skirts, and a hat smartly cocked, with a white silk rosette on it, Gillies Macbane would have had some difficulty in recognising the scarecrow, of whose absurd appearance he had felt ashamed, when traversing the streets. As Mitchell said—when they sat down to chocolate and a rasher of bacon and eggs in

the coffee-room, "he looked every inch a lord, and lacked but a well-filled purse now."

"True," sighed Dalquharn; "but a quarter's rent of my Galloway estates, would make me feel myself a rich man."

"Byde ye yet," replied Mitchell; "and in good time you may yet have by the throat the truckling whig who brooks them."

In the next box sat Mr. Jabez Starvieston, supping a huge bowl of porridge and butter-milk, and listening the while with his large, cat-like ears strained to catch every word that fell from the two friends, who were quite unconscious of his vicinity.

"We have now nearly two hundred fine fellows enrolled for our Life Guard," said Mitchell, in the course of conversation.

"So many—and altogether, in camp?"

"More than six thousand."

"About half the number only that marched with the Earl of Mar to Sheriff Muir!" exclaimed Dalquharn, with a tone of disappointment and regret.

"True, but we live in hope; every day fresh men are joining us, and the Elector won't get rid of us in a hurry, I suspect, for as Gay has it in his sarcasm,

"'Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they're *raised*, they're cursed hard
to *lay*.'"

"And your rank is—"

"Only lieutenant," said Mitchell, colouring, for he had too much good taste to tell that he had resolutely declined a troop, to the end that its command might be given to his young friend, whose civil rank was higher than his own."

"Surely, my dear Mitchell, considering your years—"

"Come, zounds! I'm not so devilish old after all—only forty-eight, and a bonnie lass may fall in love with me yet."

"Well, then, considering your sufferings and losses—your thirty years exile, and that you served with my Lord Balmerino, in the Scots Grey Dragoons, I think that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, might have bestowed upon you a higher rank in his Life Guard, than merely that of lieutenant."

"True; but consider all are not so single-hearted as I; think how many fears there were to soothe—how much ambition to flatter, while I have neither, but for the success of King James's cause. This is no time for me to grumble or repine. The Elector once fairly beaten and safely housed in—Herrenhausen (I was about to say a hotter place, God forgive me!) I may be colonel of a dragoon guard corps yet; and may, after all, die a general officer in my old house of Pitreavie."

Dalquharn was now free, at liberty, and at length among his friends, and had become a sharer

at last in the desperate game for which he had so long panted; but withal he was most unhappy. The absence, the capture and loss of Bryde, with the doubt and mystery that involved the whole affair of her seizure, filled him with an intense anxiety, in which his companion, who loved her with the most disinterested of all passions, fully shared; but still he strove to be hopeful and cheery.

"Come," said he; "plague on't, man; don't let your heart fail you. I know what you are thinking of—our dear Bryde, is it not?"

"Of what—or of whom else—can I think now?" exclaimed Dalquharn.

"Action, my friend, is the best cure for your complaint just now. We'll have a stoup of claret and then ride over to the camp. The wine is excellent here, and the living is cheap, as it would need to be, considering the state of our rent-rolls and our pay! Ah, do you remember how often over a bottle of claret and a supper of Dutch herrings and salad, at the Hotel der Nederlander in Campvere—with a pipe of tobacco, too, and all for forty stivers—we used to talk about the time that has come at last—the time we scarcely hoped to see—when the white rose would be in full bloom, and the 'auld Stuarts back again' in Holyrood? God keep them there! I don't much fancy this projected advance into England. It is a flat and open country, without military positions of the rugged kind, that suit a small force like ours.

Then the mass of the people are indifferent to the cause, and care not whether a Scot or a German sits on their throne, while many view us with the rancour of other days."

"And the Prince you say wins the hearts of all?"

"Yes—he assuredly possesses the great hereditary charm of his race. Egad, 'twas a wise axiom that of Henry IV. of France."

"What about?"

"Sweetness."

"How, Mitchell?"

"For there are more flies caught by one spoonful of honey than by ten tuns of vinegar. His Royal Highness goes to an entertainment—a little supper—at the house of the Lord Provost, to-night."

"Openly? Hush—is there not a person in the next box?"

Mitchell peeped in and saw Starvieston to all appearance, fast asleep across the table, with a roll of paper in his right hand.

"Well—and the Prince goes there—"

"Secretly," said Mitchell, in a whisper; "I also am invited, and shall present you to-night, but we must go armed to the teeth, and be ready for any emergency, for the house is in perilous proximity to the castle-guns."

They went forth from the coffee-house, leaving Starvieston with the roll of paper at his ear, for

he had ingeniously fashioned it funnel-wise into a species of trumpet; and hence he had heard all—ALL—that the Prince was going in secret to the mansion of the Lord Provost, which was, he knew, within musket-shot of the castle-gates, and, that if he was secured, taken or slain, by his — Jabez Starvieston's information—thirty thousand pounds would be his prize!

Wealth, enormous wealth seemed to be within his grasp; but his coward heart trembled and seemed to stand still with fear at the magnitude of the dastardly conception—the vastness of the foul scheme it conceived.

"Thirty thousand pounds — thirty thousand pounds!" he continued to mutter, and the shining gold seemed to glitter on every side of him, as he issued into the now sunny and bustling street, and after several long pauses and fearful self-communings, took his way slowly and stealthily towards the gate of the fortress.

CHAPTER XX.

GENERAL PRESTON.

"Urged, nathless on by the fury,
Of their feudal rancours hot;
For never can hungry wolf hate wolf,
As can hungry Scot hate Scot!"

Ballad.

It was with much internal quaking of the heart that Mr. Jabez Starvieston glided stealthily up the castle-hill on his peculiar errand, nursing his courage chiefly by thoughts of the admiration, if not envy, his skill and treachery, and his wonderful good fortune too, would assuredly excite in the breast of his master, mentor and tyrant, Reuben Balcraftie, of whom the conception of this plan to win the favour of His Majesty's ministers, was quite worthy.

As he approached the gate, by the then open and uninclosed area which is now named the Esplanade, and saw the lofty Half-moon Battery with its black arched port-holes, its tier of bristling cannon, and the hostile standard flying defiantly above them, he felt his heart almost fail; but he fanned his courage as he thought of the thirty

thousand pounds, and walked slowly on, till two sentinels, posted at a trench and bulwark recently formed across the castle-hill, commanded him to stop, and made him spring nearly a yard high, as they brought the muskets to the "ready" and he heard the click of their locks.

This newly formed outwork of earth, had been an additional defence conceived by General Preston; but it had been stormed by the Duke of Athole's Highlanders, who with the loss of one officer and twenty clansmen, drove in the 47th Regiment, under a fire of round shot from the depressed guns of the Half-moon, and of canister from some brass field pieces. One of the latter was still lying dismounted in the trench, as Starvieston scrambled over it, and was roughly collared by two sentinels of the 47th or Peregrine Lascelles' Lancashire Regiment, who demanded his purpose, and surveyed him with mingled curiosity and contempt, to both of which this Scottish worthy was perfectly insensible, having been pretty well used to endure them, since the days of his infancy, now some thirty years before.

On stating that he wished to see the Governor, he was asked "which Governor?" for there were actually two: General Joshua Guest, the newly appointed English commander, who, although his monument in Westminster Abbey, eulogises his brave defence of the fortress "against the rebels," as a cavalier at heart, was only too glad to subside

into a cypher, and leave the responsibility of maintaining the place to the late Scottish Lieutenant Governor, whom he had been specially sent to supercede, General George Preston.

The privates of the Lancashire Regiment addressed their visitor in a wonderful accent, and he replied in a patois which they deemed equally so.

They demanded his business with the general. That however,—lest others might share his secret and get the expected reward—the legal and acute Mr. Jabez Starvieston was too reserved and cautious to tell; but he resolutely asserted that his message was on the king's service, and must be given to the governor—and the governor only!

The soldiers seemed surly fellows and were about to trundle him over the trench, when the altercation attracted the attention of the officer in charge of the barrier guard, who, from the battery at the tete-du-pont, called authoritatively, to "search the Scotch scarecrow, and if he was without arms, to pass him, if he had any message to deliver."

By the intervention of this personage—a spruce young captain of Lascelles' Foot, in a scarlet uniform, faced with white and laced with silver, a long waistcoat and small clothes of white kerseymere, a Ramillie wig and conical cap with the white horse of Hanover thereon—he was speedily passed into the fortress, up a steep and winding pathway overshadowed by many grim gates, a

deep archway and an iron portcullis with a jagged row of rusty teeth; and erelong he found himself in a small pannelled room in the house of the Lieutenant Governor, the windows of which faced the dark walls and rugged rock of the citadel or inner castle.

It was low in the ceiling, gloomy as dark wainscot could make it, and plainly furnished with massive and antique tables and chairs of black oak; and Starvieston's stealthy and timid eyes glanced hurriedly from a trophy of old swords and matchlock-pistols, that had seen service in the wars of the Covenant and Claverhouse, to some pikes and muskets that stood in a corner, and then to some printed "standing orders for y^e^ Garrison," with a copy of the identical proclamation, which in the name of His Majesty King George, offered the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling, "for the head of the vile Popish Pretender, now in arms against our royal crown and authority."

This document alone cheered him, for the room had something in its aspect rather chilling.

In that sombre chamber, on the 7th of January, 1743, died the aged and gallant William Macintosh of Borlum, in the fifteenth year of his imprisonment, for his share in the rising of 1715, after writing on the wall an invocation of God's blessing on King James VIII., with one of his teeth, for which he had no further use; and in that room once yearly, as the soldiers tell us still,

a spectre is heard—heard but not seen. At midnight there distinctly comes the sound of a man in heavy boots rushing frantically across it towards the window, which, however securely it may be fastened, he throws violently up, and springs over it with a shriek. Then the window recloses by its own weight and all becomes still; but tradition avers that long ago a soldier committed suicide thus, in remorse for having sold to the government a Jacobite prisoner, who proved to be his own father.

Starvieston heard the strange sound of wheels grating on the oak floor; the door was dashed violently open, and in a wheeled arm chair, which was pushed forward, by an old and weather-beaten valet, in a uniform waistcoat, pipeclayed small clothes and brigadier wig, General Preston made his appearance, and it was an appearance, somewhat remarkable.

"D—n my limbs!" he exclaimed, while viciously grasping his crutch, "are you the infernal scarecrow I have been brought in here to see! what the devil can you want with me—eh? Speak out, or by all the fiends I'll bring you to the halberts!"

Starvieston felt his heart sinking to his heels; he could but gasp and survey this ferocious commander and wish himself in safety outside the gate of the castle, which he regarded as a species of trap into which his avarice had lured him.

General Preston, a veteran of the wars of King William, had come over with the Dutch in 1688 to fight against Viscount Dundee at Killycrankie, where a goodly slice of his skull, which was shred away by the trenchant claymore of a Cameron, had to be replaced by trepanning. He had an arm broken by a musket shot, at Steinkirk, and was left for dead under his horse at the battle of Blenheim. In the prime of life he must have been more than six feet in height; but now in his eighty-seventh year—for he was born during the usurpation of Cromwell—he stooped considerably. Though hopelessly disabled by gout, his complexion was still bronzed and weather-beaten; he had an ill-healed old sword cut, which rather disfigured his nose, and he had few or no teeth remaining. His face was a mass of wrinkles, and his brow wore a permanent and terrible frown; but his eyes were keen, sharp and fierce as those of a rattle-snake, and, owing to his lack of incisors, there was a hiss in his voice sufficient to remind one of some such reptile.

He still, with the eccentricity of age, adhered to the long flowing wig of King William's time, an ornament that cast the hair of a man completely in the shade; as Holme, writing in the year of the Revolution, assures us that the adoption of great wigs so generally by men, "was quite contrary to the custom of their forefathers, who got estates, loved their wives, and wore their

own hair. In these days," he adds, with simplicity, "there be no such things."

The general also adhered to the hat of the period, turned up on two sides only, and edged with white feathers. He had his cravat of Flemish lace passed through a button hole of his buff waistcoat, like the military bucks of 1690, and his ample scarlet coat, like the former (which had huge thigh flaps), came nearly to his knees, also in the fashion of the Revolution, for he doted on the memory of King William, in a manner that would have enchanted my Lord Macaulay, and certainly have found him a place in his brilliant romance of history. But the general had one unpleasant peculiarity, that pertained unto the gentlemen of his time, and particularly those of "our army of Flanders;" he swore so fearfully that we shall have some difficulty in retailing the conversation which ensued between him and his trembling and terrified visitor.

Notwithstanding his age, wounds, and infirmity, so indefatigable was General Preston, in conducting the defence of the castle, after the council of war, at which General Guest and the officers of the 47th proposed to surrender it, that every two hours by night and day, a party of soldiers wheeled him round the various posts and batteries, that he might personally see if all were on the alert against a surprise; and whenever an unfortunate Highlander appeared, however casu-

ally, he ordered him to be fired on, and in some instances with round shot or grape.

After surveying the lean, cadaverous, and stealthy-eyed visitor, in the rusty, sad coloured clothes, and scratch wig made of a terrier's skin, which in no way improved his general appearance, as he stood in a corner, nervously brushing the three flaps of his scurvy old beaver, with his deep, square, threadbare cuff, the general, whose naturally diabolical temper, a recent fit of the gout had severely exasperated, thundered out,

"Sirrah—'tention! what the devil is your name?"

"Jabez—St—t — tarvieston — so please you, general."

"Starvieston — you're rightly named, you hunger-eyed loon; and what are you?"

"Clerk to the Provost o' North Berwick, sir."

"And what is your purpose?"

"A maist loyal one, at your service, general," whined the other, who accompanied every answer by a bow and slight bending of the knees.

"Speak out, you son of a shotten herring," roared the old Williamite; "what do you want with me?"

"I'm your honour's maist humble servant——"

"Was it to tell me that you ventured into the castle of Edinburgh, troubling me thus?" shouted Preston, in a louder key, and uplifting his crutch.

"N—no, n—no——"

"What then—speak out, or I'll beat you into a jelly."

With considerable trepidation, and an amount of circumlocution, which elicited many oaths, threats, and signs of fierce impatience from the old general, Starvieston related what he had heard in the coffee-house—that "the Pretender" was on that night secretly to sup with the Provost, attended by a select few, the chiefs of his army and court; that the Provost's house was close to the castle, and that if they were all seized there by an armed party, through his humble instrumentality, he hoped that his honour, the general, would see that he got the reward so generously offered by the crown.

While the meagre visaged and trembling wretch proceeded thus, the stern old general clutched his formidable crutch, and eyed him with very saturnine expression of face.

"Hah—the Provost—a Stuart too," he muttered; "I ever suspected that loon to be a Jacobite, a traitor, it may be a papist at heart! for he and his cowardly psalm-singing volunteers—heroes from the desk and counter—surrendered the city, without firing a shot at the bare-legged Highland rabble; but I'll mar their handiwork—that shall I, sure as my name is George Preston!"

"Indubitably you will, general—indubitably you will," said Starvieston, bowing and cringing.

"And so, wretch," said the veteran, after a

pause, pointing with his crutch to the printed proclamation, "you would seek to gain the thirty thousand pounds offered for—for this young gentleman's head—eh?"

"I wad seek through your honour's grace, to be o' some sma' service to my king, and the covenanted Kirk as by law established."

"Of course, and of some small service to yourself," sneered the general, adding with a fierce oath, "you hang-dog and dyvour-loon, I would rather you had not put this foul temptation before me! But since you *have* done it, a party shall surround the house of Provost Stuart, and carry off at the point of the bayonet, all who may be found in it. By this means, we may secure this Popish Pretender, if it be as you say. If not, we may capture at least some of those Highland disturbers of the peace."

"And shall I win the promised reward, general—the promised reward?"

"Undoubtedly, and tacked thereto the curse of more than the half of Europe, while every hand in the Highlands will be itching to take you by the throat. Meanwhile, you shall stay here till this matter be ended."

"Here!" exclaimed Starvieston, as his shrunken limbs tottered with dismay; "here, said you, sir?"

"Yes—what the devil do you mean by repeating my words."

"But the Highlanders may storm the castle to rescue their Prince, and put ilka soul in't, to the edge o' the sword, as Argyle did at Dunavertie and Monk at Dundee."

"Let them try—let them try," responded Preston, grinding his toothless gums; "it has never been stormed yet, and 'sblood! it shan't be in George Preston's time. I have it—I have it," he muttered to himself; "one party shall march down the Castle Wynd to the foot of Donaldson's Close; another shall march to the Weigh-house, and blockade all the avenues to the High Street; thus every chance of escape will be cut off! Major Robertson shall see to it. Would that I could go with him—but this twinge of the gout—the thrice d—ned gout! And now, you sir—'tention! Zounds—what's your infernal name?"

"Starvieston, humbly at you honour's service.'

"And the devil's too, apparently. Well—you shall be kept close prisoner, till every man of my party return."

"Wherefore, gude, worthy general?"

"If it is a snare," said Preston, with a glare in his snake-like eyes, "a lure, merely to draw my men into the town, while those Highland savages assault the fortress, woe be unto you—woe! And if it is only a mistake—a failure——"

"It may be sae, gude general," urged the other piteously, "it may be, and through nae short comings o' mine."

"I care not the value of a brass bodle! if it is a failure," hissed the old man through his toothless gums. "I'll hang you owre the Half-moon Battery like a dog—yea hang you in the face of the whole city—by the God of my kindred, I shall! Call the sergeant of the guard!" he bellowed to his valet; and so closed an interview that completely deranged the nervous system of the acquisitive Mr. Jabez Starvieston.

The night closed in—another cloudy and moonless one. In the gloomy seclusion of the Black Hole, a vaulted chamber above the Portcullis (a place wherein the Duchess of Perth and Lady Strathallan pined for twelve weary months, after the battle of Culloden), Starvieston was left to his own not over-pleasant reflections, and the society of certain lively rats, which, by their scampering hither and thither, evidently considered him an intruder on their premises.

It may be imagined with what emotions, as the general's savage threat recurred to memory, he saw the regiment of Lascelles (at least that portion of it which was not at the battle of Preston), and the rest of the garrison, after carefully loading with ball cartridge, defiling silently, but with measured tramp, through the dark archway beneath his prison, and issuing upon that terrible errand which he had suggested, and the sequel to which he could not foresee; but alarm and utter dismay were in his craven soul. He wept, he

howled, he tore his scratch-wig and bit his long nails in the dark, and would gladly have forfeited all his chances of ill-gotten wealth by the sale of human blood, to have found himself once more at liberty and in safety on Luffness Muir, or the Links of North Berwick.

After the troops had departed, the barrier gates had been closed, and the guards were got under arms, so as to be ready for any emergency, no sound was heard in the vast fortress which overhung the silent city. There seemed a great hush —a preternatural stillness in the air of the autumn night—a strange quietness in and about everything; and amid it, in the darkness of his self-acquired prison, the trembling wretch, after the scared rats had departed, heard only the painful beating of his avaricious heart, as he pressed his throbbing temples against the rusty grating of the little window which still opens towards the far off hills of Fife.

Mr. Jabez Starvieston, like his protector and mentor, Mr. Reuben Balcraftie, had learned to quote Scripture most glibly; but now, in this his extreme tribulation, no text or prayer occurred to him; his soul was full of vague fear and loathing, and his tongue was loaded and tremulous with unuttered maledictions.

Dark as this poor wretch's own spirit was the blackness of the night without, and of the vault within; he was just in the act of commencing a

psalm in a shrill cracked voice, when a howl of terror escaped him, and he toppled down on his knees, for at that moment the explosion of musketry rang suddenly out upon the silence of the night in the city below, making the sentinels in their stone turrets at the angles of the ramparts peep out and listen; but all became still again.

Meanwhile Major Robertson, a brave and careful officer, who afterwards served with distinction at the battle of Val, divided his force, which consisted of some four hundred men, nearly the half of whom were the castle company, a veteran band which remained in existence until 1813, when their drums beat for the last time the old Scottish march, before the gates of the fortress.

One portion under a captain stealthily descended that steep and still picturesque alley known as the Castle Wynd, through a gate in the old town wall of 1450, and wheeling to the left, took possession of the foot of Donaldson's Close, placing a line of sentinels from thence towards the Candlemaker's Row, completely cutting off all chance of escape towards the south. They were without knapsacks, and all had the square skirts of their red coats buttoned back, to enable them to act with more freedom and activity; and there was not a man of Lascelles' Regiment but who burned to avenge the loss and capture of their colours at the late battle of Preston.

Under the Major, the remainder took possession

of the entrance to the close, and the upper end of the Bow, quite as effectually precluding all hope of escape to the northward.

The sentinels turned back all persons who approached in either direction the high, dark, steep and narrow street where the intended victims were. Few men were abroad at such an hour, for St. Giles's bell had tolled midnight; scarcely a light was seen in the houses, and the meagre oil lamps that were still lighted, occasionally, amid the confusion of the city affairs, the seizure of funds and flight of officials, were all extinguished by order of Major Robertson, thus adding greatly to the weird aspect of the great mansions of stone and timber that overshadowed the street.

So early as the time of James V., but more particularly during the Regency of his widow, Mary of Guise, the streets had been lit by lanterns, which burned from five till nine in the winter evenings. These were found so unsatisfactory, that in 1684 a lantern with a candle in it was ordered to be hung from the first story of every house from five till ten in autumn and winter, under a penalty of five marks Scots for each omission; and after the introduction of oil lamps in 1745, it was supposed that the *ne plus ultra* had been attained in Auld Reekie.

On the extinction of all the adjacent lamps by the soldiers, a solemn gloom involved all the streets and alleys about the West Bow, a thoroughfare of

which now little more remains than the lofty dwelling of Weir, the wizard, who perished at the stake some sixty years before the period of our story. It was a place abounding in quaint and antique mansions of the middle ages, beyond any other quarter of the city, and these presented the same striking aspect that they had done in the wild days of the Douglas wars, and the storm of the Reformation; and dark indeed were the traditions and the history of many of those old houses.

Their singular impending fronts, projecting on ponderous beams and grotesque corbels, piled story over story; their acute gables, dove-cot-like outshots, gloomy galleries and giant chimney stalks, all studded with white oyster shells; their dark vaults and profundities haunted by tales of ghosts, of human heads that dropped down the vents to grin and jabber on the hobs—sorrowful stories, too, of love and bloodshed; the deep *cul de sac,* where many a time and oft, in our "feudal rancours hot," a fugitive had to turn at bay and defend himself, sword in hand, or die; the vast height of some of the tenements, whereon the iron crosses that marked them as the property of the Knights of the Temple, and latterly of St. John of Jerusalem, crosses beyond the reach of reforming iconoclasts—all served to make this steep and winding street one of the most remarkable in Europe.

When partly demolished to make way for Vic-

toria Terrace, in many instances secret trap stairs, pannelled hiding places, blood spots, human bones and concealed swords and daggers, that had done murderous work in the lawless times of old, were brought to light.

Between the crimson curtains of the tall narrow windows of a mansion which overlooked the middle of this quaint street, the bright radiance of many wax candles from within, streamed athwart the gloom without. The sound of many voices rang out upon the night; elsewhere all the houses seemed sunk in silence and darkness, as their inmates most probably were, in slumber.

This mansion Major Robertson knew to be the residence of Archibald Stuart, the Lord Provost; it was of that kind which in Scotland is termed "self-contained," and entered from Donaldson's Close, the avenues to which were strictly guarded.

He posted forty men, with loaded muskets opposite those windows, with orders to shoot down or bayonet all who might attempt to escape by dropping therefrom with the aid of cords or curtains; and then he ordered the door to be at once assailed.

Immediately on this alarm being given, the lights in the house were extinguished; the sound of voices was instantly hushed within, and nothing was heard but the clatter of musket butts on the strong oak door of the Provost's beleagured mansion.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PROVOST'S SUPPER.

"Awa, whigs, awa—awa, whigs awa,
Ye are but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll ne'er do gude at a'!
Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
God help the day when Royal heads,
Are haunted like a mauken!"

Jacobite Song.

Some time prior to this, about the hour of nine in the evening, Sir John Mitchell, in his Life Guard uniform and baronet's decoration, an orange ribband and badge with St. Andrew's Cross and the royal arms of Scotland, accompanied by his friend Dalquharn, attired as we have already described, quitted the Laigh coffee-house, and proceeding up the broad Lawnmarket, where a few dim oil lamps were now lighted, presented themselves at the mansion of the chief magistrate, where they were admitted, on Sir John showing his card of invitation, and giving a secret password, agreed upon, to an usher, a young merchant of Edin-

burgh, named Roderick Mackenzie — of whom there is much more to relate anon. He was armed with broad sword and pistols, and led them into the house, which, says the local antiquary, Mr. Robert Chambers, "is of singular construction, and is as full of curious little rooms and concealed closets and trap-stairs, as any house that ever had the honour of being haunted."

Archibald Stuart, the Lord Provost, a pleasant looking little man, in a bright cherry-coloured suit of velvet, with a bobwig, huge ruffles, and his insignia of office, received them at the door of the apartment, which was not very large, so that it seemed to be crowded by the company already assembled.

"You are the last comer, Sir John," said his lordship; "his Highness, the Regent, is already here."

Dalquharn felt his heart stirred strangely by those words. It was something glorious to hear his long exiled prince thus spoken of by the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, even under the muzzles of the castle guns!

There was a subdued hum of voices; with the gaiety, of rich coats and vests of brilliantly coloured silk, velvet, or cloth of gold, sparkling orders and rich embroidery, for here the crosses of St. Louis hung side by side with those of the Thistle and Bath. There too, were bright, red, and green tartans, well-powdered wigs, of two or three obsolete

fashions (for the Scots then, as now, always adhered tenaciously to old modes), and the glitter of jewelled weapons, for all were fully armed with sword, dirk, and pistols.

The apartment in which they met would be considered much too small for such a titled assemblage in the present day; but what it lacked in size, it made up for in the comfort and richness of its furniture and decorations.

It was entirely wainscoted, even the ceiling was so, and, like the walls, was divided into deeply pannelled compartments, each containing a work of art—a landscape, fruit, flowers, nymphs and fairies—by the pencil of Norrie, a well-known fresco painter, who decorated thus most of the fine old houses of Edinburgh.

The mantlepiece of carved freestone, was lined with blue Delftware, that reflected the glow of the coal fire, which burned upon the hearth, between two grotesque iron dogs. The furniture of dark mahogany was massive, antique, and richly carved; but the leading feature was a very beautifully formed oak cabinet, little more than three feet high.

Surmounted by two magnificent china vases, each nearly five feet in height, it was a miracle of oak carving, and bore in each of the two pannels, into which its front was divided, the escutcheon of the sirname of Stuart, a fess checque, for the worthy Provost, though but a merchant in the Crames,

"was come o' gude kith and kin" (and what Scotsman is not?), and could reckon blood with the best in the land. Thus, his daughter Grizel was wedded to the Laird of Lees, in the Merse, as Sir Bernard Burke carefully records, and her descendants are now baronets of Great Britain.

Before this cabinet the Prince was standing, engaged in conversation with the Duke of Perth, the venerable Marquis of Tullybardine, sly old Simon, Lord Lovat, and one or two others, who wore clan-tartan truis, and short coats of the same material, but richly laced with gold. There too, was the frank, jovial, and convivial Lord Balmerino, in the blue and scarlet uniform of the Life Guard; and with him were the tall and stately Lochiel, and the venerable, the noble, and white-haired Keppoch, each in their home-spun clan tartans, with sporrans and cuarns (or shoes) made from the skins of the deer and goats, that ran wild on their own mountains.

The Duke of Perth, a lieutenant-general in the Highland army, looked handsome, brilliant, and animated; Tullybardine seemed careworn and full of thought, for the lines of age and anxiety were blended in his finely cut features; old Simon, of Lovat, looked fat, sleek, and sly—a kind of Dr. Johnson in the costume of a Celtic chief—with his head on one side, and a leer in his cunning eyes (just as we see him depicted in Hogarth's

famous portrait), while listening to some joke of the half-witted Earl of Kellie.

"In spite of a very delicate constitution," says Sir Robert Douglas, of Glenbervie, "the Duke of Perth underwent the greatest of fatigues, and was the first on every occasion of duty, where his head or his hands could be of use; bold as a lion in the field of battle, but ever merciful in the hour of victory! With a heart open to all the delicate feelings of humanity, those mild and gentle affections that peculiarly distinguish the brave, filled his breast with universal benevolence, made him attentive to relieve the calamities of the distressed, and put him always in remembrance that no distinction of party can blot out the character of MAN!"

Such was this noble peer who died an exile at the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, and was buried in charity by the English nuns of Antwerp.

Tall, fair, and slender, the young Prince seemed the most striking of that stately and picturesque group, of which a photograph (could such a thing have been taken then and preserved till now) would be priceless! He was leaning on his claymore, his right hand resting involuntarily on the star of the Thistle, that sparkled on his coat, which was of the white tartan, known as the dress-Stuart, and was thickly braided with silver. His clear blue eyes and fine aquiline features were full of animation, and his thick fair hair,

which had a ripple in it, like that of a young girl, was, as usual, queued simply with a knot of blue ribband, behind that stately head for which the so many thousand pounds were offered at every market cross in Britain and Ireland.

"There is a majesty doth hedge a king!"

Was it the sense of this, or rather the stirring memory of Scotland's terrible, but romantic, past —that story of a war for freedom, "red war that twenty ages round her blazed," which welled up in the heart of Lord Dalquharn, on suddenly finding himself almost face to face with the son of his exiled king—that gentle, unrepining, and uncrowned king—whom, from earliest infancy, he had been taught to view as the sole fountain of all British and Scottish honour, the representative of that right divine, in defence of which so many loyal and noble hearts have grown cold on the scaffold, and on the battle field!

Sublime but silly bubble! Though the Jacobites had Scripture for it, we can laugh at it now.

Loyalty, moreover, is a cheap commodity, when majesty is so often seen "hedged" simply by the prosaic police; and when happily no axe, or cord, or line of battle need be faced on British ground. We may be loyal to our heart's core; but thank Heaven, the terrible *tests* that made loyalty like martyrdom, and rendered a belief in the old Scot-

tish regal line, second only to a belief in Heaven itself, can no longer be applied.

Just as Sir John Mitchell took his friend by the hand, the Lord Provost, who had been looking over his guests, exclaimed, with sudden perturbation,

"My lords and gentlemen, there is present one person more than the number invited. We are twenty-two, including His Royal Highness—instead of twenty-one. Pardon me for having counted you; but——"

"One too many! And who is this person?" exclaimed the Duke of Perth, with a hand on one of his pistols.

"'Tis my friend the Lord Dalquharn, whom I take this—the earliest—opportunity of presenting to your Royal Highness," said Mitchell, leading forward his friend, who knelt and kissed the hand of the Prince.

"Dalquharn—Lord Dalquharn of the Holm—who escaped from the Bass Rock!" muttered all present, crowding round, while a murmur of congratulation and applause greeted him; for all their party remembered vividly the loyalty, the genuine Scottish patriotism, of his father, and the bitter wrongs he had endured at the hands of a servile ministry.

"Dalquharn, my dear friend, and my father's most faithful adherent!" exclaimed the Prince,

as he shook his hand, and placed an arm caressingly on his shoulder.

"I sincerely trust that I have not incommoded you, my Lord Provost, and more especially your Royal Highness, by presenting my young friend here?" said Sir John Mitchell.

"My worthy friend, Sir John," replied the Prince, shaking his hand with great cordiality, and smiling with that singular mixture of kindness and condescension which he peculiarly possessed, "be assured that I am not easily incommoded now. Adversity is the great school for kings and for kings' sons too; and I have fully learned to make the most of time and of all things; and to appreciate the maxim of the Grand Monarque—'*L'exactitude c'est la politesse des Rois.*'"

A folding door was now opened, and a hot, steaming, and plentiful supper-table, glittering with massive plate, quaintly cut crystal, and attended by eight valets in the royal livery, each with a brace of pistols in his girdle, could be seen in a handsome tapestried room beyond.

For obvious and politic reasons, none of the ladies of the Provost's household were present; and when the Prince inquired for them, his Lordship, laughingly, reminded him that a woman's tongue had caused the loss of Edinburgh castle in the Rising of 1715.

"You shall sit near me, my Lord Dalquharn.

I must hear all about your escape from the Bass Rock, which seems to be like the Bastille of St. Antoine, the castle of Loches, or that on the Isle of Sainte Marguerite—quite a devil of a place, in fact!" said the Prince, as the supper party seated themselves with strict accordance to rank, the Provost having his royal guest on his right, and old Keppoch on his left, the Duke of Perth declining that place, and saying, laughingly, that "any king might make a peer, but that God alone could make a Celtic chief."

"The vacant troop of the Life Guard must be yours, Dalquharn," said Charles Edward.

"Vacant, I fear, through the single-heartedness of one who has ever preferred others to himself."

"You will see to this to-morrow, Perth?"

The Duke bowed to the Prince, and made a memorandum in his note-book.

The supper party consisted exactly of twenty-two, including the host and Dalquharn, and a jovial band they were, who pushed the flasks of port, sherry, claret, brandy, and usquebaugh rapidly round the board.

Some were there, young, noble, and gallant in bearing as the Prince himself, full of the romance, the gaiety, and enthusiasm of life, and of the cause in which they were all embarked for weal or woe, hopeful, with their good broadswords, "to cut a passage to the British throne."

Others were there, old cavaliers, like Tullybar-

dine, Keppoch, and Mitchell, whose youth had long since gone; whose brows were marked by the lines of deep thought; who had endured years of exile, with its consequent penury and humiliation; whose hearts were full of gravity (even when they laughed with the loudest), full of memories of the devoted dead, and of the dangers they had dared together; who had laid their nearest and dearest in foreign graves, or been compelled to abandon them unburied, to the kite and the wolf, on the battle-fields lost by the shores of the Rhine and the Vistula.

"We have at last resolved on war, my Lord Dalquharn," said the Prince; "a war that shall win, I hope, the approving smiles of certain bright eyes, now far away in France. To the Black Eyes, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, draining a glass of wine; "to the Black Eyes!"

"To the Black Eyes!" exclaimed all present, imitating his example; for this toast was known to be dedicated to the Princess of the House of Bourbon, by whom, in the end, this poor young prince was fooled, deluded, and made a mere tool, to further the wars and wiles of France.

"Yes," he resumed, "we are now bent on war —the last argument of kings!"

"*Ratio ultima Regum*—an old inscription I have often read on French field-pieces," said Tullybardine.

"Alas! that it should be civil war!" exclaimed

the Prince; "but, to punish usurpation, what other course was left us?"

"Allow me to congratulate your Royal Highness on your recent glorious victory at Preston. I heard of it in the solitude of my prison on yonder terrible rock."

"Good, my Lord: it cut me to the heart when I saw the poor Red Coats so slaughtered there, even as when I saw them borne down, in rout and disorder, before the Irish bayonets at Fontenoy. I could not but remember how, when my father the king served with the army under the Marechal Duc de Vendome, thousands of the British troops then serving in the field 'recovered' their arms, and cheered—cheered him even in the ranks of France! I can assure you, Lord Dalquharn, that on that day at Preston, my heart, in the moment of victory, bled for the vanquished, even as that of my royal grandsire did when he saw the slaughter of the soldiers at the Boyne, and cried, 'Oh, spare my English subjects!' It was but the same sentiment that made his bosom fill with triumph, when, a spectator and in exile, he saw his own English sailors—whom he had led so often to victory—conquerors at La Hogue. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, full of admiration and regret, when he saw the French fleet in flames, 'none but my brave English tars could have performed an action so gallant!' You have doubtless," continued the Prince after a pause, "heard of the arrest of Sir

Baldred Otterburn, and Miss Bryde too—an arrest perpetrated on Scottish soil by Dutch troops? But we shall make those same Dutchmen smart for their interference in our affairs, when we take the high road for England!"

"When I was made a prisoner," said Dalquharn, hurriedly, to conceal the flush that crossed his face on hearing Bryde's name, "I was compelled to destroy the sword with which your Royal Highness honoured me, to save it from pollution by ignoble hands."

"A sword—did I give you one?"

"Yes," replied Dalquharn, a little mortified, "when we last parted—"

"*Vrai—mon dieu—vrai!*" exclaimed Charles, who often used French; "I forgot, and am perpetually forgetting, my dear Dalquharn. Kings have short memories—is it not so, Perth—thus the failing must descend to princes, who are the sons of kings, though our intrusive friend, the Elector, might dispute the proposition. Take this claymore, my lord," said the gracious Prince, unbuckling a handsome steel-hilted broadsword, and presenting it to Dalquharn; "'twill make amends; I had it as a gift from old Glenbucket himself."

Dalquharn bowed low, kissed the hilt and appended the weapon to his belt.

"You have heard, no doubt," Charles resumed, while his blue eyes sparkled with indignation

slightly mingled with drollery, "of the handsome sum offered for my head by the authorities in London?"

"I have so heard, your highness—yea, with shame and just resentment!"

Old Keppoch twisted up his silvery white moustache, which he had reddened in a goblet of claret, and muttered something fiercely in the spirit of the Celtic song, which says bitterly,

"We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
We hate the Norman men—
Their cursed greed for blood and gain,
And curse them now again!"

"They offer more for my head than for taking me alive! It says much for the generosity of my German cousin, the Elector; but such lack of common honour and humanity, suits better the latitude of Herrenhausen, than that of Holyrood. Had the king, my father," he added, sternly, "perished by the hand of the hired assassin at Nonancourt, I had not been here as his regent to-day, in our ancient capital of Scotland."

"God's wrath! and that dark plot," said the Duke of Perth, with a sombre frown on his fine dark face, "was alike worthy of its inventors—the Elector George I. and that base Scottish Earl, who was afterwards his ambassador at Paris."

"True," added Lord Lovat, who with his ser-

viette was carefully wiping and returning to their places, the knife and fork of his dirk; "but we should remember that the family which abetted King William in the massacre of Glencoe, and the torture of the poor Englishman Payne, is fit for anything. And who fears to speak of them? Sirs, know we not the Dalrymples of Stair?"

An angry but approving murmur went round the table, and more than one hand touched with grim significance the hilt of a dirk or the butt of a pistol.

With what stern satisfaction would the Jacobites have contemplated the retribution, which, on a Sunday in September, 1866, fell on poor George V., the good and amiable King of Hanover, when he futilely "protested to the cabinets of Europe, against the annexation of his cherished and historic kingdom, by William I. of Prussia. His majesty having made the ordinary appeal of *right against might*, awaits the future with full trust in the justice of his cause, and holds to a firm hope that Heaven will not fail to end the intrigues, dishonesty and violence, whereby so many estates, along with Hanover, have been made the victims."

Such were identically the words used over and over again by the House of Stuart and its devoted adherents in their day; but Hanover proved

stronger than Heaven in the end; at least, to the Jacobites it seemed so.

Aware that Bryde Otterburn and Sir Baldred were in the hands of the authorities beyond the Border, Dalquharn was most anxious to learn when the rash and desperate idea of an advance into England, was to take place, but could gather no information on the subject from those around him, and he had not boldness to enquire of the Prince personally. Indeed, the intended movements and the line of march to be adopted by the different columns of the little army, were wisely kept, as yet, a profound secret.

The conversation was lively and unrestrained, and the hopes and high enthusiasm of all increased as the wine ebbed in the decanters, which were replenished repeatedly, and the convivial Lord Balmerino, at the request of the Prince, was just about to sing a stirring party song, and to mix a bowl of whiskey punch, in the manufacture of which he excelled, when the clatter of musket butts was suddenly heard at the street door, and the clamour of voices, loudly and authoritatively demanding admittance!

All started to their feet and changed colour; each man looked inquiringly into his neighbour's face, and then all turned to Prince Charles Edward, who, sternly composed and resolute, drew his sword and dirk, an example instantly followed by his officers.

The poor Provost was pale with terror and rage, and his eyes were full of tears, lest a suspicion of treason to the Prince should fall upon him.

"Betrayed—discovered—lost!" exclaimed the Duke of Perth, priming his pistols anew.

"Oh *infandum!*" cried Lord Lovat, who was fond of using Latin; but he added with a terrible oath in Gaelic, "the street is full of red-coats!"

Dalquharn looked from the nearest window, and there, sure enough, was a party of Lascelles' Regiment, in their three-cornered hats and white cross-belts, their loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, with the sergeants' halberts and officers' spontoons all glittering in the light which streamed from the windows of that room they were ordered to watch.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CABINET.

"Oh pardon me that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf?"

Henry IV.—Part I.

Roderick Mackenzie, the young Highlander who acted as usher, now rushed in with his face livid, and his eyes blazing with rage, to announce that the Close was full of soldiers, and that every avenue was beset!

"Sirs, extinguish all the lights save one," said the Provost; "I shall in person confront those who dare thus to assault my house."

"Stand by me, my lords and gentlemen," said the Prince; "for by my hopes of a heavenly rather than of an earthly crown, and by the souls of all my royal forefathers, I shall never be taken alive!"

"Nor I—nor I—nor I;" exclaimed all; "we shall die with your Royal Highness!"

In the glorious enthusiasm of that terrible moment, the desire to fight for and die for his Prince, Dalquharn almost forgot Bryde Otterburn, or remembered only what she would feel, on hearing that his name might go down to posterity in the records of Scottish devotion, like that of a daughter of his house, Catherine Douglas, "the tender and true," who thrust her delicate arm into the iron staple from which the bolt had secretly been removed by the regicides of James I.

"Keep together, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "we have each a life to give for Scotland and the son of King James VIII."

Old Lord Lovat with a cynical smile, felt the edge of his claymore (as coolly as, ere dying, he felt the edge of the headsman's axe), and muttered

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

He foresaw not the time, when on Tower Hill, eighteen months afterwards, he would smilingly quote the same line from his favourite Horace, within five minutes of his execution and eternity.

Meanwhile the thunder of musket butts on the door continued, and the windows of the dark and narrow close were filled with the night-capped heads and excited faces of startled sleepers, who

peered fearfully and anxiously out to learn the cause of a disturbance so unusual.

"Mackenzie—Roderick Mackenzie," exclaimed the Provost, gathering courage in his desperation, "the cabinet — remember, the cabinet— see to it on your life and reputation. Please your Royal Highness, and all of you gentlemen, to trust my friend, while I confront those red-coated rebels of the king!"

The door of the Provost's house was of great strength and was secured by a complication of those numerous bolts, locks, and chains, which were so necessary for safety in the olden time. It successfully resisted the united efforts of several musket-butts, so several bullets were discharged at it, in the region where the lock was supposed to be; but in reality its chief strength lay in a massive bar of oak which was simply drawn across it, the ends being received into the stone wall, for a foot or so in depth on each side.

After the half-bewildered Provost thought that a sufficient time had elapsed, he withdrew this bar, and with a branch candlestick in his hand, confronted the assailants, among whom he immediately recognized an officer, by his sash and gorget, as well as by a spontoon which he carried.

"Who are you, sir, that dare to assault my house at this untimeous hour?" he demanded sternly.

"I am Major Robertson of Lascelles' Foot,"

replied the other cocking his hat fiercely forward. "Blood and wounds, you have kept us waiting a precious time, rascal!"

"Passing your oaths and injurious epithet with the contempt they merit," said the Provost calmly, "I demand your warrant, sir, for this outrage?"

"This is my warrant, sirrah—the blade of my sword," replied this ferocious field officer, drawing his hanger, "there are graven the crown and the King's cypher, G.R., enough forsooth for a pitiful trencher-scraping citizen and suspected tory."

"Zounds sir, this is intolerable! By whose orders are you committing this act of housebreaking, forcible haimsücken and felony?"

"Those of Lieutenant General Preston, who will be answerable therefor."

"He *shall!*" said the Provost, sternly, still barring entrance by standing in the narrow doorway, "know you not, sir, that by virtue of my office, I am Lord Provost, Lord Lieutenant, and High Sheriff of the capital of Scotland, Admiral of the Forth, Colonel of the City Guard, and City Regiment—that all civil and military authority within the gates and walls, are vested in my person, and that in resisting me, you violate the law?"

"The law be d—ned and carbonadoed, too!" roared the Major, "when the drum beats the voice of the law is dumb."

"Alas—it would seem so."

"You are in gala costume my Lord Provost; but that cherry-coloured suit scarcely becomes so white a face, and not white without reason I warrant me! Harkee—in short, without further palaver or delay, we happen to know that you, who by a treasonable collusion, surrendered the city to the rebels and their mock prince, have now that person within your house, and we demand his body in the King's name, dead or alive—'Sblood! dead or alive!"

"Such an errand ill becomes one who bears the sirname of Clan Donnoquhy."

"That is my affair, sir—not yours; now make way, or I'll whip you through the body. Soldiers, guard well the door—bayonet all who may attempt to escape; follow me twelve of you, and we shall unkennel this cur of St. Peter."

The Provost was roughly thrust aside by the Major, whose patience the parley had exhausted, and whose party rushed all over the house to the great terror of its inmates, making a noisy and vigorous search. The debris of the supper, the half-finished decanters, the extinguished wax lights, the overturned chairs, some stray gloves, a cockade or so, of white silk ribband, were found; but not another vestige of the guests—all had vanished!

Beds were viciously bayonetted; pannels were pricked by halberts and perforated by bullets;

carpets were torn up and the floors examined and sounded; shots were fired up the chimneys, and after an hour's most careful investigation, the Major, who had a great desire to arrest the Provost, but feared to do so, was compelled to draw off his men, declare himself baffled, and return somewhat crestfallen to his ferocious old commander in the castle. There the latter was still seated in his wheel-chair, crutch in hand, awaiting the triumphant capture of the Popish Pretender, who long ere that time, with all his devoted friends, was safe on his way to Holyrood.

The quaint cabinet in the Provost's dining-room has been described as a miracle of carving, but little more "than three feet high, and any not acquainted with the arcana of ancient houses, would suppose it to be a cupboard; but under this modest and unassuming disguise, it concealed a thing of no less importance and interest than a trapstair!"

Conducted by Roderick Mackenzie through this secret avenue of escape, Prince Charles Edward and his titled friends, reached the lower end of the West Bow, unseen and in safety, and traversing the spacious and silent extent of the Grass-market, ascended the steep and narrow street named the Vennel, under the shadow of the wall and bastile-houses of the old city fortifications, and from thence, by a detour near the

Burgh-loch and Pleasance, reached the Palace of Holyrood in safety.

But all who were present that night at Provost Stuart's supper, had long reason to remember it, and their narrow escape from a sudden, and perhaps inglorious death!

There was one other personage, who had exceeding good reason to remember the adventures that night—to wit, Mr. Jabez Starvieston.

By Major Robertson's report of what he had seen, there could be no doubt than an entertainment had taken place in the house of the Jacobite provost; but *how* his guests had escaped, was beyond the field officer's comprehension.

"Hah—Gad's mercy, and so they, and more particularly he, have given you all the slip—eh?" said Preston, grinding his toothless gums.

"Yes, sir, 'Sdeath, I don't understand it at all."

"But I do—the house must have a secret escape which you have overlooked. Very glad on't—very glad! Egad, as I'm a gentleman and bear the King's commission, Robertson, an old Williamite whose zeal for the Protestant succession, no scoundrel would dare to doubt, I should not like to have that young man's blood upon my old head, as Assynt had the blood of Montrose, as Argyle had the blood of King Charles! But that infamous reptile Starvieston who set us on this foul scent—"

"What shall we do with him?"

"He came hither in hopes of gaining thirty thousand pounds. Strap him to the halberts in the castle butts, and let the stoutest drummer in your regiment give him thirty lashes, laid on by tap of drum too; that will be one lash for every thousand he expected, and then trundle him out of the castle."

This was literally done, just as grey daylight was breaking, and despite the shrieks, prayers and blasphemies of Starvieston, he had thirty lashes, and one into the bargain, well laid on his bare and meagre back, by a sturdy drummer of the 47th; and feeling somewhat as if he had a ton of scalding lead between his shoulders he crawled forth from the gate of that hated castle, amid the jeers of the guard, breathing vengeance and actions of damages, for false imprisonment, assault and battery to the effusion of his precious blood; and with his lacerated person, his blighted hopes and his wrongs, he betook himself, by the first waggon from the White Horse Cellar, back to his native region of North Berwick, there to lay his outrages and sufferings at the feet of his mentor, Provost Balcraftie, whose faithfully attached drudge, toady and factotum, he had been through life.

Preston reaped nothing from his zeal for the House of Hanover; he was soon after discarded, and died at his house in Fifeshire, forgotten, unrewarded and in obscurity.

The Lord Provost was long and severely prosecuted for his share in those affairs. The poor man was conveyed as a felon to the Tower of London, but was sent home again to Edinburgh for trial before the Supreme Courts as a traitor, and narrowly—for Scotland teemed with time-servers—escaped with his life, after the ruin of his health and fortune.*

* Patronised however, by the English Jacobites, he became afterwards a Banker in London, where he realised a large fortune.—*Kay's Edinburgh Portraits.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRINCE'S COURT.

"Oh Scotland! realm of old renown,
Thou land of later wonder,
Pilgrims shall come to hail thy light,
Whom widest oceans sunder.

"I love to shape thy martial air,
When the foiled Roman found thee!
But dearer art thou to the soul,
With songs' broad halo round thee."

Washington Irving.

From this night forward, the time of Lord Dalquharn was amply occupied, but chiefly in the camp at Duddingstone with the completion of that troop of the Life Guards to which he had been appointed.

All agreed that he was one of the most brilliant and distinguished looking men about the court. His figure was tall and round; his features were classically regular; his eyes a clear blue, with a calm, enquiring, but somewhat determined expression in them now, and his hair, as already described, was very fair. He was a graceful horseman, and was expert alike in the use of his sword

and pistol; he rode well and boldly, shone in every species of dance, the minuet de la cour especially, and was king of the Tennis Court at the Girth Cross.

In a paper, written evidently in the hand-writing of Sir John Mitchell, "the order and ranking of His Royal Highness, y^e^ Prince Regents, Life Guard of Horse," is given thus, at this period.

"First troop; David Lord Elcho, K.C.B., Captain.
Second „ Arthur Lord Balmerino, K.C.B., Captain.
Third „ Henry Lord Dalquharn, K.C.B., Captain.
Fourth „ Sir J. Mitchell, Bart., of Pitreavie and y^t^ Ilk., K.C.B., Captain."

The poor Prince would seem to have bestowed the order of the Bath on all the leaders of troops.

Many of the cavalier bucks who joined those guards were in but indifferent circumstances, the result of the impoverishment and ruin that had fallen upon their families by adherence to a falling cause, but chiefly to the rising of 1715, in which so many estates were forfeited, and twelve of Scotland's noblest peers lost their titles. Many there were too, upon whose constitutions riotous days and nights, and the recklessness of foreign camps, where they sought to drown the recollection of all they had lost, now told severely.

Their costume was generally somewhat dilapidated and they criticised each other's appearance freely, even at the risk of measuring swords, for most of them were out of pocket, and all ripe and

ready for anything that would further the good old cause. Sir John Mitchell's faded green frock was ridiculed by the Laird of Bowhill, who appeared in blue velvet with tarnished silver; and Dalquharn's queued hair was quizzed by the Lord Dunkeld, who could boast of a court peruke, and a somewhat out-at-elbow green and gold suit; and whose attainted father, after being killed in the French service, left him in penury, with an only sister who found a refuge from it, as a nun in the Val de Grace at Paris. All were free and funny in their remarks, at the ordinary which was their usual rendezvous; but after a time, thanks to the corporation of tailors, all erelong appeared in the blue, scarlet and gold lace of the Life Guards, with feather bound hats and long jack-boots, so called still, from their resemblance to a jack or long black leather stoup.

Lord Elcho, captain of the first troop, ultimately forfeited the inheritance of his father's title and estates, which were "conveyed" past him to his younger brother James. His grandfather was vice-admiral of Scotland, and the fiery old lord, whom Dean Swift mentions in a letter, written in 1733 to Francis Grant of Cullen, as being in the habit of firing cannon on the Dutch fishermen, unless they brought to his castle of Wemyss a sufficient tribute of fish—the best they caught in Scottish waters.

Lord Balmerino, the captain of the second

troop was a man of undoubted courage, spirit and resolution, and was a trained cavalry officer, having served in the wars of Queen Anne, as a captain in the Scots Greys.

The five-hundred guineas given by Sir Baldred to Sir John Mitchell, a sum worth more than double then, what it would be now) had been most judiciously laid out by him; thus the troops raised for himself and Dalquharn, fully èqualled those of Elcho and Balmerino, and a brave and hopeful show, the squadrons made, when occasionally they drew up in front of Holyrood, with their swords glittering in the sunshine, their crimson guidons waving in the wind and all their trumpets sounding.

Dalquharn was presented by Lord Elcho, with a fine black horse, which was so fleet of foot, that it had borne at its neck for three consecutive years, the Paisley Bell, which was given by King William the Lion, to be run for yearly at the Lanark races, where, unto this day, it is the yearly guerdon of the winning horse.

Cumberland's legions, English, Dutch, Swiss and Hessian, were gathering like a thunder-cloud in the south; but little heed was taken of that by the Jacobite party at Edinburgh, who fondly flattered themselves, that all the north of England, more than half of London, and certainly the Welsh, would rise in their favour, the moment the Prince crossed the Scottish border.

Vain delusion!

Meanwhile in the grey metropolis of the north, time seemed to have gone almost to the middle ages; the present—the sour, prosaic, phlegmatic and Calvinistic present—had fled, and the romantic past had come again in all its warlike bravery and with all its wild enthusiasm!

A Stuart—a handsome and gallant young prince of the people's own Scottish blood, one with whom every plaided shepherd on the green hills of Appin or those of Ardvoirlich could count kindred—was again in Holyrood; and again as in the days of James Duke of Albany and York, when the Princesses Anne and Mary gave balls and drums and tea-parties, there were assemblages of sedans and chariots gorgeous with gildings and heraldry, liverymen with sword and cane, linkmen with torches and flambeaux that nightly shed a glare on the old towers that had seen Rizzio's bloody corpse, buried under cloud of night, before the Abbey door of the Holy Cross, and Mary dragged a weeping captive to Loch-leven; and there too, were glittering crowds of gentlemen, with square-skirted coats, embroidered vests, swords and perriwigs; and tall old ladies (fearless in their loyalty,) in tub-fardingales and nithsdale hoods—dames who, for half a century, had nightly prayed for that event, which had now come to pass.

In the Palace courts and corridors were seen

the liveries, and heard the names of those whose memory and whose devotion are embalmed in history now; the Duke of Perth, the Earl of Mar, Tullybardine and Strathallan, Elcho and Balmerino, Dundee, Dunkeld and Dalquharn; and on guard at the same pillared porch, where now our soldiers of the line tread hourly to and fro, were to be seen the bearded veterans of Sheriffmuir and Glenshiel.

On those nights when the Prince held a levee or reception, in the long gallery of the kings of Scotland, these sturdy, grave and keen-eyed sons of the Gael were posted with their Lochaber axes in the corridors. They still claimed the privilege of being Charles's special body guard, or *Leine Chrios,* and viewed with a little jealousy the Lord Elcho's jack-booted guardsmen, who stood under the archways, carbine in hand, and had as yet a bearing more like yoemanry cavalry than like that of Her Majesty's Oxford Blues.

On the reception nights the scenes at the Palace were rendered singularly picturesque, by the component parts of the Prince's army and retinue. In chandeliers of crystal, hundreds of wax lights shed a brilliance on the long and usually sombre walls of the gallery of the kings, where the grotesque and imaginary portraits of Jacob de Witt's production, that bring something of ridicule upon those of Vandyke and Lely, looked down on the fair and splendid throng which pressed about the

Prince. Many of those portraits were now garlanded with real or artificial flowers, among which the Thistle, the White Rose, and the Lilies of France were conspicuous, especially those of James VII. and his queen, Mary Beatrix d'Este of Modena.

The varied costumes, the flowers, lights and music, the splendid toilets and brilliant beauty of many of the ladies—for the noblest and best blood of the land were in the Prince's train—the gallant air and remarkable equipment of many of the Highlanders who had come from remote glens in the far north, with Lochiel, Keppoch or Glengarry, all produced an effect upon the long-secluded prisoner of the Bass, that was certainly quite bewildering.

On those occasions the Prince always appeared with the insignia of the Garter, and the broad blue ribband which he wore was long afterwards preserved by Veitch of Bowhill (a gentleman who rode in Dalquharn's troop), and since whose death it has been placed among the Jacobite relics of the Scottish antiquarians: and nightly by the side of Charles stood Cluny MacPherson, captain of the clan Chattan, a splendid specimen of the old Highland chief, as heritable royal swordbearer, carrying the sword given to his ancestor by James V., with the single word Jesus graven on its blade.

Amid these gay scenes Dalquharn was generally sad and abstracted, for Bryde Otterburn was ever

present in his mind, which yearned to know where she was, and how circumstanced, and *how*, it was fortunate, he could little imagine!

"'Tis thirty years since I last saw so many white cockades on Scottish ground, and that was when my Lord of Mar was in the field," said Lord Dunkeld.

"Thirty years," repeated Graham of Duntroon, a stern-looking young man, who was titular viscount of Dundee; "ah me, sirs! since those days in 1715, how many a loyal heart has grown cold, and how many a brave mountain warrior has gone to his last long sleep, beside the silent cairn, without the joy of witnessing a triumph such as this!"

"Gad, my lords," exclaimed the cheerful Sir John Mitchell, "when I served in the Scotch-Dutch—served for guilders rather than glory—I thought nothing could surpass the frauleins of Amsterdam, or the belles Bruxellaises——"

"But now you find them beaten hollow by the dames of the Cannongate and Blackfriars' Wynd—is it not so?" struck in Lovat (who was a sad old rake), as he proffered his rappee box of Sèvres china: "I vow and protest that the white taper arms, the bright eyes and blooming cheeks we see here would warm even old King David's blood—eh!"

"Shame on you, my Lord Lovat," said Lady Strathallan, a tall but passé belle in diamonds and

powder, tapping him with her fan, as she swept past, attended by her two daughters, who were both celebrated for their beauty.

"Excuse me, noble Madame," said the old Lord, bowing low, with his hand on his heart; "but, as the old rhyme says—

'He was never cut out
For a court that's devout,'

so neither am I, Simon Frazer. Among such loveliness the heart flies to the head. Lady Amelia, your most humble and devoted servant—my Lady Mary, yours. Ah, Lady Strathallan, as my friend Horace hath it, '*Laudantur simili prole puerperæ*,' &c.—

'The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.'"

And without understanding his meaning, the young girls passed blushing onward, believing that whatever Lord Lovat said must be something wicked, of course.

It was at one of these receptions that Dalquharn incidentally heard Lord Elcho mention, that among the wounded officers of the king's forces, lying in the Infirmary of the city, there was one of the Kentish Buffs named Captain Marmaduke Wyvil, concerning the care of whom Bryde's friend, Lady Haddington, had written him a letter.

The sound of his name brought back a tumult of emotion, of almost forgotten mortification, rage

and unmerited shame in the heart of Dalquharn. He resolved to visit this officer on the first opportunity, to have an explanation with him on the subject of Talbot Egerton's death, a crime which he now resolved to punish with his own hand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAGRIN.

"No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?" *Measure for Measure.*

Leaving his quarters in the Laigh Coffeehouse, early next forenoon, Lord Dalquharn proceeded by the Bristo Porte to a great building still known as the Royal Infirmary, which had been recently erected in a large open space near the site of the ancient Black Friary, and immediately within a portion of the second, or outer city wall, which was erected after the battle of Flodden.

It is a huge edifice, four stories high, perforated with numerous windows, having projecting wings and an elaborate front, in the centre of which our Jacobite officer recognised, through its laurel wreath and Roman costume, a statue of George II., a statue which he hoped ere long to see cast down like a false idol, and replaced by another.

In this building were all the wounded officers and soldiers of Sir John Cope's army, who had

been conveyed hither in carts from the field of Preston. There the most eminent practitioners of the city attended them daily and nightly, and among the foremost in that work of charity and humanity, in which the sons of Esculapius are generally conspicuous, was Dr. Archibald Cameron, who accompanied the clan regiment of his brother Lochiel as a surgeon—a mild, amiable, and irreproachable gentleman, who was arrested, and most barbarously executed in London, as a rebel, *ten* years after the battle of Culloden, and whose fate excited the sympathy of nearly all England, which is saying a good deal in 1745, as the said Doctor was "a pestilent Scot."

The Prince was unremitting in his care and anxiety for the wounded soldiers of the Line, who had fallen into his hands. In a letter written to his father on the night after the battle, the reflection that his victory had been obtained over Englishmen, says Charles, had thrown a great damp over him, and he adds,

"I am in great difficulties how to dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of the church, it will be looked upon as a great profanation. * * * * * Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men lie in the streets; and if I can do no better, I will make a hospital of the palace, and leave it to them."*

* Hist Scot., vol. ii. p. 928.

Who can compare these sentiments with those which inspired the horrors subsequent to Culloden, and marvel that to this hour, the name of Cumberland is execrated by every just and generous heart in the Highlands?

In the quadrangle, several soldiers who had undergone amputation, and were recovering, were seated on benches in the autumn sunshine, smoking and chatting hopefully, perhaps of their chances of Chelsea and a pension; and these poor fellows made efforts to rise and salute Dalquharn civilly as he passed them, for they could not forget how tenderly the active Highlanders cared for their wants after the battle, and supplied them with bread, wine, and ale, which they procured at Port Seton, and brought to the field for the sustenance and relief of the sufferers.

Conducted by a nurse, through many great wards and long corridors, and past several rooms, the doors of which bore labels such as these: "Lee's Foot—six wounded officers;" "Lascelles' Foot—sixteen wounded officers," he was ushered into an airy, lofty, and white-washed apartment, which was minus a carpet, but was scrupulously neat and clean. The windows of it faced the west, and he could see the quaint, low, rambling buildings which formed the old University of Edinburgh, with the brown autumn woods of Lauriston, and the turrets and vanes of Heriot's Hospital shining in the distance.

A regimental cocked hat, considerably battered and broken, a brigadier wig, a red coat, somewhat stained by blood, &c., hung on pegs close by a bed, whereon lay Captain Wyvil, of the Buffs, propped up by pillows, with an ample white cotton night-cap on his closely-shorn head, and several books and newspapers (brought by his nurse and doctor), littered round him.

He was pale and thin, for he had received a sword-cut in the left arm, a bullet in his right thigh, and had lost much blood, before he had been found, almost expiring under a hedge near Bankton House, into which he was borne in the sturdy arms of Gillies Macbane.

An old friend, Sergeant Tony Teesdale, who had been also wounded, but was now convalescent, was in attendance upon the Captain, who surveyed with a somewhat doubtful expression of face (wherein a species of sneer was blended with haughty surprise), the blue and scarlet uniform of the visitor, who now approached his bed, hat in hand, and said, while lifting his trooper's sword to prevent it jarring the floor,

"Your servant, Captain Wyvil—I am truly glad to perceive that you are in a fair way of recovery."

"Captain Douglas—if my eyes do not deceive me?"

"Lord Dalquharn—I find that I must introduce myself again," said the other, smiling;

"times have changed with us, Captain Wyvil—the Prince Regent is now in Holyrood."

"And what may be your—your lordship's business with *me?*" asked Wyvil, coldly and languidly, as he closed the book he had been reading; "not to offer me the command of a regiment under that misguided young gentleman, I hope?"

"No, Captain Wyvil, though a time may come, when you will be glad to accept of it."

"Never, sir—'Sdeath! what do you take me for," said the other, with growing irritation, "and what do you want?"

"You cannot have forgotten our residence together at Auldhame, and certain events that occurred while we were there?" observed Dalquharn, with an air of annoyance.

"Gadamercy, sir, I am not likely to forget anything connected with my sojourn in this infernal country," replied the captain, "especially with a leg and an arm such as these to remind me of it."

"Those who dislike the country should keep out of it—the remedy is easy."

"Well, sir—my lord, I mean—to the point?"

"I told you, Captain Wyvil, that within three months, I hoped to be at full liberty to explain to you, how basely your friend and brother officer, Mr. Egerton, was assassinated, almost in my presence, by a subtle villain, named Balcraftie."

"Balcraftie—one of your psalm-singing Scotch

pharisees—what—how—he, the magistrate—the Bailie?"

"The same, sir."

"And he assassinated poor Egerton?"

"For some reason best known to himself, and sought to fix the stigma on me. Having discovered my name, rank, and purpose here, on the Prince's secret service, he made his own safety the price of mine. Him I dared not denounce, lest in turn he should denounce me, and hand over to the merciless government, certain papers and letters, of which he had possessed himself, together with the cypher thereto—letters which would have jeopardised the estates, titles, and lives of the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Elcho, and of many of the gallant and devoted gentlemen who are now in arms, together with my own. I could not *then* tell you all this, as I tell it to you now, sir. In three months, if my memory serves me rightly, I promised that all should be explained; but I was made prisoner and shut up in the castle of the Bass, and hence found it impossible to communicate with you, especially after the recent battle of Preston, as I knew not where you were—whether in England, or a prisoner of war in Athole."

"You were shut up in the castle of the Bass," said Wyvil, with increasing coldness of manner. "On what charge, pray?"

"Alleged treason to the Elector of Hanover."

"You mean King George, I presume?"

"I mean what I say."

"Was there no other crime inferred?" asked the captain, fixing a keen and stern glance on Dalquharn's face; "was there no other crime?"

The hot blood rushed to Dalquharn's temples, and then left him deadly pale; there was a tingling in his ears, and an angry clamour about his heart; but ere he could reply, the captain spoke again.

"I read in a newspaper—the 'Evening Courant,' I think——"

"A vile organ of the government!"

"Well—that you had been sent to the Bass by the magistrates of North Berwick (chiefly by the instrumentality of Bailie Balcraftie), 'for the wilful slaughter of an Englishman—one John Gage, an Exciseman.' You seem to have a luck for such mischances, if one may use a paradox. If you shot Gage, you were quite as likely to have shot my friend, who certainly quarrelled with you and insulted you. It looks ill, sir—deuced ill, I can tell you; and 'tis not often that one pretending to the character of a gentleman—of a peer of the realm, egad!—lies under suspicion of two such ugly charges!"

These words stabbed Dalquharn like a sword; but making a tremendous effort to preserve his countenance and temper with this petulant invalid, he replied, calmly,

"The person who shot the poor Exciseman in that scuffle with the smugglers near Tantallan, was a French mulatto boy. I own myself to have been thus, in both fatal instances, the victim of circumstances, and of the aspect put upon them, by the subtlety of a matchless villain, whom I shall unmask and punish before to-morrow's sun rises!"

The captain gave one of his dubious coughs.

"If you, sir," resumed Dalquharn, "are still resolved to misjudge me, I must reserve all further explanations to a future time."

"Be it so."

"Here I shall say no more, but ask if there is aught in which I can serve you?"

"Personally not—but otherwise, you might."

"Command me, Captain Wyvil."

"You will serve me and all lovers of good order, by seeking to dissuade as many of your unfortunate compatriots, as you may have influence over, to disarm, disperse, and return to their homes, and to their allegiance. Trust not to the sympathy of England with you, and I tell you, that so sure as my name is Marmaduke Wyvil, that this pitiful revolt of a few discontented clans, will only end in the ruin of them all!"

"You might as well seek to stop the course of the everlasting sun, or roll a mountain torrent back to its source, as attempt to dissuade us now. The fatal die has been cast, and the sword drawn,

I devoutly hope, for the last time, on British ground!"

The captain shook his head.

"I said to you once before," said he, "that we old English folks cared nothing for your House of Stuart, because they were Scots; so thought we but little of the House of Guelph, as foreigners —strangers, too; but then we could live in peace under the latter, and so, preferred 'em. Moreover, it is evident to me, that the House of Stuart hath always found the greatest number of adherents among the unreasoning, the wildly enthusiastic and the weak—the weaker sex, certainly; and so I thought, when I heard of our pretty friend, Miss Otterburn, sitting mounted, sword in hand at the cross, while her exiled darling, King James VIII., was proclaimed by those Scottish heralds, whom I hoped to see hanged therefrom."

"On these points, you and I are not likely to agree, Captain Wyvil," said Dalquharn, haughtily.

"I should think not, and some other points, too," replied the Captain, whose natural suavity seemed to have been displaced by sourness and hauteur, the result of his old suspicions of recent affairs, his two wounds, his captivity, and irritated national vanity.

"Of those other matters to which you refer, I shall only be too happy to render you a befitting

account, at another time, and in any fashion you please; and so, till then sir, your servant."

With these words, Dalquharn drew himself up to his full height, put on his cocked hat and retired. He left the hospital with the doubtful and angry dread that he was suspected by that brave, blunt and worthy officer, who had heard his story without believing it. This galled and enraged him beyond description, and made him long for the vengeance he meant to execute upon Balcraftie.

In fact, Marmaduke Wyvil, that stout John Bull, after the recent defeat at Preston, was in no humour to view the Scots with much favour, and Dalquharn he deemed a representative man among them. He could not but smile, however, at the anxious and sympathising letters which he received from his own family (at Hurstmonceaux, in Salop), who believed him to be lodged in a species of wigwam, and in the hands of people not much more civilized than those Choctaws and Cherokees among whom he had lately served in America—save that they were Christians—but strange kind of Christians, who had sold their confiding king for a groat, "who did not keep Good Friday or any other holiday, save the birthday of one George Heriot, who left them fifty thousand pounds," as an English traveller once related—who sat in their churches (kirks they called them) with their bonnets on—who all went bare-legged, lived on

fish and oatmeal, and were in league with wild Irish thieves, soup-maigre Frenchmen, pestilent Italian Jesuits, the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender!

Full of intense chagrin, for his soul rebelled at the conviction that he was slighted and suspected by an honourable man, Dalquharn in hot haste and high anger, sought out his friend, Mitchell, to whom he related his interview with Captain Wyvil, and the result of that futile explanation to which he had so long and so anxiously looked forward.

"Wyvil—ah, egad! I have not forgotten his haughty and distant bearing to us both at Auldhame," said the baronet, testily; "and if he recovers sufficiently, I shall invite him to breathe the morning air in the Duke's Walk at Holyrood."

This walk (a favourite promenade of James VII., when Duke of York, was the usual place of settling affairs of honour in the Scottish capital.

"I had some such thoughts, only they are unpleasant to mention to one who is ill, wounded and abed," said Dalquharn; "moreover, I fear for obvious reasons, that the Prince Regent would not approve of duels or other personal encounters, between his officers and those of the Elector."

That evening, after obtaining permission from Lieutenant-General the Duke of Perth, Lord

Dalquharn and Mitchell, with twenty troopers of the Life Guard, rode from the camp at Duddingstone, and took the way direct for East Lothian, intent on punishing in the most summary manner, Mr. Reuben Balcraftie.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RAID OF DALQUHARN.

"Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left,
And thus I love them better still
Even in extremity of ill."

Scott.

Evening was closing—the evening of a September day, when the sober sun must set at six o'clock—when Dalquharn halted his little troop for a time, near the old tower of Fenton, from where, in the distance, looming large and indistinct, amid the haze of the evening sea and sky, he could behold the cliffs of the Bass, and he shuddered as he looked on them.

After a time, darkness set completely in, and then dividing his party in two, sending Sir John Mitchell with ten troopers into the little town by the west-gate, at the head of other ten, he entered it from the east, and—after ascertaining from several wayfarers that the Provost was certainly

at home in his own mansion—they surrounded that distinguished edifice, in front and rear, cutting off all chance of escape, quite as surely as Major Robertson of "Lascelles' Foot," supposed he had done elsewhere, on a recent important occasion.

The usual announcement of a weekly prayer-meeting on the Links was placarded all about the town, coupled with the sale of live stock, "horses, nowte, and hoggs" (*i. e.* cattle and sheep), at Auldhame, on a certain day, the name of the worthy Provost being appended to both papers.

The back of his house faced the sea, and was enclosed by a low garden wall, which Mitchell's ten men watched with carbines cocked.

The front to the street had a species of circular tower, called in Scotland a turnpike staircase, which still remains, and was then closed by a door of great strength; the small windows in the first and second stories were all strongly grated, so either escape or egress could be achieved by the door alone.

"Keep your carbines cocked, gentlemen, and capture or shoot down all who may sally from the house, all men at least; but beware how you injure women and children."

Such were the orders of Dalquharn, and when he sharply handled the risp on the door, it seemed but as yesternight when he and Mitchell were brought hither as prisoners (filled with alarm and

doubt) by the unfortunate Gage, to be interrogated by the smuggling magistrate. Evening prayers were probably over now, for all was silent within.

The clatter of the hoofs had already given an *alerte* to the inmates, and supposing that those armed men in the street might be some of Cope's fugitive dragoons, come hither as a patrol or reconnoitring party from the English border, Balcraftie, after a long delay, looked forth from an an upper window.

Those pale, cunning eyes, which quailed, shifted, and hid themselves when exposed to the scrutiny of any honest man, gazed fearfully forth into the night, and then—then he felt the hair bristle on his scalp, and a cold perspiration, like an icy finger, traverse his spine, on seeing the dark uniforms of the Prince's Guard, and hearing the well-remembered, and to him—at that time—terrible voice of the outraged Lord Dalquharn!

"Come forth, Mr. Provost Balcraftie—come forth, villain!" he added; "evasion or delay are alike useless; we have surrounded your house in front and rear, so hope not to escape, for we shall shoot down without mercy all who attempt to do so. I once threatened to requite your insolence, perhaps, by hanging you at your own market cross, and by the heaven above us the hour is come, so yield at once, lest we set the house on fire!"

The head was instantly withdrawn, as well as

that of another person, who had been peering timidly into the street, with a face that was sunken-eyed, hollow-cheeked, and blanched alike by present fear and recent suffering, for he was no other than the flagellated speculator, Starviestton, who thought of the formidable trap he had so recently laid for the Prince, and was superstitious enough to see the retributive had of Fate in the matter now.

The shutters were closed, and the noise of additional bolts, bars, and barricades being applied to secure the back and front doors, sufficiently indicated that the Provost had no intention of complying with the pressing invitation of his enemy.

Dalquharn knew that there was no time to be lost. The party numbered only twenty-two, their leaders included; the people of the town might rise in arms to defend their Provost, or expel those who had come to make a fray within the burgh, for few Scottish households are ever without some warlike weapons, even in the present day; but Sir John Mitchell roughly told a few persons who approached to inquire, that these troopers formed an advanced patrol of the Prince's whole army, and that if they were molested, the entire town would be laid in ashes by the wild Macraas and Macgregors before the morning dawned, tidings which made many begin to secret their money and articles of value in cellars and thatched roofs, or carry away their most prized

effects to boats in the harbour, leaving their luckless Provost to his fate and his foes.

Finding the door immovable as a rock, and that all ingress by the windows was impossible, sledge hammers were brought from a neighhouring smith's forge, and under their weight the door was shaken, and the house resounded like a vast drum, while the shrieks and cries of women from the attic windows came shrilly upon the night.

"Help, help in the name o' the Lord! Fie—we shall be murdered by Hieland reivers—oh, waly, waly, and wae's me!" for the females of the household, taking courage in the knowledge that their sex would be respected, feared not alternately to summou assistance and revile the besiegers.

"Together—use your hammers well, and strike together," said Dalquharn to two of his troopers, who had dismounted.

"Down with the door, in the name of the king!" cried they.

"Yea, gentlemen, and in the name of retributive justice," said Dalquharn, through his clenched teeth.

Thick and heavy rang the blows upon the oak. The door shook and groaned, while splinters flew from it in all directions, and while the men in their saddles cheered and applauded; but still the door was so securely guarded and fenced within by iron plates and bands, that the assailants made but little progress.

Terrified as a hunted hare, pale as death, breathless, and in a cold perspiration, Balcraftie, who had been about to retire to a couch, that conscience sometimes made like one of thorns, or Damien's bed of steel, already felt, by feverish anticipation, all the terrors of a fierce and rapid death. Two fellow creatures (at least) had fallen by his pitiless hand; a hundred times by day, and in the sleepless hour of the long gloomy night, their thin figures and glaring eyes had haunted him, and, in terrible mockery, they seemed beside him now!

In his tingling ears the blows on the house-door sounded as the thunder in the firmament, and he already seemed to feel the cord of the avenger tightening round his throat!

Sometimes he stood still listening, or as if stunned and bewildered; at others, he sought, in nervous haste, to conceal in secret places, or about his person, money, in gold, silver, and bank-notes. Anon, he would rush wildly from room to room, peep from the windows, and wring his hands despairingly and hopelessly. The moon was up now, her light revealed the gleam of arms before and behind, and he could see also the cocked hats of the troopers, whose numbers his terror and bewilderment multiplied to a whole army. Further off, he could see people hurrying hither and thither, with lanterns and torches, bearing goods and furniture, and believing the

whole town to be in the possession of the insurgents—of whose cause, as a losing one, he had ever been a bitter enemy—he gave himself up for lost—utterly lost!

Of all his many prayers, quotations, and texts, not one was in his craven heart, or on his pallid lips now. But he pressed his trembling hands upon his temples, and his attempted invocations to heaven, turned always somehow into blasphemous revilings of the enemy who menaced him. He was mad apparently with considerable method in his madness, for he now proceeded, in great haste, to tear up or commit to the flames vast numbers of written documents.

He might have saved himself the trouble of doing this, as a loud explosion which shook the house and brought him grovelling, with heavy groans, upon his knees, soon informed him. A second and a third followed, and with the wild shrieks of his old house-keeper and servant lassie, came the appalling odour and the cry of "fire!"

Sir John Mitchell, who, as an old soldier, was usually ready for any emergency, had brought with him a few hand-grenades in a leather pouch. These missiles, which are no longer in use, were hollow balls of iron, about two and a-half inches in diameter, filled with fine powder; they were exploded by means of a small fuse driven into the touch-hole, and were wont to be thrown by the Horse and Foot Grenadiers, wherever an enemy

stood thickest; they were showered into breaches against stormers, and into thickets where an ambush was suspected.

Sir John losing all patience, swore that he would "smoke forth the wolf from his den," and, lighting the fuses, very skilfully (for his old regiment, the Greys, were Horse Grenadiers) threw three of these dangerous explosives, crashing in quick succession through the windows of the upper story, and set the house on fire!

A red glow of light filled all the windows of the upper floor for a time; the sashes soon fell outward or inward; flames began to appear, and volumes of smoke, that rolled away to seaward; then fiery little spouts or jets of flames started from under the slates; the chimneys and gables of the neighbouring houses were erelong reddened in the glow, and as the destroying element shot fairly up into the roof, and broke through it, the sky above was ruddied by the gleam. Still, however, the flames were confined to the upper story, but there was no appearance of the inmates capitulating.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and Dalquharn began to repent bitterly of his friends' precipitation, lest the other inmates might perish of the flames, or by suffocation together, with the wretch who had so long vaunted himself "a pardoned sinner."

An old man, wearing a sky-blue bonnet and

long coat of Campsie grey, a weaver apparently, whose house adjoined Balcraftie's, now came forth, and uncovering his bald head, caught Dalquharn by the stirrup leather, and implored that his 'gude-wife,' who was ill with a perilous fever, might be permitted to pass forth, lest she should perish abed, if the flames spread to his poor dwelling.

This was at once granted, and, borne by two men, assisted by several women, the patient came forth on a pallet, carefully muffled up in blankets. Dalquharn kindly made a passage through a crowd which now had gathered in the thoroughfare, and the sufferer and attendants quickly disappeared down a neighbouring alley.

Instantly on this taking place, the door of the Provost's house was flung open; his housekeeper, an old woman in a plaid and curchie, a slipshod servant girl, and Starvieston, emaciated, looking pale and woe-begone, in his shabby habiliments and scratch wig, rushed forth, craving mercy in abject tones.

"Pass on, and quickly, too—our business is with the villain, your master," said Dalquharn, leaping from his horse. With sword and pistol in hand, he rushed into the house, but the floors of the second story were now in flames; beams, plaster, furniture, partitions, and rafters, with all the débris of the roof, were falling inward and collapsing, amid clouds of murky smoke and columns

of red sparks. The place was no longer habitable for a moment, and he and those who followed him, were rapidly driven, half scorched and half choked, into the street.

Balcraftie had neither come forth from the back nor the front door of his house, and the whole edifice was now one pyramid of red and roaring flame, against which the square openings of the windows, and the outline of the iron grills which secured them, were darkly and strongly visible. Thus all concluded that he must have perished; and after humanely assisting to prevent the conflagration from spreading to the adjoining houses, the troopers departed from the bewildered and terrified little burgh, with the thorough conviction that the great object of their raid had been achieved, and that Reuben Balcraftie had expiated his long career of crime and hypocrisy, by the awful penalty of death by fire!

It was some time before his lordship knew that the snake had only been scotched, or rather *scorched,* not killed, on that exciting night.

In the wild extremity of his terror, the Provost had been seized by a brilliant idea. Well aware that all chance of escape from his own dwelling was precluded, he conceived that he might escape from the house of his neighbour the weaver.

With the aid of a pick-axe, he broke through their mutual wall, at a place where he knew it was thin, at the back of a fire-place, and making

his way through, he replaced the iron grate, and was carried past the unsuspecting troopers of Dalquharn, muffled on the pallet, as a fever-stricken woman, the pretended wife of the weaver, who was a bachelor.

He was borne straight to the sea beach, where he got on board a boat, aided by the light of his burning dwelling, and breathing his execrations on the night wind, sailed for Dunbar, from whence he travelled by the waggon to Berwick-upon-Tweed. There his losses, his loyalty, and sufferings, were so powerfully brought before the Duke of Cumberland by Craigie, of Glendoick, the Lord Advocate, that he was rewarded by a commission, pro temp. in His Majesty's service!

He did not join, however, as a man of the sword; to wear that ungodly weapon suited not his tastes, which were more inclined to profit and peculation. Thus Dalquharn, to his intense astonishment, after a time learned from the 'London Gazette' "that Reuben Balcraftie, Esquire," instead of perishing miserably amid the flames of his house, had joined the Duke's staff at head-quarters, as "Purveyor to the fforces then mustered to oppose the rebells."

"How the world wags!" said Mitchell, laughing; "he thought you had gone out of this wicked world by water; and you thought he had quitted it by fire; but the game has to be played again—you are both on the chessboard still!"

The atrocious conduct of the Jacobites in attempting to take the life of such a man as Balcraftie—a pious, upright, and wealthy magistrate, a vehement upholder of the king, and a professor of religion—made a great noise at that time, and was even mentioned by certain Scottish Pharisees in the House of Commons, as showing the character of the Popish Pretender and his vile adherents.

Next day Dalquharn took measures to have the remains of poor Talbot Egerton exhumed, placed in a suitable coffin, and interred with every respect in the old chapel of St. Baldred. There he acted as chief mourner, while Mitchell read the burial service of the Church of England, and their troopers fired three vollies with their carbines.

It was somewhat remarkable that when the turfs which covered the remains in the Deil's Loan were removed, Balcraftie's breeches Bible, with his autograph written on a fly-leaf thereof, was found in that unhallowed grave, and was transmitted, with a statement drawn up on the spot, and signed by the eye-witnesses, to the sheriff of the county, who sent the Bible as a relic to the Kirk Session; and as the accompanying document was framed by rebels, it was very properly committed as a libel to the flames.

The day of the funeral was a stormy one, and from the bleak promontory where the old chapel

stood, Dalquharn could see the Bass standing grimly up in the midst of a foaming and raging sea, with dark and murky vapours, and clouds of wild birds hovering about its arid scalp. Midway between, a large mast—a relic of the 'Fox' perhaps—was tossing on the waters, with the grey gulls and puffins wheeling round it; and, as he gazed, he seemed in fancy to hear once again the cries of the solan geese above, and the roaring of the billows below, as he had heard them in the dreary days and nights of his captivity.

The sneering faces and voices of the reckless Ensign Congalton, of the Laird of Saltcoates, and the stunted figure of Lieutenant Pudge of the Marines, came vividly back to memory; and gladly would he have punished them all for the past, by cutting off their supplies, and starving them into a surrender, had time suited; but his days at the camp of Duddingstone were numbered now; he could but pay a farewell visit to Auldhame, and then turn his horse's head to Edinburgh.

As he rode towards the well-remembered house, every step of the way filled him more and more with thoughts of his lost love Bryde, of his present anxiety and misery about her and the future. The old trees under which they had so often lingered, the long shady avenue where the spectre drummer had appeared, the moss-grown barbican with its armorial gate, where Dame Dorriel Grahame and

old John Birniebousle, the butler, welcomed him with open arms, seemed still full of her presence and of past delights.

These old servants exulted with considerable ferocity on hearing of the supposed fiery demise of Provost Balcraftie, whose insolence had nearly driven them demented.

The butler particularly had "graned" as he somewhat savagely said, "to gang red-wat-shod in the heart's blude o' the prick-eared tyke!" and Dorriel Grahame had related how all the household dogs (who, like most of the canine species, loved good, and hated bad, people) flew, barking and biting at the calves of Balcraftie's legs whenever he appeared, until he had them all seized and sold at the market-cross—all save Sir Baldred's old Scottish Gaze-hound.

This was a noble animal of a breed no longer known in Scotland. It had chased the fox, the hare and the roebuck for years on the Lammermuirs and in Binning Woods, depending alike on its quickness of eye, its swiftness of foot and its subtlety, selecting always the fairest and the fattest of the herd. Old and blind, it had been a special pet of Sir Baldred and his grand-daughter and a pensioner on their bounty.

As it was unsaleable, the whig commissioner on the estate ordered it to be poisoned; so poisoned it was, by his clerk Mr. Starvieston.

The cellar had been emptied of all its wines,

(which Mitchell especially was sorry to hear,) the contents of every binn having been transmitted by Balcraftie to his own house. The family plate had been packed up, and the old palladium of the House of Otterburn, the silver cup of St. Baldred, had been wrenched from its stone niche in the Hall. Books, arms, pictures and tapestry were all ready for transmission and sale, and all the live stock on the estate had been duly catalogued for transformation into cash.

'Twas well that poor old Sir Baldred saw not all this devastation—(unless he could smile at the littleness thereof in heaven)—but was lying in his quiet grave under Carlisle wall.

Dalquharn paid a long and lingering visit to Bryde's room; he surveyed himself in the mirror which had so often reflected her beloved features; he kissed the pillow on which her dear head had so often reposed, and slowly, slowly retired, carefully closing the door with a sigh.

Would he, or would she ever be within that chamber again?

Heaven alone knew!

After this, he acted exactly as she and Sir Baldred would have wished. He took all the arms in the house that were modern enough for use; he advised the butler to bury all plate and other valuables, for the behoof of the family. He seized all the horses and cattle for the Prince's service, and leaving Dorriel Grahame, and old John Bir-

niebousle in full command of the premises, returned to the camp at Duddingstone, from which he and his party, had been fully two days absent.

END OF VOL. II.

BILLING, PRINTER, GUILDFORD.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 046410210